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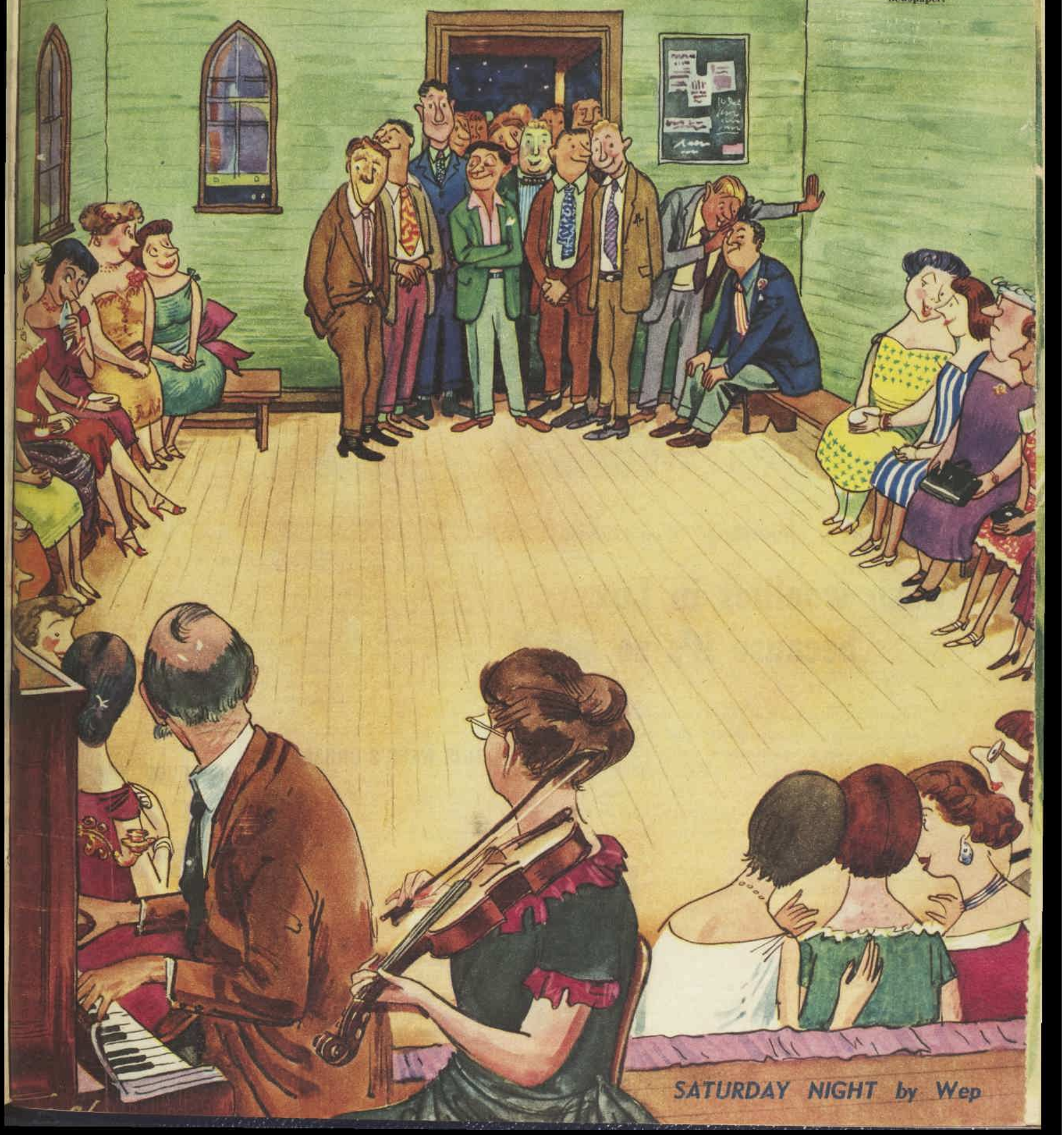

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new sweater? new blouse?

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"wash woollies in Lux because it's so safe"

TWO BRIGHT GIRLS put it on record that they can be smart as mannequins — and save money! That hand-knit middy and jersey shirt are the darlings of their winter "casuals". They've had three dips in Lux so far — are likely to have many more before the season's out. Will they shrink? No! Will the colours dim? Not a bit. Constant Lux care keeps them new as first time on. No wonder the makers of Twinprufe wools say: "Avoid bar-soap rubbing and harsh washing methods. A gentle squeeze through luke-warm Lux suds will keep all your woollie wardrobe colour-bright, soft and ever-lastingly warm".

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JUNE 20, 1956 Vol. 24, No.

NO RED TAPE FOR DUKE

ORGANISERS of the itinerary for the Duke of Edinburgh's forthcoming visit to Australia are to be congratulated.

They have scheduled a new type of Royal tour . . . one which takes into account the fact that members of the Royal Family are not only ambassadors but also human beings, and subject to the same stresses and strains as all people.

In the past, tours for Royalty have been crammed with official functions and one hand-shaking reception following another.

But the keynote of the Duke's visit is informality.

The itinerary will leave him much more free time than the Royal visit in 1954.

The Duke, who knew and liked Australia as a young naval lieutenant in wartime, will have several free days for unscheduled and informal walks and drives.

Moreover, he has been allowed sufficient time for rest so that he may enjoy his visit.

Certainly, the Duke is assured of a very sincere welcome from Australians, who remember his wit, friendly personality, and democratic down-to-earth manner.

They remember the way in which he managed to cut through red tape on his previous visit, the little impromptu remarks that dispelled the air of officialdom, and, perhaps most of all, his care and solicitude for the Queen.

Australians remember also the very real interest the Duke displayed in everything he was shown, and his expressed regret that he hadn't time for more leisurely observation.

With official functions cut down to a minimum during the tour, the Duke will not only be able to enjoy the Olympic Games but also to have a more intimate glimpse of Australia and its people.

Let us hope that this "unofficial" Royal tour will be the forerunner of other "human" tours by the Queen and members of her family.

Our cover:

● Wep's cover will strike a famili chord in the memories of readers old ar young. It's the kind of scene you may ha witnessed last Saturday or last century allowing, of course, for some fashion change The lady with the violin is about to strike "The Skaters' Waltz," we shouldn't be su prised. The young men hanging round th door are self-conscious or confident, accordin to their characters. The young ladies, or mar of them, are pretending they can't even s the waiting swains. This tendency of the m to cling together in a protective covey is ort not confined to suburban or country dan halls. It can be seen at all sorts of mixe gatherings in Australia, as many a hostess wi ruefully testify.

This week:

● Scott Leslie, author of "Travel Talk," the short story on page 7, knows what h is writing about. He has just returned to hi home at Auburn, Sydney, from a varied tri abroad. He taught for a while in Wale managed a student hostel in London, worke as a house-painter in Germany, and hitch hiked through Europe. During 15 months i Denmark and Norway he wrote 40 plays, whic he sold to American television.

● See pages 22 and 23 for color picture of the O'Connor-Cameron wedding i Hobart last Saturday week. The bridegroom mother, Mrs. R. G. O'Connor, entertained th Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at he home, "Connorville," during the Royal tou

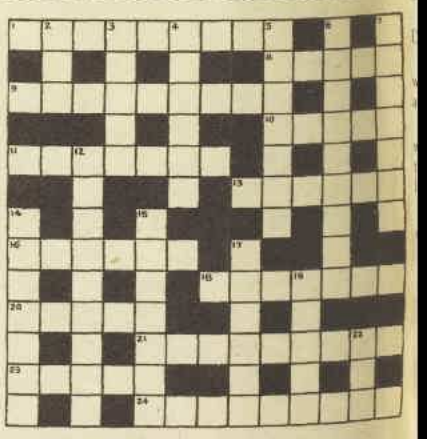
Next week:

● Our new contest, to be announce next week, could win you a trip to th Olympic Games. It is something quite un usual in the way of contests. We are going t present two instalments of a mystery novel "Murder of Olympia," by Margot Neville, an invite YOU to tell us who did the murde and why. You don't need to be an accom plished writer, merely an amateur detectiv — and who isn't?

● "I fell in love with my husband's best friend" is the title of the real-life marriage story which Dr. Mace, marriage-guidance counsellor, tells in next week's paper. It is the second in the series (the first is on pages 12 and 13 this week) and you will find, we think, that it is the kind of factual story which is as absorbing as fiction.

● Growing plants are now so much used for decoration that indoor gardening is practically a universal hobby. Next week's gardening feature tells you all about ten good varieties.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. This may be in a boys' school, but there is always a girl in it (5, 4).
8. Remain firm starting with an offer (8).
9. Good for salads (9).
10. He, in a sportsman's starting place, gives a titter (5).
11. Composer of "Norma" (7).
13. Being wintry, swallowed some rum (6).
16. Lo, a mixed race is in the answer of a god (6).
18. One thousand and others praise and value highly these women (7).
20. Indian corn (5).
21. Horticulture in a ragged inn (9).
23. Such word is coined for an occasion (5).
24. Poet of a small stream gobbled up by a pig (9).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Roman household god (3).
3. The fibre of the American aloe (5).
4. Dominions of a singer (6).
5. Same try (Anagr., 7).
6. A bad dream (9).
7. Divulges (7).
12. You must sit on bail to get into such drinkings (9).
14. Irritate a disturbed mentor after tea (7).
15. Affirms that the limbs are full of beer (7).
17. Saturated turf on a hovel (6).
19. A native Arian of India (5).
22. Religious woman found in undeveloped countries (3).

L	I	S	T	E	N	I	N	G	F	N
E		W		V			E	L	A	T	E
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Solution of last week's crossword.

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Break the news gently

A complete story

By VIRGINIA and EDWIN GILBERT

TO look at their beautiful willow tree you would never think that it could inspire so many unpleasant events—events which were to give Wendy and Dick Sherwood an acute and extended case of that ancient malady, neighbor trouble. The young Sherwoods had ignored the warning of danger last year when the tree's roots had heaved and set askew their flagstone path.

But one Saturday morning in August they discovered a rather alarming-looking crack in the foundation wall of their house. Immediately they summoned professional advice in the person of Mr. Len Green, the local contractor.

"It's the roots of that dratted willow that did it," he said.

"What do you think we ought to do?" Dick asked.

"Get rid of that tree," Mr. Green said with his usual finesse. "Get rid of it, stump and all. Has to go!"

"But—" Wendy's grey eyes widened—"but we couldn't do that. That tree is practically the reason why we bought the house! We love it. We live under it all the summer!"

"And so do the Kings." Dick nodded towards their neighbors' house.

"Don't get angry with me!" Mr. Green said tartly. "You asked me. Those roots are shallow, treacherous. Your whole house is in danger—it's sitting on a bomb!"

Wendy looked up at the beloved green canopy of the willow. It was a giant of a tree with a great trunk and gracefully drooping branches with slender leaves.

It was a sad and silent lunch she and Dick shared that day. Finally Wendy said, "What do you think?"

"Sweetie, this is one time when we're going to have to be like Mr. Green, cold-blooded and unromantic—that is, if you want to keep our house in one piece."

Wendy knew he was right, but she couldn't face it; and, what was more, she certainly couldn't face Joyce and Harry King with the news. "Harry and Joyce," she said aloud, "what do you suppose they'll say?"

"I shudder to think," said Dick. "But, of course, we'll have to tell them."

"Who has to tell them?" Wendy asked uncomfortably. "You or me?"

"Darling," Dick said tentatively, "you're very clever at that sort of thing. Why don't you just run over and break it to Joyce?"

"Oh, thanks," she said shortly. "You're so good to me. But I'll let you have the honor of breaking the news. Tell Harry at the office on Monday."

The two men worked in the same department of a large insurance company.

"Well"—he smiled at her affectionately—"since neither of us can pass the buck, there's only one thing left. Do it together."

"Straight away, then." Wendy pushed her chair back. "Now. Before we lose our nerve."

As they crossed the lawn she saw the Kings sitting under the great, sheltering willow. Harry, Cambridge Boxing Blue, was lounging in a garden-chair reading, Joyce, cool and immaculate, chatting laughingly to him.

"Hey!" Harry King called, and brandished the pipe in his hand. "What's the matter with you two? You look as if you've just lost your last friend."

"We have—" Dick began, and coughed. "That is, we feel as if we have." He glanced nervously at Wendy. "Don't we?"

"Don't we what?" Wendy floundered.

Suddenly Dick blurted out clumsily: "We've got to cut the tree down."

"Cut the tree down?" Harry repeated.

Wendy and Dick nodded numbly.

"You must be going round the bend," Joyce said.

"Remember what those roots did to our flagstone path?" Dick said. "Well, now they're starting on the house."

Harry laughed. "Ah, you mad Englishmen," he said, using his currently favorite phrase.

"But honestly, Harry," Wendy said, "there's an awfully big crack in our wall!"

"That crack," Joyce said, grinning, "is in your heads."

"Seriously," Dick said, "we don't like this any more than you do. But I got Len to come over and he said we have no choice. We have to get rid of the tree."

"Mad Englishmen," Harry said again, and he and Joyce chuckled.

"Look, you two," Dick said, "this is no laughing matter. After all, it's the foundations of our house."

"Yes, and after all," Harry King put in briskly, "it's our tree."

"Now, wait a minute," Dick said. "That tree's inside our garden."

Harry sat up. "I beg your pardon"—a slight formality invaded his voice—"but this willow happens to be on our side. I remember specifically asking the people from whom we bought the house."

"But that can't be right," Wendy broke in, "because one of the main reasons we bought our house was the lovely tree, and the people positively assured us it was part of our property."

"Well, somebody's been had," Harry said, "and I know it wasn't us."

"Shame on us all," Wendy interrupted. "We're working up to a first-class argument." She smiled at Joyce. "Truce declared."

"Good idea!" Harry rose. "I'll get some drinks. Let's forget the whole thing."

But it was obvious none of them could forget it. Talk was strained and self-conscious. Wendy was dismayed at this alien air of tension which had suddenly

"After all," began Harry King briskly while Joyce looked quite unconcerned, "the tree is ours."

risen among them, for the Kings and the Sherwoods had been friends even before they had become neighbors. In fact, it had been Harry who tipped Dick off about the house being available two years ago, and they had been perfect neighbors ever since.

There had never been a question of ownership of anything. Wendy and Dick used the other half of the Kings' garage, and Harry and Joyce used the Sherwoods' tool shed, motor mower and all. It was very convenient and congenial—until now.

Now, as they finished their drinks and got up to leave, Harry said, "Look here, Sherwoods, if it'll make anybody feel any better, why don't we go halves on a survey—find out exactly where we stand?"

"Or at least," Wendy put in with an effort at gaiety, "find out where the tree stands?"

They did. It stood smack on the boundary line that ran between the two properties.

This piece of disconcerting news put them all in a quandary; nothing was said or done about the matter for several days. But on Wednesday, shortly before the Kings were due to arrive for the weekly game of cards, Dick brought up the subject.

"Since the tree belongs to both of us," he pointed out to Wendy, "we can't cut it down without the Kings' consent."

"We just have to get their consent, that's

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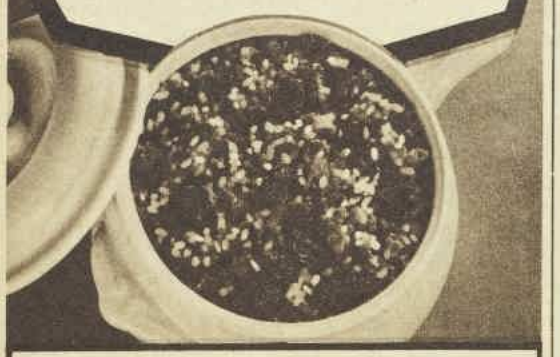
Win praise with these different winter dishes



MEXICAN RAISIN RICE

- ¾ cup seeded raisins
- ½ cup uncooked rice (washed)
- ¼ cup salad oil or bacon drippings
- 1 medium onion (chopped)
- 1 clove of garlic (finely minced)
- 1 lb. ground beef
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1 cup chopped tomatoes (fresh or tinned)
- 2 cups water
- pepper to taste.

Add rice to hot salad oil in large saucepan, cooking slowly, stirring frequently until lightly browned. Add onion, garlic and ground beef, cooking, stirring constantly until meat is lightly browned. Add remaining ingredients, cook for 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Pour into a casserole, cover and bake in a moderate oven for 45 minutes. Uncover, baking for 15 minutes longer to brown top. If more convenient, this mixture may be simmered slowly on top of the stove in a covered saucepan, adding more water if necessary.

BRAISED RABBIT AND RAISINS

- 4 tablespoons seeded raisins
- 1 young rabbit
- ½ lb. pickled pork
- 2 small onions
- 1 bay leaf
- Gravy browning
- Salt and pepper to taste
- Fat for frying
- Flour for thickening
- 2 cups stock or water.

Joint the rabbit, fry the pieces in fat and put them in a stewpan. Chop and lightly fry the onion, put in pan with the rabbit. Add diced pickled pork, stock or water, pepper and salt. Cover pan, boil up, simmer till tender—about 1½ hours. Half an hour before serving, add seeded raisins. When ready to serve, strain off the liquor, strew the raisins over the meat, thicken and brown the gravy and pour over.

RAISIN JOE SAYS:

"Tasty, nutritious Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins add extra energy and good health to winter menus. Serve them every day. For more appetising dried fruit recipes, send today for your copy of the **new** A.D.F.A. cook book, '100 Tested Recipes.' "

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I enclose 6d. in stamps to cover mailing costs.

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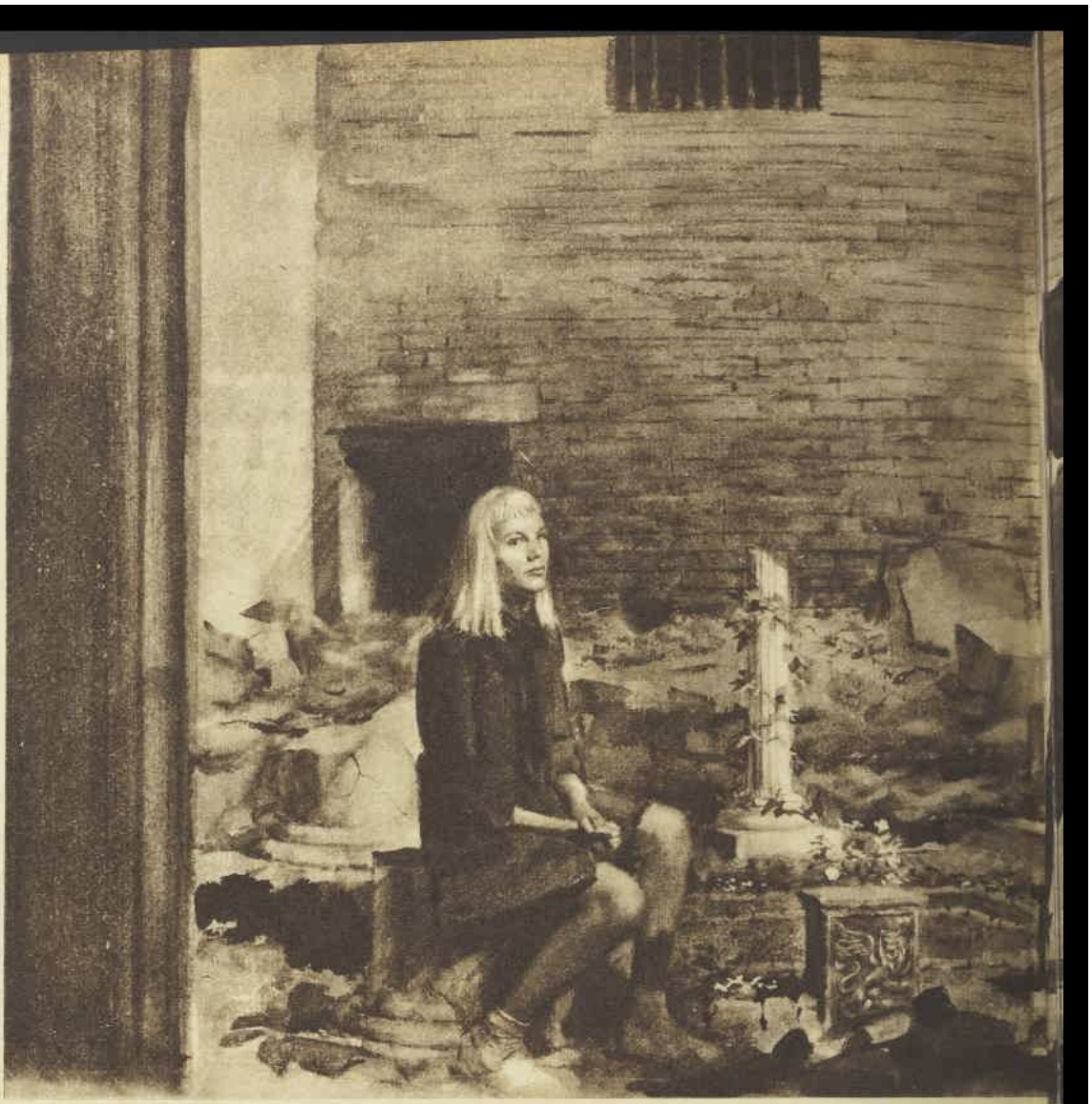

AN EPISODE OF SPARROWS

BY eight o'clock at night the whole episode of the sparrows had faded considerably from Angela's mind. For her the day had held many things: a meeting of the C.W.B. — "I've forgotten what the C.W.B. is," said Olivia; "Child Welfare Board," said Angela patiently — a luncheon party; work in the afternoon with Miss Marshall; "And I had to take a taxi to get to the lecture in time," said Angela. "You know what lecture, Ollie, I told you. The Contemporary Arts Society in Gower Street, of course. It's a pity you didn't come. You ought to be more interested in things."

After that a publisher friend had arrived—"He came, she didn't go to him," Olivia told Ellen, marvelling again—to talk about Angela's book, "Simple Accountancy for Women." It seemed anything but simple to Olivia, but Angela had almost finished it, and, "I think he will do it," she said. Then she had signed her letters, changed, and had a quick dinner—quick because the Discussion Group was meeting at Number Eleven that night.

"Not to discuss," said Angela, "but to lay down our programme for after the summer recess. We'll meet in the dining-room, then have sandwiches and tea up here in the drawing-room at half-past nine."

Olivia had spent most of the day alone. The happening—"Call it an episode if you want," she said in thought to Angela, "to me it was a happening"—was whole and extraordinarily important in her mind.

After dinner her voice talking to Angela, the taste of coffee in her mouth, even her headache, seemed to be outside Olivia—on my skin, she thought—while deep, deep in her the morning's interview with the children at the police station was still going on.

"Lovejoy, your mother has gone away for a little longer than she thought," Inspector Russell's careful voice had said. "She forgot to give Mrs. Combie an address. I wonder if there's anything you can tell us that will help us to find her quickly."

Lovejoy said nothing.

"Does she write to you when she's away?"

"She sends postcards."

"Have you any of them?"

Lovejoy put her hand in the pocket of her coat and drew out a small wad of postcards which she gave to the inspector. There were nine or ten—seaside postcards, thought Olivia. There was one of a pig with a caption, "I may be a little piguliar, but I do like Eastbourne," some bathing-dress ones, and seaside views. They were all very dirty, but Lovejoy watched them jealously as he turned them over, looking at the postmarks.

"But these are two years old," he said.

"Yes," said Lovejoy, and held out her hand for them.

"She hasn't written for some time?"

"No."

The inspector studied his pen. "When she was here this time was she any different?" he asked.

There was a pause; a thought that was evidently sharp-edged struggled to speak in Lovejoy; then, "She didn't buy me any clothes," she said in a low voice.

"Does she usually?" asked the policewoman.

"Of course," said Lovejoy as one would say, "clothes before bread."

"Haven't you anyone she might have gone to? An aunt or uncle?" suggested the inspector. Lovejoy shook her head.

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Olivia and Father Lambert watched in silence as Tip walked slowly across to where Lovejoy sat on her accustomed stone, waiting.

"Cousins?" asked the policewoman. "A grandmother?" Lovejoy went on shaking her head.

"No friend?" The inspector watched her narrowly. "No new friend?"

Another pause, and Lovejoy said unwillingly, "There was Uncle Francis."

"Was Uncle Francis' name—" they looked at a paper—"Colonel Baldock?"

"Yes."

"But you called him Uncle Francis?" Lovejoy breathed disdainfully through her nose, her nostrils pinched. "Perhaps she told you to?" said the inspector.

"Yes."

"Do you know where Colonel Baldock stayed in London?"

"No."

There was a silence; then Lovejoy had looked up and put an end to the skilful and delicate fencing. "Has Mrs. Combie been landed with me?" she asked . . .

Olivia put down her coffee cup with such a sudden rattle that Angela looked up and frowned.

"Angela," said Olivia suddenly, "wouldn't anything make you change your mind?"

"Change my mind about what?"

"The children. Let Lucas withdraw the charge against the boy. There is, I'm sure there is a different—complexion," said Olivia, floundering.

"Complexion? You don't mean complexion," said Angela.

"Yes, I do," said Olivia more certainly. "Something that would put a different color and look on it."

"The charge is right," said Angela decidedly. "Tip Malone is part of a really bad gang, Olivia, and leading the others astray. You heard what the little one said."

"The little one was boasting."

"And he gave away the truth. Ollie, don't you think people as experienced as I and that inspector—Inspector—"

"His name is Inspector Russell," said Olivia. "You should remember it."

Angela disregarded that, as Olivia had known she would. "—that we know what we're doing?" finished Angela.

"I sometimes think," said Olivia, "from watching, of course, because I am not experienced, I think experience can be a—block." Again it was clumsy, but she knew what she meant.

"And why?" asked Angela, amused.

"Because if you think you know, you don't ask questions," said Olivia slowly, "or if you ask, you don't listen to the answers." Olivia had observed this often. "Everyone, everything, each thing, is different, so that it isn't safe to know. You—you have to grope."

"That would be a nice efficient way to deal with things," said Angela. She looked up again from the notes she was making. She's not even listening to me, thought Olivia. "What is it, Ellen?" asked Angela.

"There's a Father Lambert," said Ellen.

If Ellen were dubious about anyone she always said "a" before the person—"a Mr. French," "a Miss Smithers." "A Father Lambert." Ellen was rigid with disapproval. She called Catholic priests "black beetles."

"He wants to see you, Miss Angela," said Ellen as if she advised against it.

"Do you know what it's about?"

"I think it's about those children."

"If he thinks he can get me—" said Angela.

We English, thought Olivia, always think that priests will get at us. I wonder why? That seemed to put the words in her mouth. She had not meant to take the Father's part against Ellen and Angela, but she said, "You sound as if you were afraid."

Ellen frowned at Olivia. "Now I suppose you'll see him," she said to Angela.

"Why you should think I'm afraid I can't imagine," said Angela. "Ask him to come up, Ellen."

If Ellen called Catholic priests "black beetles," Angela treated this one as an unpleasant species. She asked Father Lambert to sit down, but she did not introduce him to Olivia. "I am Miss Angela Chesney," she said distantly. "You wanted to see me?"

"Yes," said Father Lambert, "about a parishioner of mine, a young Irishman, Tip Malone."

"I warn you, we're not feeling whimsical about him," said Angela.

"I wasn't being whimsical," said Father Lambert quietly. "That boy always seems to me like a young man."

"If he is manly," said Angela, "it's all the more important that he should be taught the difference between right and wrong. I feel you have come here to make some sort of an appeal. It has been decided that the boy ought to be prosecuted. I must tell you that nothing you can say will make me change my mind."

Father Lambert looked at the carpet for a moment. Then he said, "The boy's mother came to me straight from the police. It's a terrible disgrace for her and Tip, Miss Chesney."

"She looked to me as if disgrace would not mean much to her."

"You're wrong," said Father Lambert. He went on, "I have been busy investigating since, and I think I know the whole story now."

"So do we," said Angela.

"But we don't!" Olivia burst in, "and we must."

"Olivia, please," said Angela, and she whispered sharply, "don't hold your heart like that. It looks ridiculous."

"There was talk about some tools being lost," said Father Lambert after a moment.

"Stolen," said Angela.

"The children have tools," said Father Lambert, "an old hand fork and a broken shovel. They found the shovel in the Malones' yard; the girl bought the fork at Dwight's—that's our junk shop in the High. You wouldn't know it, but most of us do a good deal of buying and selling there. She did buy the fork." His face relaxed into a smile. "She bought it with money she stole from one of our candle boxes."

"So she's a thief, too," said Angela. "I'm not surprised."

"She's a redeemed thief," said Father Lambert. "Tip made her put the money back."

"That's what he says."

"It's what I say." He was stern, then again that look of—tenderness? thought Olivia. "I watched it," he said.

"And didn't interfere?"

"Why should I? Tip had it in hand." Angela sniffed, but Father Lambert went on. "Mr. Dwight also has a pair of shears; they were sold to him by a man called Lucas."

"Lucas!" Olivia sat up in her chair.

"I don't believe it," said Angela.

"We have Mr. Dwight's statement, and that of Lucas himself when he was taxed with it."

"It's impossible," said Angela.

"I'm afraid startling things are not impossible, Miss Chesney."

"I'm not startled," said Olivia in a loud voice. "I never did like Lucas."

"Olivia, please be quiet."

"I don't know about the iris plants—" Father Lambert began again.

"Lucas probably only bought half and kept the money," said Olivia.

"Olivia!" Olivia could see that Angela was very angry—not because Lucas stole, thought Olivia, but because she knows now that she was wrong. "We will deal with Lucas," said Angela.

"I'm afraid you won't be allowed to, Miss Chesney. You have made this into a police case and—"

"Are you trying to blackmail me?"

"I'm not even trying to trade." Father Lambert's voice

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Concluding our appealing serial by RUMER GODDEN

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New Hair Beauty for Mother and Daughter...

Twink

THE NEW ONE-LOTION HOME PERM WITH SPECIAL OIL CONDITIONER

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A Curl's Best Friend

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Mrs. Writer gave herself and Sandra a Twink Home Permanent on the day the picture was taken. Mrs. Writer's blonde hair called for twelve curls on one side, four on the other and fourteen across the back. "And I did Sandra's hair only on the ends. You know how straggly and untidy children's straight hair can look. Twink left our hair so shiny and soft right away. As natural as could be."

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- **How Long Will a Twink Wave Last?** Depending on how short you cut your hair and how quickly it grows, your Twink wave will last as long as a £4 permanent at a hairdressing salon. But costs you little more than a lipstick.
- **Do I Have to Make a Curl Check?** No, Twink is perfectly safe for any kind of hair in normal, healthy condition that will take a permanent.

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"Oh," said Jill to the elder woman, "hearing you talk about all those wonderful places just makes me so envious!"

A CENTRAL corridor separated the carriage's rows of four-place compartments. Jill walked through, balancing against the train's movement.

There were seats where the windows wore No Smoking signs. But Jill felt she deserved a cigarette. Dressing the two children, keeping them tidy until they were delivered to baby-sitting grandmother, had been an ordeal. Then the taxi was late, it seemed doubtful she'd make it to the station in time. Now she wanted to relax, to sit back and enjoy her trip to town.

Farther along, the end of a large suitcase projected into the corridor. This compartment held only one passenger, an elderly lady. With a murmured "Excuse me," Jill stepped round the case and sank gratefully into the opposite seat. The lady looked up, smiled, and returned to her reading.

As Jill took out a cigarette, lit it, she studied the other woman. Very chic. The grey hair carried a charming small hat, matching the navy-blue suit and neat but not too sensible shoes. Her handbag, the large case on the floor, and a smaller one in the rack above were quietly expensive.

Jill wished there'd been time to buy a magazine. The trip to the city took an hour. Pity her neighbor didn't seem disposed for conversation. She looked an interesting person.

Jill's gaze wandered over the labels and stickers which decorated the cases. Scattered profusely, they struck an exotic note. Japan, Egypt, Raffles Hotel, Canadian-Pacific, each spoke of far-flung places, of tropic shores or timber-line vistas. Jill sighed. Some people have all the luck.

She realised the lady had put the book aside, was watching her with an expression amused but kindly. Her friendly smile erased Jill's momentary embarrassment.

"I know it's not done, but I like to keep the labels. Some of them are very attractive, don't you think?"

Jill was emphatic. "If I'd been to so many wonderful places I'd keep every souvenir I could."

"Of course," the traveller continued, "luggage can be a nuisance. Once in Madras I spent three days trying to locate a valise that went astray." She frowned a little at the recollection. "The Indians are so polite . . . and so inefficient."

Eagerly Jill asked, "How do you possibly manage in countries where you don't know the language?"

"Oh, someone can always speak English. Or there's the Consulate in case of serious difficulties. Although I must say I've never had much trouble." Jill visualised the distinguished traveller, cool and unflurried in the hottest of equatorial surroundings . . . reclining in a rickshaw . . . raising a quizzical lorgnette to examine native workmanship in bazaars . . .

"I notice you haven't any airline stickers. Don't you like flying?"

"Not for pleasure. Shipboard travel I find much more relaxing." Cool drinks in luxurious lounges . . . a leisurely stroll on the promenade deck . . . "Of course, I have flown. Once in Vienna I suddenly remembered an important engagement next day in London."

What would that important engagement have been? A Royal garden party? Ascot?

The younger woman was enchanted. She asked question after eager question. The globetrotter was never at a loss, ever ready with a quaint anecdote or an amusing experience to recount.

"I'll never forget the time travelling by train from California to New York—by Pullman, you know—and there was a young woman who was running away from her husband. But he was somewhere on board the train. She begged me to help her and I remember spending most of that journey keeping an eye open for the husband and letting the girl know where he was."

She laughed gently. "But there was a happy ending, because when they got to New York he did catch her up and they had a grand reconciliation on the station. He was something to do with a film company and actually they had a lovely penthouse in New York. I became quite friendly with them."

The train sped on, over bridges and between culverts, panted into wayside stations and snorted out again, all unheeded. Jill's undivided attention, her child-like wonder and excitement, were flattering and stimulating. The citizen of the world talked on.

Eventually she said, "But we seem to be discussing me all the time. What about you? You've not travelled?"

Jill's bubble collapsed, its bright colors fading into the drab of everyday. Almost resentfully, she answered, "I've never had the opportunity. A husband and two toddlers take up my time."

The corners of her mouth dropped a little. The long-anticipated day in town had somehow lost its savour. Some shopping, an afternoon show, how paltry it all seemed now. The magic carpet and the doormat, this untrammelled tourist and herself.

"Ah, but there's plenty of time yet, isn't there? When the children are grown up, perhaps?"

Plaintively, Jill said, "I want to travel while I'm still young enough to enjoy it."

The lady laughed gently. "I didn't start seeing the world until I was over 40. Age is no bar to enjoyment."

Jill was not convinced. "I'd like to pack up and set off straight away," she said rebelliously, thinking of the rush when she arrived home, the children to be collected, the evening meal to be prepared.

"Be patient," responded the soft voice opposite. "Dreams come true, you know. Dear me, here we are already." The train was slowing into the city terminus. "It's been very pleasant chatting with you, my dear. Perhaps some day we'll meet again." She began to assemble her possessions.

"I hope so," said Jill, without much conviction that their paths would cross again. She felt as if a spell was being broken, leaving disappointment, emptiness. She tried to rally. "Look, let me give you a hand with your bags." She reached for the large case.

"No, no." Quickly the other's hand forestalled her. "You mustn't bother. Run along and enjoy yourself. I'll get a porter to help me." She would accept no assistance. They parted with friendly goodbyes.

Jill walked along the platform, melancholy. It hardly seemed worthwhile to go on with her plans for the day. Why not catch the first train back? She'd only make herself gloomier all day alone, remembering her train acquaintance and her carefree existence. I wonder where she's going on this voyage, thought Jill: I forgot to ask.

A man fell into step beside her, said, "Pardon me, but may I speak to you for a moment?" Jill stared, then recollected he'd been sitting across the corridor from her. A nice-looking old gentleman, he wore a Homburg hat and a benevolent air, both of which suited him.

He went on as she regarded him curiously. "I couldn't help overhearing some of your conversation on the train. I wasn't going to speak, but when I saw you looking rather miserable . . ."

Jill registered astonishment. He chuckled, then said, "No, I'm not a designing old man, nor, I hope, an interfering one. I'd like to put you right on a couple of points, then I'll quietly disappear. All right?" They passed through the barrier, halted.

Puzzled, Jill said, "I don't quite understand . . ."

"I'll be brief. The lady you were talking to lives near to me. I've known her for many years . . . from a distance, so to speak."

"Yes?"

"For a long time now she's been making a trip to the city about once a month, in much the same way as you saw her today, baggage and all. She cloaks her cases, spends the day at the Public Library, reading . . . can you guess? . . . travel books. She catches the late train home at night."

Seeing Jill's horrified stare, he patted her arm comfortingly. "I know, I know. But don't blame her too much. She has small means, and no other way of gratifying a lifelong ambition."

"But . . . but . . . the labels on her cases . . ."

"From the tourist bureau. Sad, I think . . . but rather brave, all the same. She's built herself a dream-world which she does her best to make as actual as possible." He hesitated for a moment. "I hope I've done the right thing?" Jill nodded dumbly. He raised his hat and was gone into the crowd.

She hardly noticed his departure. Disillusionment mingled with anger. The deceit. How she'd listened and believed, a wide-eyed gullible idiot. And yet . . . wasn't there something heroic, after all, in the woman's valiant attempt to cheat the Fates? Perspective began to emerge, and suddenly Jill laughed softly.

Looking back along the platform, she saw the elegant figure of the world-traveller approaching the barrier. She was burdened with all her cases. But she carried them easily. No wonder. They must all be empty. Jill turned quickly away.

As she walked there was a smile on her lips and a lift to her steps. It wasn't such a bad world after all . . .

A short short story by S. LESLIE

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Stranger on the set

BY DOUGLAS RUTHERFORD

I HAD a good run of luck with my book "Dive Bomber." It was the story of Hans Ritter, the German air ace who became an almost legendary figure during the war. When I sold the world film rights to Hallmark Productions Ltd. I said goodbye to it. I didn't expect to see it in recognisable form again, but about six months later I had a letter from Jeremy Carleton himself, enclosing the foolscap typescript of the film.

He was going to direct "Dive Bomber" and thought I might like to see the script before they went on the floor. Would I glance through it and meet him for a chat over dinner at Verrey's the following week?

When the waiter showed me over to Jeremy Carleton's table in the cocktail bar that evening his head came up in astonishment and two puzzled lines appeared between his eyes.

"Are you Leslie Taylor? I thought you were a man."

He rose quickly to his feet as the waiter pushed the chair in behind me.

I said, "I'm sorry to disappoint you."

"It's not a disappointment at all, I assure you. I confess I'm surprised, though. You write like a man. How do you come to know so much about the German Air Force?"

"I was in R.A.F. Intelligence during the war. That's how Ritter crossed my path in the first place."

"Let me take that."

I had slipped off my fur stole and was looking for a place to put it. He took it and parked it on the couch beside him. He subjected me to a swift appraisal with casual eyes that missed very little. I was glad now that I'd taken the trouble to go home and change before coming out. I'd put on a ballet-length cocktail dress and a pair of pendant diamond earrings that had belonged to my great-aunt.

I felt that I could look the world and Jeremy Carleton in the face. If I had been a starlet in search of a part I daresay I would have dropped my eyelashes at him, but as I had no ambition whatsoever to be in films I was able to return his stare with equanimity.

In the end he smiled. "What'll you have to drink? Dry Martini, White Lady—perhaps a glass of sherry?"

I liked the little radius of wrinkles that had appeared at the corner of his eyes and at the side of his nose. I took it as a sign that Jeremy Carleton often smiled. I guessed he was about forty-five, though he looked younger. He was not particularly tall, but there was something light and lithe about him which was more telling than height. He was superbly well shirted and tailored, and his manner was a most unusual blend of confidence and considerateness.

He was the sort of man who gets good service in a fashionable restaurant without having to make a song and dance about it. We ate grilled lobster, roast chicken, and creme caramel, and drank Chablis and Pommard, but never mentioned "Dive Bomber" till the serviettes were crumpled on the table and the waiter had brought coffee and Kummel.

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Kassel sprinted across the set and pushed Valmai to the floor just as a heavy bag crashed down from the platform above.

Then Jeremy nodded towards the typescript lying on the side of the table.

"Well, what about this?"

He busied himself with lighting my cigarette and his own while he waited for my answer. I noticed that he was a little uncertain for the first time that evening.

"I think you've made a wonderful job of adapting the book. But Hans Ritter never turned anti-Nazi, and he was the last person who would have been associated with the Hitler Bomb Plot. Secondly, his wife had no Jewish connections. She was Aryan to the hilt. Ritter was rabidly anti-Semitic."

"I thought that was coming. You see, you're a historian. You go for facts. We have to cater for a different public. We want a story that's . . ."

"It's all right," I interrupted. "I just thought I ought to point out the true facts. But I must admit I like it better this way myself. It makes a very convincing story."

Jeremy looked relieved as I handed the typescript over to him.

"I took the liberty of jotting a few amendments in the margin. Just points of detail."

He simply nodded and gave the neatly bound pages an affectionate pat.

"We've a couple of good actors for the main parts. Frederick Butler is the heart-throb of the moment, and we're playing him opposite Valmai Berensen again. I expect you've seen them. They've made several films together."

I said: "No. I don't go to the cinema much."

He looked a little shocked and disapproving at that.

"Valmai's a remarkable actress. Amazing to think that two years ago she and her husband were doing a circus act. Now she's box-office in a big way and he's drawing good money as a stunt-man in Hollywood."

"Hollywood? That's rather far distant."

Jeremy shrugged.

"Perhaps it's better that way. What the eye doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve over."

Jeremy and I parted that evening on Christian-name terms. He must have approved of the amendments I'd made because ten days later he phoned me again. He wanted me to come and watch the actual filming at Pinewood as a sort of roving adviser. I had to refuse. I was doing a course of lectures at a summer school. He must have made a note of the day my course ended, for the very next morning he phoned through to my flat while I was still having breakfast in bed.

"How's the filming?" I asked him.

"We're making quite good progress. This is one of the most realistic things I've ever worked on. Almost too much so, in fact."

I waited for a moment, expecting to hear more.

"What do you mean, exactly?"

"It's hard to explain. But things keep coming to life in the most extraordinary way. Perhaps we're all a little nervy and in-bred. I'd like the opinion of a sensible outsider and I hoped you might be free by now."

Filming had been going on for a week when I arrived at Pinewood and parked my small two-seater in a row of luxury models. I had Jeremy Carleton's letter in my handbag with minute instructions. His final paragraph had aroused my curiosity.

". . . You may find a tense atmosphere in the studio. Valmai Berensen has been behaving in a rather unnerving way. She has literally acted herself into the part and is obsessed with the idea that Ritter himself is 'with us in spirit.' It is giving us the result we want, for she is acting superbly.

We'll have lunch together and then we can talk.

Yours very sincerely,
Jeremy."

Jeremy's secretary was waiting at the appointed spot to lead me to the Hallmark Studio. She was twenty-one at the most, but supremely self-possessed. I felt certain I was carrying my own twenty-nine years with a good deal less assurance. We walked down the long corridor on to which the Pinewood studios open and stopped at a doorway near the far end. There was a red bulb burning outside and we had to wait till it went off before we entered.

At first I thought the place was in darkness. Then I realised that we were behind a set of screens arranged to form three sides of a square. We climbed a flight of carpentered steps, came round the side of a property wall, and literally burst upon the scene. It represented the walled garden of a house in old Nuremberg and was vividly realistic. The plants and grass were, as far as I could see, the genuine article, and the house itself seemed to have been constructed of real bricks with properly made windows and doors.

Standing on the lawn was a tall, good-looking man in the uniform of a Luftwaffe General and beside him a young girl, slight and fair, wearing a dirndl skirt. They stood there unconcernedly, bathed in an unearthly light from above, while a small team of experts in shirt-sleeves or gay pullovers fussed around them.

"That's Valmai Berensen," Ruth whispered to me. "Isn't she lovely?"

She was indeed. I'd heard it said that actresses look ghastly in film make-up, but under the arc lamps this girl was dazzlingly beautiful. Even while the acting was suspended there was a brittle intensity about her, which contrasted with Frederick Butler's jesting casualness.

The fourth side of the square, where the make-believe world ended, was filled by a row of folding canvas chairs placed on either side of the camera. Jeremy, from his seat right beside the camera, had seen us come in. He lifted one finger to beckon us over. He had forsaken his very correct suit for a sky-blue pullover and charcoal-grey slacks.

He came a few steps to meet me and gave me his friendly smile. Operations were suspended until a seat had been placed for me between Jeremy and a very handsome, fair young man. Jeremy leant forward to introduce us.

"Miss Taylor, may I introduce Fritz Kassel? He's been lent by Kino Hamburg to advise us on German pronunciation and dialogue."

The young man was instantly on his feet. I held out my hand and found it transported to within a centimetre of his lips as he bent over it.

"I have read your book, Fraulein. My warmest congratulations."

Close behind us a young man with a good-humored face cupped his hands round his mouth.

"Settle down now, kids. Quiet, everybody."

Something landed on my lap. I looked down to see an open script with Jeremy's finger pointing out the place.

"We've almost finished with this bit."

The scenes of air warfare had been shot elsewhere, some of them cleverly combined with actual German war films. The part being done at Pinewood was the story of Hans Ritter's personal romance. As the script had it:

". . . His love for a girl who turns out to have Jewish blood, the dreadful conflict of loyalties it arouses, his gradual revulsion from political creed which is becoming hateful to him, his defiant marriage against the advice of his friends."

A man with a hammer, who had been fixing little wedges on the floor to mark the position of the star's feet, ducked off the set. Someone else, as if on an afterthought, stretched a steel measuring tape from the camera lens to the tip of Valmai Berensen's nose. The color man squinted at her through what looked like a pair of binoculars. He murmured something to the man behind his chair.

A voice shouted: "Spoil that lily a couple of turns, Fred!"

The light dimmed almost imperceptibly. Jeremy nodded, apparently satisfied.

"Quiet, everybody, please." The assistant-director was shouting again. "Shooting!"

The purposeful buzz and hustle died down and a hundred-odd technicians focused their attention on the pair on the set. The faces of the electricians aiming the huge arc lamps were illuminated with faint blue: they wore an expression of anxious affection on their workaday faces as they gazed down on Valmai Berensen.

The silence was now complete. "O.K., Bob, Roll 'em."

The clapper boy stepped out in front of the cameras as they started turning. "One-o-four—take three."

The double piece of wood clapped and he stepped quickly back. Into the silence Jeremy threw the one word, "Action."

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Illustration of young lady trying to catch a cold — so that she can enjoy the soothing relief of Allen's delicious double action Butter Menthol cough drops! The butter soothes the throat. The menthol clears the head.

"THE BUTTER SOOTHES THE THROAT. THE MENTHOL CLEARS THE HEAD."

ALLEN'S

BUTTER MENTHOLS

DOUBLE ACTION COUGH DROPS

8d. A PACKET

1BA538

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I LIVE in a town peopled by many colors, nationalities, and creeds. In a little less than a month we have collected no fewer than 17 nationalities working for our Spastic Appeal — German, Dutch, Rumanian, Hungarian, Japanese, Chinese, Malay, French, Swiss, Arabic, Greek, Central African, South African, Estonian, Spanish, Russian, and our own. What is more, they work together without friction.

If all these people can find a common meeting place with their fellow-men in a small area, surely the world with its vastness can do likewise. One cannot really dislike a race, only an individual.

I personally am very proud to live in tolerant Broome.

£1/1/- to Leone Willmington, Broome, W.A.

WHY are so many people gradually abolishing the open fire? Most of my friends and relatives are installing gas or electric fires or using kerosene heaters because, they say, "it's cleaner and saves work." Yet these same people love to toast their toes at my lovely big grate with its glowing coals and admit their own heating is a poor substitute. It takes me only about fifteen minutes to clean my fireplace and tiled grate, a small amount of work for all the benefits of an open fire.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Smith, Newcastle, N.S.W.

"YOU have no sense of humor," I have been told disdainfully because I do not laugh uproariously at film cartoons. My idea of a sense of humor is the ability to laugh off awkward situations which could otherwise become serious. I can also enjoy a good comedy film, but, while I admire and appreciate the cleverness of cartoons, I cannot go into near hysterics over something that is designed primarily to amuse children.

10/6 to Mrs. May Livett, Bass Hill, N.S.W.

AT several meetings of various organisations I have attended lately I have been amazed at the way most women refuse to have their say when the opportunity arises. That is the purpose of a meeting, not to air personal grievances and feelings but to express our opinions on matters as they arise. Let's have the courage of our convictions and speak out boldly, not go away muttering among ourselves.

10/6 to Mrs. C. G. Little, Swan Reach, Vic.

I WONDER how many women yearn for the "good old days" when meat, bread, milk, and letters were delivered personally and the housewife could have a little talk or a bright "Hello, how are you?" with these back-door visitors? Today the postman throws the letters in the box, the milkman and the baker must have the billy and the bread bin left on the gate, so that we rarely see any of these delivery men. Worst of all, we must dress and go to town at least three times a week for meat.

10/6 to Mrs. Anne True, Collie, W.A.

I AM an interstate transport driver and my mother, now widow and rather lonely, often accompanies me on lon trips. She used to be a good car-driver herself until she wa involved in an accident which made her very nervous. noticed on these trips that she tired herself, because of he nervousness, by working an imaginary foot-brake and a non existent steering-wheel. I solved the problem by fitting a old brake pedal and a steering-wheel on her side of the cabi and we now purr merrily along both relaxed and happy.

10/6 to "Imagination" (name supplied), Mount Barker S.A.

Modern salons for me

NEVER in my 65 years have I written a newspaper paragraph, but on reading Mrs. Walpole's about modern hairdressing salons (The Australian Women's Weekly 23/5/'56) I felt I must. Instead of seeing my own face staring back at me I can watch a lass in another chair having a complicated "hairdo" and marvel at the skill and patience of the bright, chatty attendants in turning limp, dull hair into a gleaming mass of curls. The cheery atmosphere livens me up for the day.

10/6 to A. Noyes, Rockhampton, Qld.

Family affairs

● Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MY teenage niece who lives with me was the average tidy (or untidy) girl. I rebuked her so continually that I could well be described as a nagger — and nagging does not make for peace in any home.

Eventually I had a quiet talk with her and advised her to allot her time better, allowing time not only to dress but also to put away her discarded clothes.

My niece saw reason in the suggestion and all went well until the next outing, when, as usual, she was running late and called to me for various aids.

I turned a deaf ear to all her pleas and she was late for her appointment. When she came home the room was exactly as she had left it and it took her a considerable time to get into bed.

From then on my niece disciplined herself. She is now punctual and her room reasonably tidy.

£1/1/- to M. A. Nixon, 25 Ashbury St., Fairfield, Qld.

Looks lovelier... lasts longer!

Velvet-smooth Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick keeps fresh with colour hour upon hour! Apply Cutex "Stayfast"—leave for a few minutes, then blot gently with a tissue! . . . it clings to your lips hours longer! In the prettiest colours ever created—to match up with gleaming, hard-wearing Cutex Nail Polish!

CUTEX

Stay Fast LIPSTICK

CUTEX "STAYFAST" LIPSTICK, 4/11
CUTEX NAIL POLISH, 3/3 REGULAR
CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE, 4/9

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Ross Campbell writes...

LOTTERY STAMINA

SOME people have a quality that you might call lottery stamina.

No matter how often they fail to win, they keep coming back for punishment.

Perc Potluck, of our district, is an example.

He's been buying tickets without success for 25 years. But he's as keen as ever.

The other day he told me cheerily: "I was only 1000 off the winner in the last Mammoth!"

"You're getting closer," I said. "But don't you ever feel discouraged?"

"Not a bit. I've got to keep trying. How else could I get back the money I've spent on tickets?"

"I've given the game away myself," I said.

Perc looked quite shocked.

"What for?" he asked.

"I couldn't stand the disappointment every week."

"Don't you think that's a selfish attitude?" he said. "Think of your wife and children. Look at the things you might deprive them of! A car —a trip round the world—potatoes —"

"What about the things I might deprive myself of? Like a dress-suit and a wrist-watch that shows the day of the month. If you look at

it that way, I'm being unselfish."

Perc shook his head disapprovingly.

"Where did you buy your tickets?" he asked.

"At Chuckett's newsagency."

"That's the trouble!" he exclaimed. "You'll never do any good at Chuckett's. You should get tickets from Mrs. Snaffle's kiosk." His voice became reverent. "Last year one of her tickets won a Special!"

"What's the good of getting tickets there now?" I said. "Lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"Then how do you account for this?" he replied. "Horrie Donkling got two successive tickets from Mrs. Snaffle with the same number—84312!"

"I can't account for it," I said. "But I don't see it did him any good."

"All right," said Perc. "You get a ticket from Chuckett's and I'll get one from Mrs. Snaffle—and we'll see who does best."

"O.K.," I said.

My ticket was a washout as usual. Perc rang me triumphantly.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "I was only 25 off £100!"

But I still think there must be some easier way to make money.

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THIS IS AUSTRALIA

CHIPS FLY and axe-blades flash in the morning sunlight as wood-choppers get into swing at Glenrowan, Victoria, contests. As Australian as gum-trees, wood-chopping is a national sport and feature of every show from Tasmania to Townsville. Its history as a sport is buried in the pioneer days when the axe was second only to the bushman's billy as essential equipment. From friendly matches between mates of the outback have developed the present world championships with their challenge to all-comers. There were five world titles at this year's Royal Show in Sydney: the 15in. standing block, tree-felling, 15in. underhand championship, double-handed and single-handed sawing. Prizemoney and trophies were valued at £3125. Picture by F. E. Kay, of Wangaratta, Victoria.

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Put your skin on this Health-and-Beauty diet

Where she moves the sun seems to shine more brightly. For the skin of 18-year-old Patricia Owens, of Earlwood, N.S.W., glows with good health and freshness. She guards her natural loveliness, always, with Rexona Soap.

REXONA SOAP helps skin blemishes disappear

No need for a lot of complicated beauty routines: with just one soap, Rexona, and two minutes night and morning, you can cleanse, smooth and help heal your precious skin. You'll be thrilled to see how Rexona gives your complexion a radiant loveliness . . . leaves your skin feeling cool, refreshed, too.

RARE BEAUTY OILS. *Rexona Soap is medicated with Cadyl, an exclusive blend of oils of cade, cassia, cloves, terebinth and bornyl acetate. These rare beauty aids sink deep into the pores where most blemishes start.*

Bath Size 1/5
Regular Size 1/1

GUARD YOUR NATURAL LOVELINESS ALL OVER

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FLY ALMOST ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD ON THE

PAA

PAY-LATER PLAN

Has your child got

WORMS?

HERE ARE THE SYMPTOMS

Itchy nose, irritability, furred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. If these are present, don't take chances—get Comstock's Worm Tablets. Completely destroy worms without injuring stomach or bowels. Purely vegetable. Taste like sweets. W. H. Comstock Co. Ltd., 23 Lang Street, Sydney.

Destroy worms by taking

Comstock's Worm Tablets

Why Do We Fight About Everything?

Barbara felt she must manage her home and family in her own way. Why could she never give in to her husband? Did they have to hurt each other so?

BARBARA, returning from evening choir practice, drove the car into the garage. Wearily she stepped out and walked to the kitchen door. She stopped abruptly, then switched on the light. There in the corner stood a bicycle — gleaming, brand-new.

Angrily, Barbara flung open the kitchen door and ran into the living-room. Her husband was sitting reading a magazine.

"Tom, what's the meaning of this?"

He frowned as if puzzled.

"Meaning of what?"

"Don't pretend you don't know. What's that bike doing out there?"

"It's for Ken—his birthday present."

"Tom, I said I wouldn't let the child have a bike. You know I've told him he's not going to have one. And now you defy me like this!"

"Look, Barbara, you've got to be reasonable. The kid's 12 tomorrow. We can't treat him like a baby."

"I'm not going to have him killed. If you don't love your son, I do."

Fed-up

"BARBARA, don't talk that way. A man can take so much and no more. I've tried to overlook it. I'm always giving in to you. For years you've had it all your way. Now I'm fed-up."

"I'll say what I like! And what I say is, you can take that bike back where it came from. Ken isn't having it."

"That's where you're wrong. He is going to have it."

"I'm taking that bike away."

He seized her arm. "You're doing nothing of the sort."

Barbara swung round and faced him, eyes flashing fire.

"Let me go!" she cried.

After a tense moment of silence Tom released her and went to the phone. Grimly he dialled a number. "Is Pastor Knox there? This is Tom. We're in bad trouble here. Can he come round—right now? Thanks."

Barbara stared at him.

"Tom, what are you doing?"

"You heard me. I've sent for the pastor. We can't go on like this. We've got to have some help."

When Tom brought Barbara to my office the next day he explained that he was acting on their pastor's recommendation.

"I know," I said. "He called me. I'm indeed glad you came. Suppose I see Barbara first?"

Strained, uneasy

BARBARA smiled nervously as she sat down in my office. A thin, tired-looking woman, she seemed strained and uneasy.

"I'm 36 and Tom's 37," she told me. "We've been married 14 years. We've only had one child—Ken. He's 12."

"Your pastor tells me you had a serious disagreement over Ken," I said then.

"Yes, Dr. Mace. It was about giving him a bike for his birthday. I told Tom I wouldn't allow it. He defied me and bought the bike without even consulting me."

"Naturally you felt upset?"

"I felt furious. We quarrelled about it. I think bicycles are dangerous."

"They can be dangerous. It depends. Have you and Tom quarrelled much before, Barbara?"

"Not as seriously as this. My husband is a difficult man to live with, but we've managed to get along. We were so much in love when we were married — I don't know what went wrong."

"Could you explain what you mean when you say your husband is difficult to live with?"

"Well, he's not very responsible. If I didn't insist on his turning over his pay to me he'd squander all his money. He's untidy. He doesn't help much around the house. And he has no control over our boy—he'd let him run wild."

"I see. Anything else? Drink? Or women?"

"Oh, no!"

"So the trouble is that he's too easy-going with the boy, not co-operative at home. Is that it?"

"Yes. I'd be very grateful if you could influence Tom to change his ways. I hope you can show him that he's wrong about the bike."

"I'll certainly discuss it with him, Barbara. Maybe I ought to see him now."

Tom looked like a pleasant person.

"I'm sorry you and Barbara have run into this trouble," I began.

"Where do I begin?" Tom asked.

"Maybe it would be best to forget the bike for a moment, Tom. You might try to tell me just how you feel about your marriage."

"Well . . . Barbara and I met when we both worked at the same plant. I guess I needed a woman to take me in hand. I spent my pay as I earned it—and drank more than was good.

Worked together

"BARBARA was a clerk in the office. We started going out to lunch together. She was just the girl I was looking for."

"You were in love with Barbara?"

"Yes, I was. At least I thought so then."

"So you got married. How did it go?"

"All right at first. But I guess I let her run things too much.

"Well, she took over our finances. She deposits the money in her own account and gives me an allowance."

"How has this worked out?"

"Pretty well. She's very careful with money."

"I was thinking about the allowance."

Keeps the peace

"I'VE never liked the idea. We started that arrangement because I was such a spendthrift when we got married. She insisted on it and finally I gave in. She shuts herself up in her room and sulks when she can't have her own way. I learned a long time ago you can't argue with Barbara. So I've worked out my own method of keeping the peace."

"What did you work out, Tom?"

"I don't really turn over all the money I earn. A man has to have some independence."

"Tom, would you say you're happily married?"

"No. I only stick it out because of the boy."

"Ken means a lot to you?"

"Yes, he does. Barbara tries to run his life, too. She's mapped out his career for him—the kid's going to be a doctor."

"Did you decide not to have any more children because you weren't happy?"

"No. Barbara decided. After Ken was born she was afraid to go through it again."

"That's a natural reaction. But it doesn't usually prevent women from having more children. Has this affected your sex relationship?"

"Something did. Maybe that was it. Barbara just isn't interested."

"You mean never?"

"Oh, once in a while. But even then I have the feeling she doesn't care."

"So your physical relationship has been frustrating?"

"Yes, it has. I try not to think about sex, but I can't help it. There's been nobody else—up to now."

"Why do you say that?"

Tom sighed wearily. "I'm prepared to stick to Barbara

DR. MACE will conduct tutorial classes for graduate social workers and give addresses to members of the medical profession during his Australian tour.

Special meetings for women are also being arranged at which Mrs. Mace, herself a qualified counsellor of wide experience, will give the address.

Titles of the public lectures to be given throughout the Commonwealth by Dr. Mace are:

Marriage in the Modern World.
Marriage as a Sex Relationship.
Marriage as a Personal Relationship.
Marriage and Parenthood.
Marriage and the Worker.
Marriage and Society.

Booking arrangements will be announced in a later issue.

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HELP FOR LOVE AND MARRIAGE

● Love and marriage are important in everyone's life. They can be deeply satisfying or deeply disturbing, depending on how the people concerned meet the problems that inevitably arise in such personal partnerships.

Dr. David Mace, famous marriage counsellor, has helped many couples avoid misunderstanding and find new joy in marriage.

We have joined with the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia in sponsoring a Commonwealth-wide tour for Dr. Mace, so that Australian marriages and family life may benefit from his wide and rich experience.

As an introduction to Dr. Mace and his work, we will bring you each week until his arrival in August a story based on a case history from his files. These articles written by Dr. Mace are exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

Sharing these experiences will, we hope, help you to meet your personal problems with new confidence and vision and will give you new insight into family living.

DR. DAVID MACE, M.A., B.Sc., Ph.D., Chairman of the International Commission on Marriage Guidance.

till Ken is on his own. Then I'm through."

"Does Barbara know this?"

"No, she doesn't."

"Maybe you ought to tell her."

"Why? I have no special plans."

"If Barbara knew, she might be persuaded to do something about it—she might make adjustments, Tom."

"You don't know Barbara. Telling her the truth would just make things worse. All I care about now is the boy."

"Did it occur to you that all this conflict between his parents is no good for him?"

"No, I never thought of that. But the kid obviously isn't happy. His teacher has been trying to find out from my wife if there's something wrong at home—that makes Barbara furious."

"I have the impression that Barbara generally reacts to pressure with anger. Am I right?"

"Yes."

"Have you realised that such explosive feelings sometimes conceal profound fears?"

"I don't see that."

"Well, some people try to run away from their fears by adopting the opposite attitude—for example, an aggressive self-confidence."

"You mean the way Barbara manages Ken and manages money and insists she's always absolutely right?"

Must dominate

"YES. Barbara controls her own fears by dominating others. She feels she has to impose her will on you and Ken to feel sure of herself."

I paused while he considered this.

"There's something I'd like to ask you," I said. "Barbara's discontented. Do you think you neglect your wife, Tom? Do you go out evenings?"

"Hardly ever. I read the paper, watch television. Once in a while I go to a ball game. All I want in life is a normal home—a place to relax, happiness and contentment, some love and a bit of fun."

"Tom," I said, "how would you feel about letting me talk it over with her?"

"All right, I'm willing."

When I talked with Barbara again I could see that she had no idea how deeply disillusioned Tom was.

"I hope I won't have to come again after today," she began.

"I would say," I replied, "that your situation requires experienced help."

She looked startled.

"What do you mean?"

"Barbara, I don't want to alarm you unduly. But if you refuse to take this crisis seriously, I'd say your marriage is heading for a crash.

"Barbara, your husband has admitted that the only thing now holding your marriage is his love for your son."

Barbara turned pale. "Is that true?" she gasped.

"This isn't just a crisis in your marriage," I went on gently. "It's a crisis in your life, Barbara. I think you need help. But I have the feeling that it's very hard for you to admit it. Am I right?"

Suddenly she broke down. Burying her face in her hands she sobbed bitterly.

"Why has this happened to me? Why doesn't Tom love me? What have I done?"

"What do you think you would have to change in order to get along better with your husband?"

"An awful lot of things, Dr. Mace," Barbara said tearfully. "I'm really very selfish and mean. I wouldn't like to be married to me at all."

Wants praise

"THAT bad!" I said, smiling.

"How can I ever become the kind of person I would like to be?"

"Could you try to describe that person?"

Barbara sat back. "I'd like to be at ease with everyone, poised, and confident — like Tom — instead of awkward and nervous. I worry that people don't like me."

"I think that's important. Another difficulty may be that you feel you must always get your own way at home."

"Well, it's my home, after all. Tom and I just happen to disagree about most things."

"Why do you think you had to get your own way about Ken's bike?" I asked gently.

"I'm afraid for Ken to ride a bicycle, Dr. Mace.

"I don't know what I feel," she sobbed. "Sometimes I'm afraid of Ken getting hurt. Other times I'm worried I'll lose Tom's respect if I give in. I'm afraid to admit I'm wrong. Why am I this way? I've just realised—I'm always afraid!"

Faced fears

"THAT is what I want to help you to find out."

This was the beginning of a long period of counselling. Barbara had to be encouraged to face her fears instead of running away from them.

"You're like a child who won't go down to the basement of the house you live in," I explained. "You think there are ghosts there. So you live in constant terror. But if a person you trust goes with you you'll see there's nothing to be afraid of."

"But what if there is?"

"Nothing is so terrifying as the unknown. Fears are often a state of mind. If you want to get rid of them, you must find out exactly what you're afraid of—and why."

"I do want to get rid of my fears," she said. "I'm afraid of people, of sex and childbirth, afraid of losing Ken, afraid of dying."

"Suppose we start with the ones that affect your marriage," I suggested. "Sex and childbirth, for instance."

"I believe I adopted my mother's attitude to sex pretty much, Dr. Mace. Not that we discussed these things. But I knew they horrified her."

"Do you know why these things upset your mother so?" I asked.

"Maybe because Mother felt she was unhappily married," Barbara said quietly. "She pretended to love my father, but her bitterness towards him affected me all along."

"Of course it did," I said. "Have you been able to talk about this with Tom?"

"Tom changes the subject when I try to discuss my mother. He says it makes me unhappy."

"Do you agree?"

"I suppose so. But I feel a lot better since I began telling you these things."

At this time I was also meeting with Tom. He had supposed that the more Barbara talked about her fears the more miserable she would become and therefore he had avoided discussing them. He had also avoided disclosing his own disappointments.

"So you see, Tom," I said to him one day, "you've both been living in separate rooms. Barbara has been shut in with her fears and you have been shut in with your frustrations."

"You're right," Tom said. "I was just letting things drift, I guess. I decided that I'd had a raw deal as a husband without really thinking much about it. I tried to be a successful father. But that didn't work, either, because I felt I didn't understand Ken much better than I understood Barbara. Now I see that his troubles were a pretty direct result of the conflict between Barbara and me."

A steady improvement in the relationship between Tom and Barbara did, in fact, gradually bring an end to Ken's troubles at school. The child had been tortured by secret anxiety about the tension between his parents.

Over a long period of time, during which Barbara and I talked regularly, her fears dissolved slowly one by one. For example, one day I hinted that it was a little strange that Tom had no say in the disposal of his own earnings.

"As I told you," she said, "Tom couldn't keep his money when we were first married. But I suppose he can be trusted now."

After a year, Barbara asked me one day what I now felt about their marriage.

"I'd say you were out of danger now," I replied, "but remember it's a slow business—growing up."

What is your summing-up? Does it agree with that of Dr. Mace? His final word on Tom and Barbara's marriage could apply to any marriage where one partner is the prey of fear. Turn to page 41 and see what Dr. Mace says.

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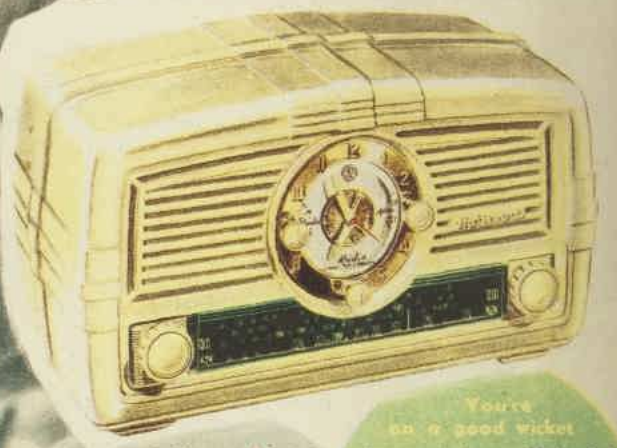

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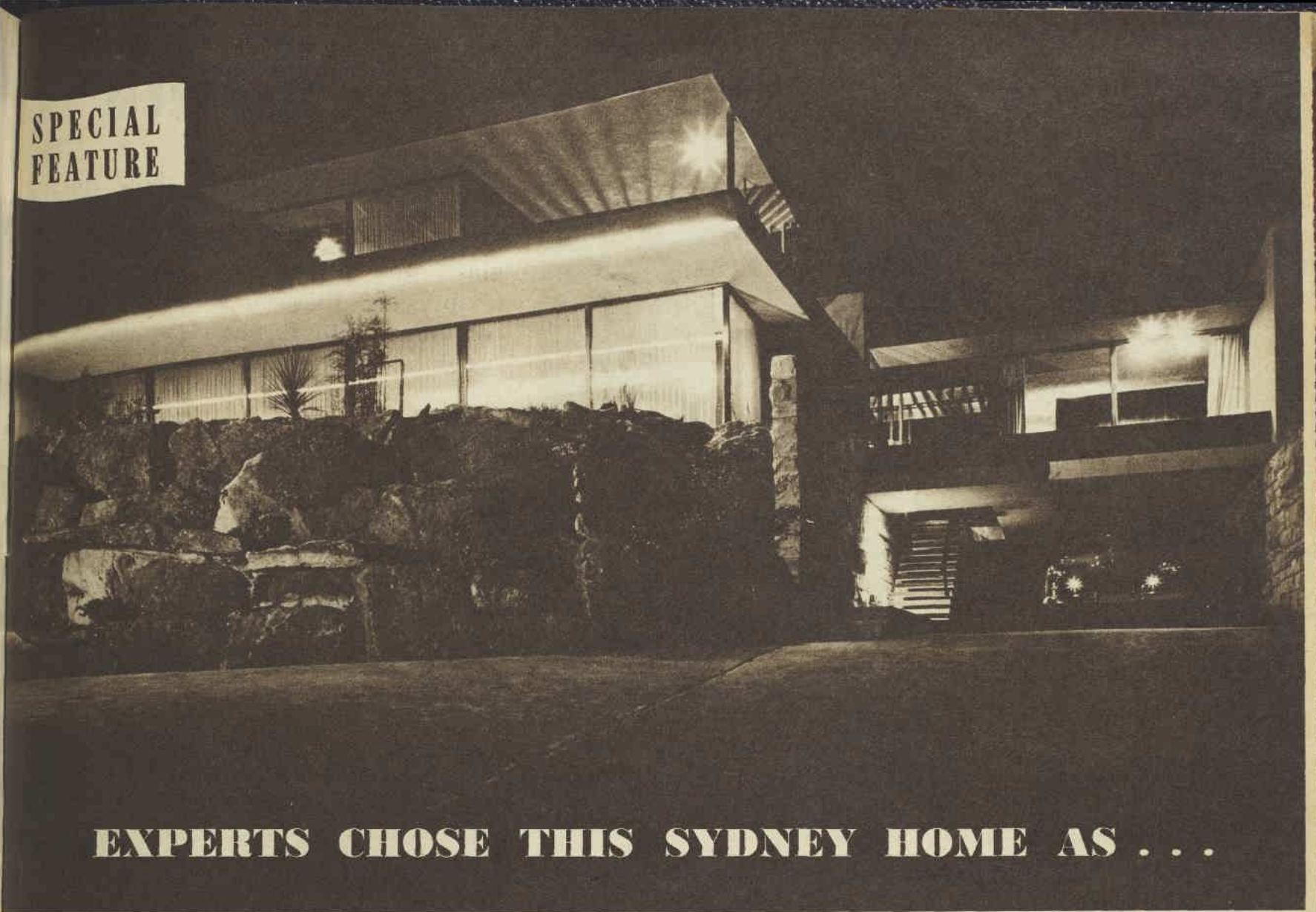

EXPERTS CHOSE THIS SYDNEY HOME AS . . .

HOUSE OF THE YEAR

• Here and on following pages we present the home which won the "Architecture and Arts" award for the best house built in Australia in 1955. For interiors see overleaf and on page 19. Plans are on page 18.

DESIGNED by Sydney architect Douglas Snelling for a couple with five children, the house covers an area of 60 squares (6000 square feet) and is believed to be the biggest built in Sydney for 15 years.

It was chosen from 12 which reached the finals. Seven of the others were built in New South Wales, four in Victoria, and one in South Australia.

Size was not a factor in the selection of the winner. The judges chose this one because its design was simple, in harmony with its surroundings, and suited to Australian conditions.

It is a low, U-shaped house, following the rise of its sloping site at Bellevue Hill.

One side of the U-shape (the front, illustrated above) comprises living areas and kitchen. The other side contains recreation rooms and the laundry; the base of the U includes the bedrooms and bathrooms.

The picture on this page, taken at night, shows the main entrance. The house cannot be seen from the street. It is approached by a 300-foot curving drive, ending in the car port at right.

To the left of the car port are concrete steps leading to the front door and entrance hall.

The long glass wall is that of the main living-room, which is 30 feet long by 21 feet wide. The ceiling is only nine feet high, but seems higher because you enter from beneath the low, raftered ceiling of the entrance hall.

The eight-foot eaves projecting over the glass wall make the room look wider than it is. It appears longer because the fireplace does not close off the end, although it conceals the dining area beyond.

Outside the living-room is a lily pool, curving round one end of the glass wall. The play of wind and sun on its surface throws a pattern of light and shade on the ceiling inside.

Set against the chimney-back in the dining area is a half-enclosed flight of stairs leading to the study and sundeck above.

The dining area is divided by a screen wall from the family living-room. This, the most-used room of the home, has a fireplace, comfortable built-in seats, and an L-shaped breakfast bar in the glass-walled corner for family meals.

The long kitchen has a cork-tile floor and cupboards of satin-polished Queensland maple. The woodwork does not mark easily and needs polishing only once in three months.

Work-space topped with stainless steel flanks hot-plates and built-in ovens. Overhead a reversible fan provides either an exhaust or intake of fresh air. Pots and pans hang on a wall covered with green linoleum. There is a built-in dishwasher and a double sink with a garbage-disposal unit.

Kitchen and family living-room look on to the swimming-pool, making it easy to watch the children.

Near the kitchen is an incinerator hatch (the incinerator is in the basement) and a bar-storage room equipped with its own refrigerator, sink, and sloping shelves for wine bottles.

A covered play area is provided for the children outside their bedrooms. These are at the back of the master-bedroom suite, which includes dressing-rooms, bath, and private balcony.

The children's play area is on the same level as the swimming-pool and surrounding patio. From this level a small flight of steps leads to the guest suite and the rumpus-room and sun terrace.

There are about 4000 square feet of glass in the house, but privacy is maintained throughout. Eight-foot-wide eaves protect rooms from summer sun, avoid glare, and help to increase the apparent size of the already large rooms.

During the day some of these glass walls reveal distant views. At night, so that the walls do not become black mirrors, outside lights reduce the views to illuminated plants and terraces.

Where there are skylights, outside lights are placed to give an effect similar to daylight.

Inside lighting is arranged to give the interiors a soft glow. Some of the built-in lights are continuous tubes in overhead troughs, others are hidden in decks and ledges, pointing up the decorative structure of the house.

All the floors are concrete laid directly on the ground. The floors are insulated and coverings are fixed directly to the concrete.

"There is no appreciable difference," says the architect, "between walking on concrete or wooden floors in these conditions. The great advantage is that there need be only a very low step from floor level to outside ground level."

Color pictures overleaf and on page 19 were taken by staff photographer Frank Gardner. Plans and sketches are on page 18.

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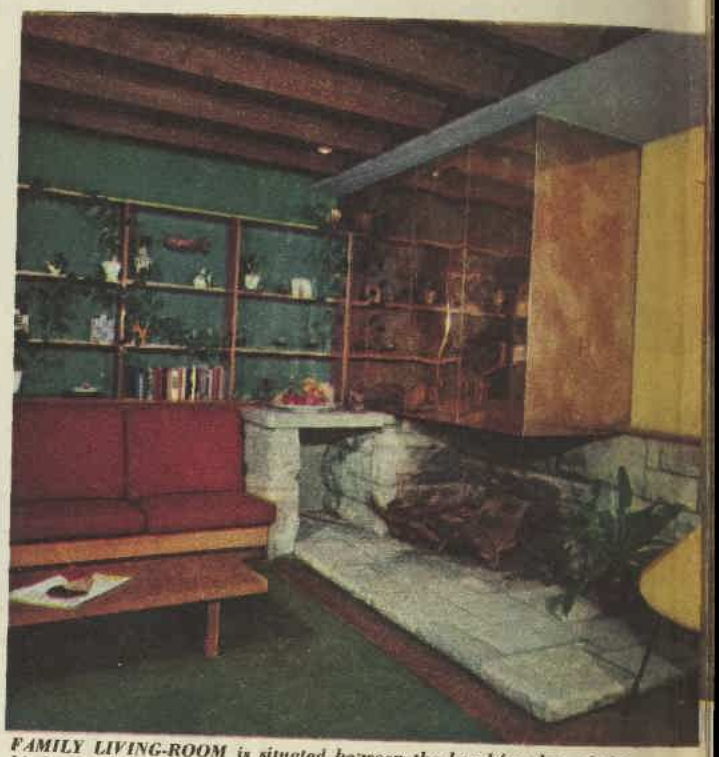
DRAMATIC INTERIORS

● These pictures show how the architect achieved arresting effects by his skilful use of timber, stone, glass, and plaster. The varying textures of these materials are combined with carefully chosen colors and elegant furnishings.

KITCHEN superbly designed and equipped to cope with a large family. The cooking island has a central preparation centre flanked by hot-plates and oven complete with warming drawer. Behind this area is the big pantry and freezing unit. The floor is cork.



FAMILY LIVING-ROOM is situated between the breakfast bar of the kitchen and the dining area. Its glass walls (protected by a pull-down screen) face the tennis-court and a bank of beautiful old trees. A focal point of the room is the copper-hooded fireplace. Built-in features include bookshelves, settee, sewing-machine, and radiogram. A loose green rug gives a touch of color to the thick cork floor.

LEFT: In the dining area a specially made translucent screen slides out of sight beneath the staircase when the table is extended for 12. Built into the wall behind the screen is an electric unit for food-warming, and a generous amount of work space.

RIGHT: A four-year-old boy sleeps here. There are four such sleeping areas for the children in a row. Each has built-in cupboards, a desk (convertible to a make-up table for a girl), built-in radio, microphone connected with master bedroom, radiant-heated cork floor —and outdoor play-area.

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LIVING-ROOM IN THE "HOUSE OF THE YEAR." This room is designed for real family living. The walls and floor are rugged and durable enough for all requirements of a family including four young children. It has been lived in for 18 months, and in that time has stood up to the wear and tear of tricycles, push-carts, and toy trains, as well as cocktail parties. The stone of the fireplace came from Maroubra, seaside suburb of Sydney, and the lintel stone alone, 10ft. 6in. long, weighs three tons. The short passage to the left of the massive fireplace leads to the stairway and into the dining area, which adjoins the smaller living-room shown on the opposite page.

MAIN BEDROOM. The bedhead contains flaps for side tables and storage space. On one side are controls for outside lights (as a precaution against burglars), controls for bedroom radio and living-room radiogram, telephone outlet, and attic exhaust ventilating system. On the wall above are two aircraft-type spotlights which beam adjustable rings of light for reading. This room opens on to an elevated terrace.

SWIMMING-POOL AND RUMPUS ROOM. The rumpus room has a copper-hooded fireplace, ample storage cupboards, a ceiling with radiant heat, a movie projection-room at one end, a parquet floor with two rugs—easy to take up for dancing—comfortable chairs, and lounge. This area can be divided in two when necessary and used as guest-rooms. Sliding glass doors open on to a terrace.

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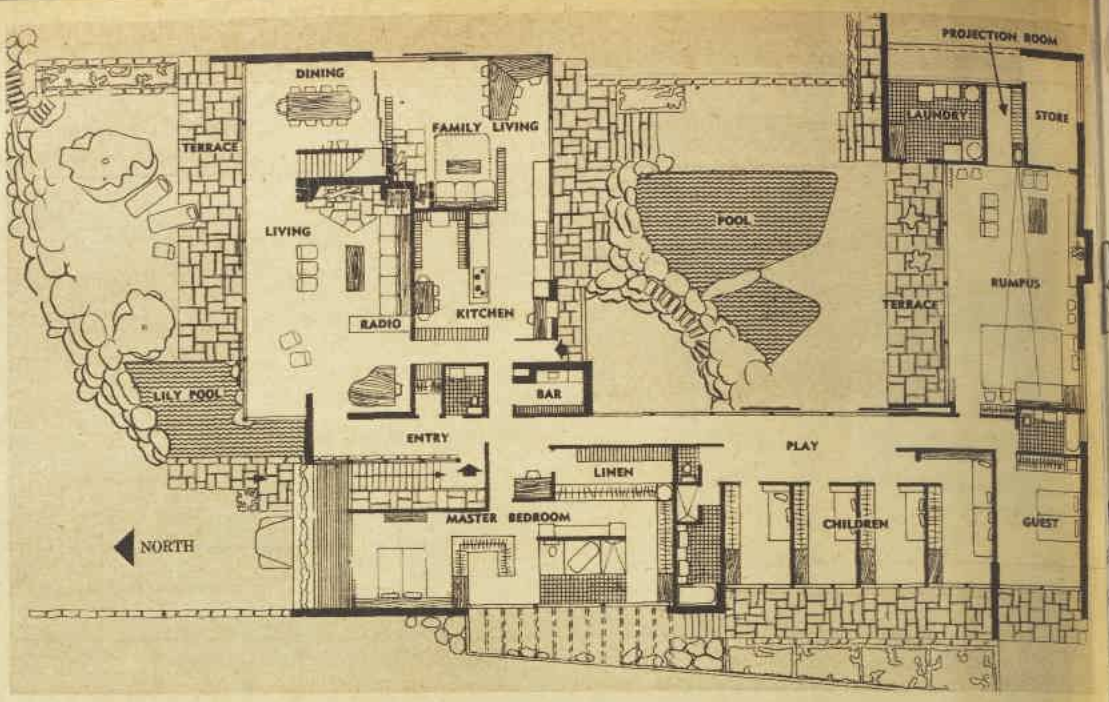
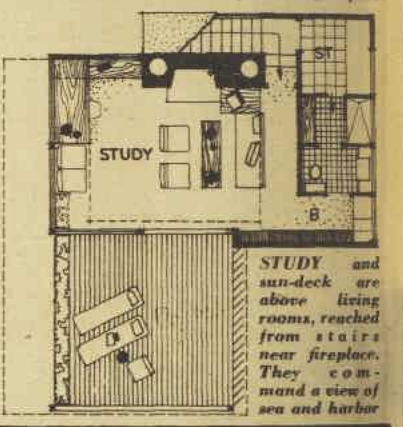


Continuing . . .

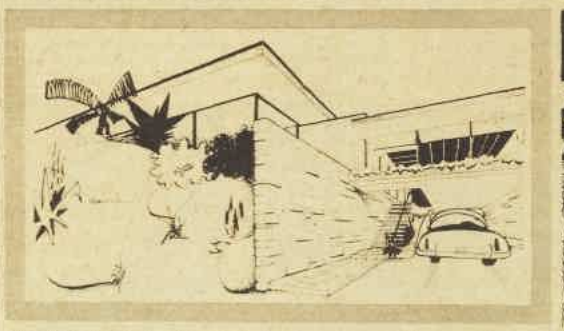
HOUSE OF THE YEAR

***PLAN** shows how the rooms in the House of the Year are grouped for living, sleeping, and recreation. The U-shaped design ensures plenty of light and air for every room. In the centre is the swimming-pool, pictured on page 17, which, placed near the terrace and rumpus-room, is ideally situated for entertaining. The rooms are all located so that none becomes a corridor and privacy is provided for family and guests. All the rooms have ample storage space.*

***AERIAL VIEW.** The house hugs the slope of a hill, its floor levels rising ten feet from one end to the other. Tennis court is in the foreground.*



***STUDY** and sun-deck are above living rooms, reached from stairs near fireplace. They command a view of sea and harbor*



***DRIVE-IN** garage has open back, making it light and airy. The stairs, under cover, lead to the entrance hall.*

***NORTH-WESTERN ASPECT.** On the western side solid walls are used to protect the rooms from unwanted sun and wind.*

Dione Lucas demonstrations

● Next month we will publish a free 64 page color-illustrated cookery supplement of recipes from the world-renowned kitchen of America's Blue Ribbon cook, Mrs. Dione Lucas.

CRAMMED with recipes for every occasion and handy household hints, the supplement will coincide with Mrs. Lucas' tour of Australian capital cities.

On this tour, sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Lucas will demonstrate the technique and skill which won her the Cordon Bleu.

She will demonstrate from start to finish the exciting recipes in the supplement.

Mrs. Lucas, who demonstrates daily to New York television audiences, urges housewives to make the most of foods they can afford.

So many women, she says, mistakenly believe that the finest dishes require the best and most expensive ingredients.

Certainly, you may achieve satisfaction in preparing a filet mignon.

But how much more satisfying — and inexpensive — to make a mouth-watering meal from cheap stewing steak, 2 eggs, 3 tomatoes, 4 cabbage leaves, a cup of rice, a tablespoonful of tomato paste, and spices.

And then, what do you do with remnants? Pea-pods, for example, add flavor to soups, celery tops give zip to stews, and cauliflower leaves cooked until just tender have a flavor like brussels sprouts.

Substitute care and skill for cash, Mrs. Lucas says.

Those left-overs often forgotten in the refrigerator could, with a little thought, be turned into hors-d'oeuvres. This is their French name.

The Italians call them **antipasto**, the Russians **zakuska**, the Swedes **smorgasbord**, and the Chinese **T'i Wei Ping**.

However, Mrs. Lucas emphasises that there are no short cuts to culinary success.

As in any other art, there are techniques to be learned, and practice — especially practice.

Mrs. Lucas' attitude to economical cooking can be summed up in this little piece of Russian advice she carries with her:

"Set aside as much money as you can afford to feed yourself and your family. If guests arrive, do not spend one kopek more. Instead, double the time in preparation."

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HOUSE OF THE YEAR

EVERY ROOM HAS A VIEW

● Every room in the house has a view. Some rooms look out on to magnificent harbor vistas and to the ocean. From other windows can be seen glimpses of gardens. Even the master bathroom has its own enclosed garden visible through glass walls.

AT RIGHT. The beautifully appointed study on the first floor commands views of Sydney Harbor and the Pacific Ocean. It has a sliding glass wall which opens on to the sundeck.

LILY POOL outside a corner of the main living-room. This corner, popular with the family, captures all winter sunshine, and looks on to a pleasant vista between the garden trees.

SUNDECK (above) opens off the study. The duckboard flooring is laid loosely on the roof of the living-room, and allows driving rain to pass right through to the runway beneath. The screen gives privacy from the house next door. A wall of adjustable louvers to the south acts as breeze control. At night rays from a nearby floodlight pass through the wooden louvers to form a dramatic pattern on the ceiling.

RIGHT. This view of the house taken from the west shows how its contours follow the rising hill.

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Hand in hand

From the earliest days, children learn to trust others. They naturally turn to grown-ups for help and guidance.

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5/- ½ lb. box, 2/6 ¼ lb. box and 2/3 ¼ lb. loose.
In some country areas prices may be a little higher.

ALL MILK TRAY CHOCOLATES ARE FOIL WRAPPED TO RETAIN THEIR FRESHNESS AND FLAVOUR

AM 12/12/6

***AT STOCKHOLM** the Queen, followed by the Duke, steps ashore from the Swedish Royal Barge to be greeted by King Gustaf and Queen Louise of Sweden.*

Swedish visit was happy family party

The magnificent success of the Queen's State visit to Sweden, followed by a holiday on the Royal Yacht Britannia, has set the pattern for future trips abroad by the Queen and the Royal Family.

THIS trip to Sweden, which began with a two-day State visit followed by ten days during the equestrian events of the Olympic Games, was in the nature of an experiment.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh who, by their position, have been denied holidays abroad, seem now to have found a solution.

They expect in future to combine their more formal visits with informal tours, using Britannia as a floating hotel.

Here in Sweden, King Gustaf and Queen Louise, aunt of the Duke of Edinburgh, live almost as democratically as their subjects, moving freely throughout the country.

One of the delights of this Royal visit has been their ease and informality.

The tour started in a fog but continued in a blaze of sunshine and good humor.

Cheers all way

WHEREVER the Queen and Duke went on a two-day programme packed with formal visits and interesting tours, they were cheered.

On the landing stage, on the balcony of the palace, at the Royal Opera House, on long State drives, even when Queen Elizabeth stepped out of the small Swedish home she visited, there was the familiar rah-rah-rah, as constant as the sunshine.

Britannia sailed up the archipelago through treacherous waters to Sweden.

As the yacht nosed its way by radar and echo-sounding equipment round the 800 islands and innumerable rocky crags, the Queen, with a scarf protecting her hair from the damp air, paced the quarter-deck with the Duke, peering through the heavy fog for a sight of land.

I know how exciting and dangerous that journey was, for I followed Britannia's fog-horn from 3 a.m. in a luxury yacht.

Then a thunderstorm cleared away the fog, and Britannia, breaking into the sunshine, went full steam ahead.

Britannia was only an hour late for the waterside welcome that awaited her. In excitement and spectacle it was second only to the Queen's arrival in Sydney Harbor.

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff, who went to Stockholm for the Royal visit.

At Stockholm, beflagged yachts danced on the sparkling sea, girls on water skis skimmed past, the blue and yellow of the Swedish flag fluttered over all, and above this 300 jets swooped and crossed and whined their welcome while guns on the foreshore cracked out a salute.

The Swedish Royal barge, manned by sailor oarsmen, bore the Queen and Duke from Britannia to the landing stage — blue oars from a gold-and-white hull dipping into a bluer sea.

It was wonderful to see the Queen in palest pink-and-white-flowered silk step into the sunlit panorama.

The warm embraces of the two closely related Royal Families as they greeted each other and the evident happiness each reigning monarch felt in the other's company set a tone of happy-family-party for the whole visit.

Dashing Prince Bertil, the swedish King's bachelor son, did not steal the show, for all his good looks. It was ten-year-old Crown Prince Carl Gustaf, heir to the throne and the King's grandson, wearing a new blue suit and his very best manner, who caught the imagination of the crowd.

Throughout the Royal visit the little Crown Prince was included in all the family parties, although he is too young, of course, to appear on the more formal visits.

The Swedish Princesses, Margaretha, Birgitta, and Desiree, who are 21, 19, and 18, seem to have come from backstage to make their bow to the world, for everyone is now acclaiming them the three most beautiful Princesses in all Europe.

Indeed, at the State luncheon they were so elegant and soignee and walked so gracefully down the long sweep of the marble staircase that they might have been leading fashion models.

This State luncheon in Stockholm's Town Hall was one of the highlights of the visit.

Famous tenor

IT is customary in Sweden to have choir-singing at formal luncheons and dinners, but to honor the Queen, Jussi Bjorling, Sweden's leading tenor and world-renowned artist, sang at the end of the luncheon, when "skol" to drink the Queen's health was called.

Banquet on yacht

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S State Banquet aboard Britannia was held in the U-shaped dining-room specially built for the Swedish visit.

This banquet ended the State visit and it was attended by King Gustaf, Queen Louise, Prince Bertil, the three Swedish Princesses, and the heads of Commonwealth missions.

The banquet was more than a State affair — it was the Duke of Edinburgh's birthday and it had the friendly gaiety of a family celebration.

The Swedish drinking toast was called many times by members of the Swedish Royal Family. On a more formal note the heads of missions offered their respects and birthday greetings.

The Duke's stateroom overflowed with the wrappings and gifts from his Swedish cousins.

As well, there were two presents from Prince Charles and Princess Anne which had been sent on board marked "Not to be opened till the 10th of June" in round, childish handwriting.

Queen Elizabeth wore gold lace on gold tissue — a scintillating background for her diamonds and tiara. Queen Louise wore grey satin with a sapphire stole and a sapphire-and-diamond necklace suite which belonged to Queen Victoria and are her most treasured jewels.

In the afternoon the Queen and the Duke had attended the official opening of the equestrian events of the Olympic Games in the Stockholm stadium.

The Queen wore a junior-navy waisted silk coat and becoming navy hat wreathed with delicate white flowers. Gasps of delighted astonishment marked her appearance.

"Oh, isn't she sweet," was the judgment of the Swedish girls, who are themselves said to be among the most beautiful in the world.

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AUTOMATION: Is it a monster?

Tomorrow's children may find jobs harder to get

FIRSTLY, Australian industry leaders are emphatic that workers have no cause for worry.

Complete automation, they say, will be slow to reach Australia. High prices (often prohibitive) and slow deliveries will prevent a sudden mechanical tidal wave.

Further, there is a shortage of labor which must be eliminated before anyone can be thrown out of work.

Admittedly, more labor is becoming available. A report issued by the Ministry of Labor Advisory Council says the number of children reaching working age this year will be increased by 50,000 over last year's figures.

The influx of new workers, the report adds, is only now returning to pre-war levels. By 1960, it is estimated that 180,000 people a year will step into business and industry.

But this does not worry the automation experts, who claim that jobs will be available for everyone. Expanded industries, they say, will take care of the extra workers.

More simply, automation is expensive and to make it pay production must be increased. To absorb increased production, the population—most of them workers — must have money to spend. And to have money, people must have jobs.

Early training methods — for girls and boys—will, of course, change with particular emphasis on technical fields.

And this is where today's parents and teachers must assume some responsibility.

Firm hold

IN the United States, where automation has taken a firm hold, women displaced by machines are usually transferred to another job in the same company.

But the real hardship is faced by the job-seeker, the young woman recently out of school who finds that getting a job (office or factory) is a little harder.

U.S. automation specialists say that the remedy lies in warning aspiring business girls to look to teaching, nursing, and the marketing field — jobs not subject to automation.

TOMORROW'S SECRETARY—well, not quite. Dr. Francis Bauer at one of the new electronic "brains" feeds information on a typewriter-like keyboard. Panels and dials of the machine stretch off left. Foreground is part of the machine's "memory."

Now the word itself. What is the difference between automation and mechanisation?

American authorities describe it as the use of automatic controls in place of human judgment.

For instance, in Ford old-style mechanised production line at Detroit, it took several machines and a few hundred men nine hours to make a car engine block.

In the company's new, automated factory, one machine does the same work, then tests for quality, corrects minor faults and discards major errors—in less than 15 minutes.

Only a handful of men are needed to watch the machine's dials and lights.

We asked Robert Feldman, of our New York office, to tell us something of automation at work in America.

Up to now, he says, the picture is bright — not because the machines have stopped displacing workers, but because the economy is so healthy that displaced workers are easily absorbed elsewhere.

More people are at work than ever before (some 65 million), about one-third of them women. And more people are adapting themselves to automation, picking up new skills and learning how to push buttons (it takes more judgment than you think).

Family team

HE found one of the best-adjusted persons in the new industrial order in a young career woman named Dr. Frances Bauer. Dr. Bauer and her husband, Dr. Louis Bauer, work for Project Cyclone, a hush-hush undertaking of the U.S. Navy Bureau of Aeronautics in New York.

Dr. Bauer (male) is director of the project, and Dr. Bauer (female) spends her work-day flying an aeroplane, firing a guided missile, or operating a submarine.

She does all this theoretically, of course, sitting before massive electronic computing machine called Elecom 100, or at the controls of one of many Reeves electronic analog computers in the project.

Elecom is a marvel of complexity, seven feet high, spangled with tubes that light up like a Christmas tree and surrounded by spinning drums and electric fans to keep her cool.

Elecom comes up in one minute with answers that would take Dr. Bauer a day and a half to compute by hand. But without Dr. Bauer Elecom would get nowhere.

"All these machines are *morons*," she told me cheerfully.

"If you tell them something wrong, they don't know the difference. The only thing Elecom can do well is add. But her advantage over the human brain is that she can do it fast and without mistakes. And she can store detailed information."

Dr. Bauer, in her early thirties, holds three academic degrees—Bachelor of Arts, Master of Science, and Doctor of Philosophy. She says of her job:

"It really depends on learning how to read, of understanding what your eyes see. If a woman has a good school arithmetic teacher that's all she needs."

There is no prejudice in America against women in the field of electronics. Three of Cyclone's staff of 28 are women, but Dr. Louis Bauer says he would be happy to hire more qualified girls. "They're nicer to have around than men," he says.

"The opportunity for marriage is excellent," Frances Bauer said. "I met my husband while we were students at university."

The Bauers work on the higher planes of the new science, but automation's lesser workers have not fared quite so well.

Few have actually been thrown out of work, but many have been fitted into new niches. The record demand for goods and services in a booming economy has been the saving grace.

Dial device

A GOOD example of this is the telephone industry, always a big employer of women. A number of basic labor - saving improvements have been introduced, such as the dial system, which now encompasses 85 per cent. of U.S. phones.

One device enables a trunk-line operator in one city to dial directly any number in the U.S. Others have enabled the Bell telephone system to dispense with thousands of girls in business offices.

Theoretically, telephone workers should be the worst-suffering group at the hands of automation. But consider these figures: In 1920, when there were no dial phones, 115,000 telephone operators worked for the Bell system. At the end of 1954, 228,000 women answered "Number, please." By September last year, 237,000 were so employed.

The paradox is simply explained: New automatic improvements have made telephone services so cheap that there are more than 45 million telephones in use in America today — more than five times as many as in 1920.

Automation has made a big impact, too, in American business offices, banks, and assurance companies. Here, electronic computers and accounting machines do routine jobs more quickly and efficiently.

Many machines are operated by women after a little training.

One of the more spectacular automated assembly lines was put into operation recently in a steel finishing mill in Coatesville (Pennsylvania). At the Lukens Steel Company 16 men sit in a type of pulpit facing television screens.

TV check

WITH levers and push-buttons they control the entire manufacturing process in a multi-million-dollar plant. Through the TV screens they watch various treatment processes without leaving their chairs. One man keeps visual check on the inside of a smelting furnace.

The men learned their jobs in three weeks, and, said an official, there is no reason why they couldn't be replaced by women.

Some writers have labelled automation a "monster"; others have welcomed it as the herald of the second industrial revolution.

Perhaps the whole issue can be epitomised in the recent visit of union chief Walter Reuther to a new automatic factory at Ford's.

"There," said Henry Ford II, indicating masses of machinery working independently of man, "look at all those sweating machines, and not one of them paying union dues."

Reuther grinned. "You're right," he said. "But none of them are buying cars, are they?"

What fare increases mean to them

● ***Sydney housewives say the increased train, tram, and bus fares announced by the N.S.W. Government will force a reorganisation of family budgets. The cost of shopping trips to the city will be, for many, prohibitive. Most housewives said they would have to shop locally. Four Sydney mothers said:***

LEFT: "My fares, now 2/4 a day, will be 3/6 a day," says Mrs. J. Miller, of North Brighton. "There'll be budget cuts all round." ABOVE: Mrs. William Todd, of Manly, thinks bus services are so poor that it's a disgrace to increase fares.

THIS MOTHER already spends 30/- on fares weekly to take her daughter to hospital. Her husband works at Lidcombe, can afford to go home to Windsor only at weekends.

MRS. L. BYRNE and her three children travel regularly to Redfern from Padstow Park at a present cost of 7/- a trip. The increase will boost their fares to 10/- a journey—plus private-bus fares.

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WEDDING IN TASMANIA . . . PIONEER FAMILIES LINKED

THE wedding in St. David's Cathedral, Hobart, of Rod O'Connor, of "Connorville," Cressy, and Rosalind Cameron, of "Lowestoft," Berriedale, linked two leading Tasmanian pioneer pastoralist families. Five hundred guests, including interstate visitors, attended the ceremony and reception at "Lowestoft," the country home of the bride's mother. The bride was given away by her brother, Alan Cameron, of "Mona Vale," Ross, Tasmania, in the absence abroad of her father.

CUTTING THE CAKE. Rod O'Connor and his bride, formerly Rosalind Cameron, only daughter of Colonel D. A. Cameron, "Mona Vale," Ross, Tasmania, and of Mrs. Z. Cameron, "Lowestoft," Berriedale, Tasmania, at the reception. Color pictures by staff photographer Clive Thompson.

BRIDEGROOM Rod O'Connor escorts his bride to the pink-lined marquee for the wedding breakfast, held in the grounds of "Lowestoft," home of the bride's mother. The couple are honeymooning in Hongkong. While their future home is being completed on the O'Connor property at Cressy, they will live at "Connorville."

RIGHT: Mr. Philip Simpson, of Sydney (left), Mrs. Andrew Clayton, also of Sydney, and Mr. Frank Fogarty, of Melbourne.

GUESTS Doone Bowden (above, second from right) and fiance Donald Lowe, whom she will marry on June 23, with Sally Sharp (left), Barbara Sheil, and Alan Cameron, the bride's brother.

RIGHT: Mothers of the bridal couple, Mrs. Z. Cameron (left) and Mrs. Roy O'Connor. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were Mrs. O'Connor's house guests at "Connorville" during their Australian tour in 1954.

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POINSETTIAS flown specially from Queensland for the wedding are admired by guests Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Rowse, of Launceston. Mrs. Rowse wore a pillar-box-red velvet coat and a small veiled hat.

BRIDE AND QUARTET OF PRETTY MAIDS. At the reception are Mrs. Rod O'Connor with (from left) Cherrie Borthwick, of Melbourne, Susan Hogg and Jenny Munro, of Tasmania, and Judy Gubbins, of Chatsworth, Victoria. They were examining quickly developed pictures of the wedding. The bridesmaids wore small Dior bow hats.

ARRIVING (above) at St. David's Cathedral, the bride passed through crowds of spectators. Her Empire-line gown was cream lace.

RIGHT: Bridesmaid Jenny Munro, with Andrew Clayton (left) and Jim Hughes. The bridesmaids' dresses had harem skirts.

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"Both doing well"

Behind those words lies a wealth of infinite care and protection against infection. The safety and dependability of an antiseptic are seldom more closely tested than during, and just after, childbirth. For this reason it is no matter of chance that Dettol is in constant use in Australia's great Maternity Hospitals. Doctors and Nurses have learnt to put their trust in Dettol — the safe, effective antiseptic.

"Big Chief Howling Wolf" hit the dirt just a little too convincingly that time! But Mother's ready with Dettol to use on that open wound. Mother knows danger of infection is around every home —she reaches for Dettol at these times.

Miss Miriam Tyler, telephonist, says, "I'm a great believer in gargling with Dettol", "it helps to protect my throat all the year." Dettol in water brings cool comfort, helps protect your throat from infection, keeps your breath sweet.

"Miss Photography" takes a bath. Lovely Lorraine Pritchard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine—especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential.

Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

'DETTOL' Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"No, you can't go outside. It's raining cats and dogs, and you'll just have to play inside today."

MOTHER

"Thank you, dear, my cold is much better . . . But I don't think I should get up for a few more weeks."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

EMBOLDENED by a belief that many people who drive cars are just as silly as I am, I have been taking lessons.

After the first hour or so, still in the grip of a compulsion to steer into the lefthand footpath or cliff edge, whichever happens to be there, I am assailed by doubts.

Perhaps I have been underestimating others, or, worse, over-estimating myself.

Time, and a test, will tell.

Meanwhile the experience has suggested an improvement on that ideal desk I mentioned a while back—the one with the built-in coffee dispenser.

A set of pedals and a gear-lever, with red lights and bells responding to their misuse, would be excellent.

As my present desk is a boring old standard model, I confine myself, while typing this, to practising ankle-bends for declutching.

Someone, noting my agonised expression, has just asked if I would like a glass of water.

I suppose it would be better to do one thing at a time.

* * *

SINCE the decline in the rabbit population, so the British Ministry of Agriculture reports, the diet of foxes has become three-quarters vegetarian.

Foxes, when bereft of rabbits,
Need, perforce, to change their habits.
Do they consequently eat . . .
Grapes instead, both sour and sweet?

* * *

ALONG with the slug of fare rises in Sydney last week went a final blow to a fading illusion.

Women train travellers have lost their 33 1-3rd per cent. concession on season tickets.

The wonder is not that the concession has been removed but that it survived so long. It dates from the days when the fragile creatures had to be encouraged to travel and when the sight of them on public transport caused gentlemen, hat in hand, to leap to their feet.

But this is small comfort to those who find that the concession loss plus the rise has doubled the cost of season tickets.

Some wives are wondering whether city jobs will continue to be sufficiently profitable. Others are thinking of taking jobs to help pay the family fare bill.

Premier Cahill's statement that the new tram fares, based on silver coins, will make collection easier, may brighten conductors, but nobody else.

It looks as if copper could become obsolete. Already the halfpenny is bound for oblivion, like its small brother, the farthing.

* * *

HOW disappointing that the Premier of Burma, U Nu, has resigned.

Disappointing, I mean, because his successor's name is U Ba Swe. It should have been U Yes.

I'VE just heard about a picnic party observed in the mountains one recent sunny Sunday.

They produced from the back of the car a primus stove, a large covered saucepan, and a batch of plates.

The saucepan, it turned out, contained stew which only needed reheating.

At first I was inclined to be scornful about stew as an outdoor menu. Then I had a second thought.

Was the mother of this household one of those rare, adaptable women, ready to fall in with any family plan at a minute's notice?

Perhaps father and the kids said, "Let's go for a picnic."

She could have replied, as a dozen others might, "Why didn't you say so yesterday? If I'd known when I was doing the shopping . . . And how long do you think it will take me to get ready?

Instead, this ruby among women whips the lunchtime stew off the stove, grabs the primus, and says, "Let's go."

It could be so, or, again, the family may be like one I know which always takes to picnics a roast, a pressure-cooker, vegetables, and a billy of soup.

Tastes differ.

* * *

STORY of the week comes from a woman who agreed to look after budgerigars belonging to a friend.

The budgerigars, so their hostess complained, chattered all night. She had to get up for an early train and the talk kept her awake, especially as she couldn't catch what they said.

When she rose at five a.m. the budgerigars were asleep. "I was so cross with them," she tells, "that as I left the house I gave their cage a good shake."

* * *

WHEN the Queen reviewed the Grenadier Guards her horse, Winston, fell asleep for a moment. Her Majesty had to nudge him awake. Winston is 17 and due to retire.

"I would like to deny," said Winston,
"This falling asleep on parade.
"When I read it next day in the papers,
"I felt very cross, I'm afraid.

"I rang them at once to correct it,
"They insisted my eyes were closed,
"I whinnied a shriek of derision,
"How dare they assert that I dozed!

"It's true that I'm due for retirement,
"But there's plenty of life in me yet.
"The scarlet, the crowds, and the music
"I'll relinquish with pangs of regret.

"I lowered my eyelids to rest them,
"The drill's so familiar, you see.
"We none of us grow any younger,
"But, asleep on parade! Who, me?"

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OVALTINE builds healthy happy families

The delicious vitamin fortified food drink that's unequalled in all-round health value!

Made from Nature's best foods and fortified with health-making vitamins, Ovaltine nourishes and sustains physical energy and mental effort—puts your family on top of the world!

IT'S FORTIFIED with additional VITAMINS

ONLY OVALTINE GIVES YOU

CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT

OVALTINE, a concentrated extract of Malt, Milk and Eggs, is fortified with additional Vitamins. It also contains valuable minerals such as Calcium for bone and teeth development; Magnesium to aid digestion; Iron for the blood; Niacin and Phosphorus for the nerves. A cup of OVALTINE with all its goodness sustains physical energy and mental effort and makes you feel on top of the world.

MORE VITAMINS TO THE CUP

In addition to the VITAMINS present in the rich, natural foods, OVALTINE is fortified with additional VITAMINS providing a balanced daily intake of VITAMIN A, B_1, D, and NIACIN. With every cup of OVALTINE you get many more VITAMINS and therefore greater health benefit.

TWO DELICIOUS FLAVOURS

OVALTINE offers two delicious flavours: MALT, a combination of malt, milk and eggs with a rich, satisfying flavour that everyone loves; and CHOCOLATE, with all the OVALTINE goodness plus real chocolate flavour. It's a special treat the children will love!

NEW REDUCED PRICES

OVALTINE

BUY THE BEST—IT COSTS NO MORE

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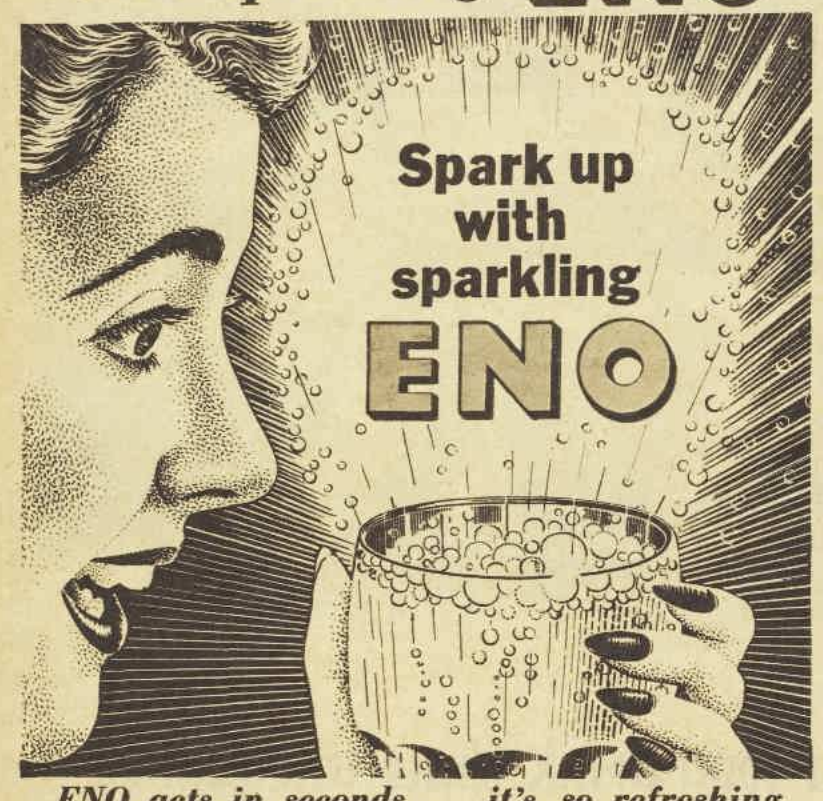
One single product overcomes these 3 everyday problems

End upset stomach . . . 'jaded' feeling . . . sluggish system . . .

***with sparkling* ENO**



ENO acts in seconds . . . it's so refreshing

Is your medicine chest a chemist shop in miniature — stocked full of antacids, laxatives and various tonics? Or, does your home have Eno — the sparkling antacid that actually works more effectively than *all* those other remedies put together?

Pleasant tasting, refreshing Eno has a world-renowned formula which enables this single product to effectively counter upset stomach, jaded feeling and sluggish system — distressing problems of today's hurried, flurried living.

End stomach upset — eat, drink and be merry. At the first hint of indigestion, heartburn or flatulence, let effervescent Eno go to work in your stomach. It neutralizes excess acid in 8 seconds — yet leaves just the right amount of acid required for normal digestion to take place.

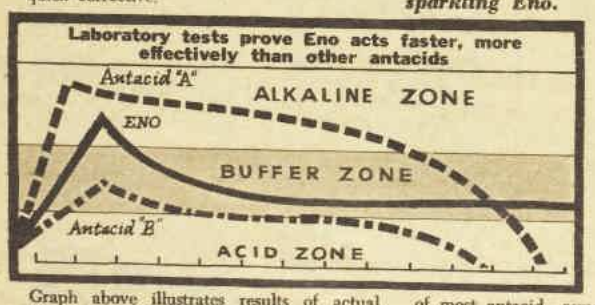
So suitable for children, too — their tender stomachs can be put right by this pure, quick corrective.

End 'jaded' feeling — be alive again. To get the reviving tonic effect of Eno just add one teaspoonful of this economical product to a glass of water. Watch it bubble — cheers you up just to look at it. Enjoy its lively flavour first thing in the morning, last thing at night, during the day, *anytime!* You'll spark up right away.

End sluggish system — irregularity. Eno is a gentle but quick corrective. The bland salts in Eno — no sulphates or harsh purgatives — absorb water from your digestive system. This keeps food moist and helps ease waste matter gently through your system.

Your chemist and food stores have Eno. Packed in an airtight glass bottle to keep that effectiveness right down to the last sparkling spoonful.

Start today on the way to happy, healthy living — spark up with sparkling Eno.



Graph above illustrates results of actual laboratory tests. It shows how Antacid "A" neutralizes *all* stomach acid — this stops digestion completely. Antacid "B" gives temporary relief but then rebounds into the "acid danger zone" within one hour — causes *more* pain. "A" and "B" are typical of most antacid remedies. But, see how Eno works. It gives quick relief, in 8 seconds, by ridding your stomach of *excess* acid. Then, Eno *keeps* stomach acid at correct level for normal digestion to take place. Eno gives *lasting* relief from upset stomach.

NO HOME IS COMPLETE WITHOUT ENO

E.AUST.1/56

WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Angas at St. Mark's, Darling Point, after their wedding with attendants Robert Angas (left), Mrs. James Russell, Sarah Angas, Barbara Potter, and page Andrew Fairbairn. Bride was Virginia ("Twink") Parker, of Bellevue Hill. Henry is only son of Sir Keith and Lady Angas, of Angaston, S.A.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THERE is a full schedule ahead of Sir Lionel and Lady Whitby who arrive in Sydney this week. Sir Lionel is the Sims Commonwealth Travelling Professor to visit Australia and New Zealand this year.

The Whitbys will be in Sydney for two weeks, and Sir Lionel (who is a don at Cambridge) will visit the teaching hospitals giving clinical demonstrations and delivering lectures to students.

Dr. and Mrs. Victor Coppleson, of Point Piper, will be among the first to entertain Sir Lionel and his wife when they give a dinner-party for them this Saturday, June 16.

On the following day Dr. and Mrs. C. G. McDonald, of Woollahra, have arranged a luncheon for Sir Lionel and Lady Whitby at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

The Vice-Chancellor of Sydney University, Professor S. H. Roberts, will give a luncheon at the University on Monday, June 18, in honor of Sir Lionel and his wife, and in the evening they will be the guests of the Australasian Royal College of Physicians.

• • •

PRETTY dresses at the Bachelors' Ball . . . Sandra Bragg's floor - length in emerald-green delustred satin with seed pearls marking the empire bodice . . . Jill Chapman's ballerina of white organdie, the skirt finely pleated in tiers and sashed with palest blue satin . . . and striking a gay note, Pam Miller's full-length dress of carnation-red delustred satin, the strapless bodice veiled with red organza which extends half way down the belled skirt.

• • •

VISITS to the theatre and the ballet have been the highlights of Judy Allen's first few weeks in London — writing to her family at Epping, Judy says that she particularly enjoyed Joy Nichols in "The Pyjama Game," and "Swan Lake" at Covent Garden. Judy will soon be setting off on a trip to the Continent with several other Australian lasses . . . travelling by car they will visit France, Italy, and Austria.

• • •

A DATE for your diary . . . June 29, for the Pied Piper ball, which will be held at Prince's. Ball proceeds will go to the Spastic Centre, Mosman.

MELBOURNE WEDDING. John Hardie leaving St. John's, Toorak, with his bride, who was formerly Jane Luxton, of South Yarra. John is the son of Mrs. A. M. Hardie, of Darling Point, and late Mr. A. B. Hardie.

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QUARTET OF GUESTS at the Bachelors' Ball are (from left) Graham Ipkendanz, Leone Blake, Margaret Burt and her fiance, Tony Buckingham. Both girls chose full-length white dresses for the ball.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Lionel Manchee, of "Yamburgan," Noondoo, Queensland, and Rania Sanderson, of "Wallah," Narrabri, who announced their engagement.

AT BACHELORS' BALL are Wendy Lloyd-Jones and Tony Pratten. Wendy chose a pretty dress of candy-pink silk. Ball was held at Prince's.

PLANNING to leave for England in August is Mrs. J. D. Robertson, of Point Piper . . . and she will be greeted in London by her daughter Ann, who has been overseas for more than six months. Ann has a tiny flat in London which Mrs. Robertson will probably share with her. In her last letter Ann said that she was just setting off to Germany again to spend a few weeks with some friends.

• • •

BRIEFLY . . . Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Kerr (she was Patricia Molloy) plan to build a house in South Coogee early next year . . . Mrs. W. M. Cameron, of Bellingen, is holidaying in Sydney with her daughter Brenda. They will also visit Melbourne and Adelaide . . .

Anne

INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Janet Plowman, daughter of Lady Plowman and late Sir Claude Plowman, has announced engagement to Keith Morris, of Wollstonecraft.

FLASH gets the picture ANY TIME!

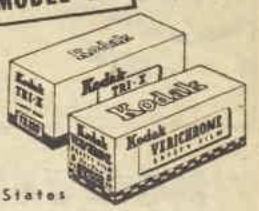
...and "there's no place like home" —for SNAPSHOTS

Winter brings the family together, social events are the order of the day—and night. With a Kodak Flasholder Model 2, you can take sparkling, brightly-lit pictures at any time! Your Kodak Store or Kodak Dealer will gladly give details.

Kodak Flasholder

MODEL 2

With streamlined moulded plastic body and light-weight reflector and diffusing screen, the Kodak Flasholder is both handsome and efficient. Fits nearly all cameras. Price £3/14/6. (Flasholder, £2/13/9; fittings, 20/9.)
With Kodak Verichrome or Kodak Tri-X Film it gets the picture any time.



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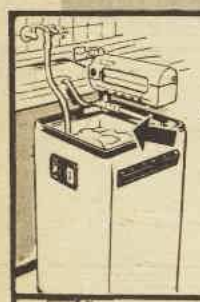
Thousands know it's the "WORLD'S BEST WASHER"
— now there's an

ELECTRIC WRINGER and POWER RINSE for the NEW HOOVER

Hoover takes the hard work out of rinsing and wringing as well as the washing

Are *you* the washing machine in your house? Is *your* precious energy being drained away doing the job a Hoover Washer could do for you . . . for a few modest weekly payments? Then take your husband along to see a demonstration of the new Hoover Washer with the electric wringer! You know that Hoover has always given the cleanest, fastest wash . . . now it does the hard part of the rinsing and wringing as well. Hoover is the washing machine that *husbands* prefer to buy because it's a name they know and trust. See a demonstration this week.



POWER WRINGING

The "stop" button on the control panel is conveniently placed. When you have finished feeding the clothes through the wringer, a touch with your knee can stop the rollers in an instant.

POWER RINSING

The Hoover even rinses right in the tub — just as thoroughly as the expensive automatic machines. In only half a minute all the soap is rinsed right out of your clothes — with no effort from you.

AND THE CLEANEST WASH OF ALL!

No other washing machine ever invented can get your clothes so clean. The exclusive Hoover Pulsator sends currents of sudsy water surging through the clothes with an action just like boiling.

Why more women buy Hoover than any other washer

It does big washes FASTER. Washes 6 lb. of clothing in 4 minutes. A full week's wash is over in an hour or so. Rolls away into a corner after use.

It washes CLEANER than you can by hand. Without pre-soaking or rubbing, Hoover gets even deeply soiled articles, like overalls, thoroughly clean. The exclusive Pulsator set in the side loosens the dirt with an action just like boiling.

You can use it for sheerest fabrics because it's so GENTLE. Instead of the usual metal paddle, Hoover has a Pulsator set in the side of the tub which never touches the clothes but sends soapy water surging through them.

It's easily filled and empties itself. The new Hoover is filled direct from the water tap—empties itself quickly by automatic built-in pump.

ALL THIS FOR **82 Guineas**

Easy terms, of course

HOOVER makes the best again

HW.38.WW143gr

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Teenagers' lives sometimes seem to be full of worries. This week's mail brought in a mixed bag, ranging from age differences to beauty problems.

FIRST letter to be opened this week was from a boy who wants to make a date with a girl who is older than he is.

Here is his letter:

"I WOULD very much like to ask a girl 17 months my senior for a date, but feel nervous about it. Could you please tell me if it is right to ask a girl so much older than myself?"

"Tommie," Vic.

Yes, quite all right. Age is comparative; 17 months may seem a big difference now, but as you get older it will be of little consequence to you or the girl concerned. Don't feel nervous about inviting her, but ask her nicely. I mean, ask her so that she may refuse gracefully without hurting your feelings if she is unable to go. A boy pays a girl a compliment when he asks her out and he is never too young to learn that he must not ruin the occasion by a bald invitation such as, for instance, "What are you doing on Saturday night?" Such an invitation deserves refusal, because if the girl is free, as you hope, you put her in a position where she has to appear unpopular by saying in reply, "Nothing." I think, from your letter, that perhaps you don't need this information — it is generally brash young men who are over-confident who commit such a breach of good manners.

"I AM 14. I have a good figure and also good features, but I have freckles on my face and would like your advice on how to lose them."

"Freckles," N.S.W.

There is no cure for freckles that I know of, but from my own observation and experience I do know they fade. When I was 14 I had freckles thickly right across my face, under my eyes, and across the bridge of my nose. They were so bad that my brothers used to tease me about them. I used to worry about them, but now that I've grown up they're gone; there's not a sign of a freckle. If I were you I'd wear a sun-hat when out of doors and wait around a few years; they'll fade.

"MY girl-friend and I have been to many dances, where we meet a group of boys from a town close by. Each Thursday and Saturday night, for the past six months, two of the boys have taken us home. When they leave us they ask us to meet them on Sunday, but, much to our disgust, they bring the rest of their mates, six of them, with them and one of them we know dislikes us. While he is around the other boys won't have anything to do with us. What will we do?"

"Worried," Shepparton.

Refuse their invitations; they obviously don't want you around.

"IS honey fattening? I have to watch my figure carefully, but have been eating a great deal of honey, because, apart from liking it, I have heard that it is good for the skin. Is this so? Also, are glucose tablets fattening? I have read of a tint for eyelashes and eyebrows which lasts until they grow out. Would it be good, do you think?"

"Estella," N.S.W.

Yes, honey is fattening if you eat enough of it. A dessertspoon of honey, for instance, contains 84 calories; the same quantity of any jam or marmalade contains only 72. Honey is a good food, but I don't exactly know what you mean about its being good for the skin. For a good skin you must have a diet with the correct balance of protein, carbohydrates, and fats, and honey would be good eaten in its correct proportion. Used outwardly on the skin as a mask with other ingredients it is well known for its toning, astringent qualities. I do not know anything about the eyelash and eyebrow preparation you mention, but there are stringent standards laid down which must be adhered to before a preparation is put on the market. Glucose is fattening in any form. It is just another form of sugar. There are 87 calories per ounce in liquid glucose.

A word from Debbie . . .

- Pet Plants — the indoor ones — are rampant at present as decorations. It's customary to name them for your steady, so you can get full effect from lines like "I've got to cultivate Cedric now."
- Giving a party for charity? "Lemon Squeeze" parties are the rage in America. Every guest brings a lemon that's cut and juiced at the door—admission is charged according to the number of seeds, and the juice is wonderful for the drink bar.
- Crisp coffee cookies will win you fame. Cream 4oz. butter with ½ cup brown sugar. Add 1 egg, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, ½ cup chopped dates, and ¼ cup chopped nuts. Fold in 2 cups self-raising flour sifted with 1 teaspoon of ginger or cinnamon. Roll small portions in cereal flakes and bake in a moderate oven for 15 to 20 minutes.
- Making plastic curtains or what-have-you? Save yourself a lot of sewing by joining them with heat. Place the edges together, overlapping about ¼in. Cover with a piece of strong brown paper and press lightly with a warm iron. Plastic fuses together, looks neater, lasts longer.

********** *DISC DIGEST* **********

ALTHOUGH Nelson Riddle's "Lisbon Antigua" seems to be getting most of the spins, you should make a point of hearing Frank Chacksfield's version on Y.6788. Frank, who has already had some wonderful LPs, puts sparkling life into Old Lisbon on this 78-r.p.m., which has the advantage of a splendid backing — "Memories Of You," an oldie that has come back strongly after being featured in the movie "Benny Goodman Story."

I'M afraid that Nat "King" Cole's suavity sounds more like oiliness on his latest, a blues number which shares the same title with the film "Kiss Me Deadly." It's really a pseudo-blues, anyway. The coupling redeems it slightly, a ballad called "My One Sin," the sin being, as you can guess, of loving too much. They're on CP.1021.

"THE GREAT PRETENDER" looks like being one of the big ones, and the theme of the lyrics is another variant on "laughing on the outside, crying on the inside" routine. Both lyrics and tune are good, and so is the presentation by young Jerry Duane on EA.51026. This song gave local boy Jimmy Parkinson his big recording break. Jerry is not heard on the flipside of "Pretender." Instead, Dottie Evans does "Teenage Prayer," tale of a junior's crush on a good-lookin' guy. It's strictly for debs.

STILL another "Mack The Knife," but this is played by a trio under the original title of "Moritat." There's some fine piano by Dick Hyman, the trio's leader. Give me the original orchestration as heard in Lotte Lenya's LP, but if you prefer a sweet version you'll want this, particularly since it's backed with "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads." It's MGM.5223.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

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Candy Hardy FROCK SERVICE

● From France comes this wonderful corduroy velveteen manufactured by Cosserat in glowing colors. We've made it into a pretty teenage style . . . a pinafore dress called "Arline."

THE pinafore has a long-torso look with unpressed pleats falling from the narrow hip-band into a "bell" skirt. And the Sabrina neckline is a new and attractive fashion.

The whole dress adds up to figure flattery for the teenager.

We chose "Arline" for this reason, and for its versatility. A smart girl can ring the changes to make a dozen different-looking ensembles.

Some suggestions: Add a contrasting sweater to give the pinafore a casual look, suitable for life-in-the-great-outdoors. Or knit a sweater in the same shade to achieve the all-in-one appearance of a long-sleeved dress.

"Arline" worn with a blouse is demure, and right for daytime or an informal date.

Minus the blouse or sweater, the Sabrina neckline comes into its own, taking on a dashing party air.

The pinafore is obtainable ready made for a very special price, or cut out ready to sew for even less.

We photographed "Arline" in American-beauty because gay jewel colors are headline news this season. (The blouse illustrated here is not available.)

If American-beauty is not for you, the color range includes red, mid-green, and black. When ordering, please make a second color choice.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 93/9, 36 and 38in. bust 97/3. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 69/9, 36 and 38in. bust 71/6. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

HOW TO ORDER

THE pinafore dress can be seen or purchased at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

It can also be ordered by mail.

Address orders to: Candy Hardy Frock Service, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please make a second color choice and state name of garment and size required.

Break for tea

Sugar belongs to the sweetest moments of your life

Morning tea is the time for office chatter. And today is a very special day, for she's showing her brand new engagement ring to all her friends. There are gasps of admiration, and then everyone's talking at once, wishing her a wonderful future.

For this special day her office friends provided a spread of iced cakes and sweet biscuits, turning the office tea into a party. Sugar has played an important part in one of the sweetest moments of her life.

The sugar you buy and which adds so much to your enjoyment of food is grown in Australia by 9,000 independent farmers.

For good health you should have plenty of fresh air, exercise and a balanced diet. Your diet should include body-building foods like eggs, meat, fish, cheese, butter, milk; vitamin and mineral-rich foods like fresh fruit and green vegetables; some fats; and energy foods like sugar, bread, potatoes, cereals.

A well-balanced diet helps children to develop healthy teeth and sound bones and gives them energy for sport and work.

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning June 18

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, rose. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck lies on a busy corner.	★ Before you plunge headlong on any course, be sure that friends, family, and associates are ready to back you should you meet with stiff opposition. Use care with money.	★ Some members of the household may be away, or their social programme keeps them from home. Don't complain about this. It may lighten your domestic routine.	★ There is an exotic touch in your romantic experiences this week. You meet someone with a different background. Novelty plays a large part in your mutual attraction.	★ There is likely to be a great deal of flitting around from one project to another without decisive action settling anything. Associates interrupt, meetings become inconclusive.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in finding money.	★ Money isn't everything, but must figure in your calculations as there is no way of by-passing it. Long-term plans might preclude present little extravagances that mount up.	★ Bend your efforts on behalf of the family, home, and simple household pleasures. If you are saving in order to gratify a wish, you can still find ways to have fun.	★ If you must fall for an out-of-town boy, you'll be obliged to spend many a lonely evening. Local lads have an advantage. They are available.	★ You may question the value of certain stunts, proving they are not worth the time and effort. This holds true if you are a voluntary worker or raising money.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, all pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck lies in your quick wits.	★ Unless you like work, and unless it has variety, you will soon grow restless and discontented. Beware of giving up a sure thing for a vague possibility.	★ Plan a party on a budget if you want to return hospitality. Make lists of dishes to be served, materials needed, preparations to be completed in advance.	★ Some of you have met the love of your life, although you are not yet prepared to scrub all other candidates. The stars may show you where true love lies.	★ If you don't enjoy yourself, it will be your own fault. Opportunities are there. You do some organising on your own account. You'll slide out of any awkward situation.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in keeping affairs to yourself.	★ Emotional conflicts over business affairs undermine your judgment. Try to keep your job clear of personal reactions; handle money, your own and others', methodically.	★ If your home is invaded by a person with a tale of woe, listen and be sympathetic. Neither repeat the conversation nor take sides. Thus you can remain friends.	★ Secret fascinations to which your sign is prone may result in castles in the air, with no lasting foundations. Idealism and poetry in your nature are brought out.	★ Most of your efforts this week seem more connected with the welfare of the community than the personal side. A special appeal for help may touch your heartstrings.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck at a sporting fixture.	★ Don't attempt to take the blame for something you did not do in order to shield a friend. The truth is bound to come out. That friend is probably past your help anyhow.	★ Have you a borrowing neighbor who forgets to return things or one who arrives just as the family are sitting down to a meal? A gentle hint might bear fruit.	★ The "pal" stage of a friendship between boy and girl never lasts very long. A love affair must result or the relationship gradually fades out. Decide now.	★ Sport, club work, and sociability help fill leisure hours. There may be a couldn't-care-less attitude towards one person or group. It won't spoil your fun.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, white. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Climb to the summit for luck.	★ Trying to put over a shrewd play? You might win this time, but the objective wasn't worth it. Keep out of office politics or family manoeuvring just now.	★ Your home might be required to house unexpected guests. Treat them as members of the family. Don't attempt to stretch your efforts either physically or financially.	★ You may be proud of your best beloved. Be among those present to applaud if it's a compliment, carries responsibility, promotion, holding office, or being in the team.	★ You won't be taken in by false cordiality or a desire to curry favor. You'll see below the surface. It may be disillusioning. You can be realistic in your approach.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck will be found in a car.	★ Setting people right when you happen to know they are wrong can be a two-edged sword. Unless advice is definitely requested, you would be wise to keep silent.	★ There are those who would ride roughshod over your wishes, through lack of comprehension. Try to have a quiet talk. Make your position clear and the reasons for it.	★ If he is attentive after class when you are studying the same subject, this is a fine introduction. You have interests in common. Invite him in to continue the talk.	★ When discussing a subject on which you are well informed it is trying to be flatly contradicted. Don't grow ruffled. Keep your poise. Events prove you were right.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, purple. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a sealed envelope.	★ Your sign can always rise from the ashes to achieve a new chapter and a different kind of success. Your tenacity will be rewarded and backed by enthusiasm.	★ Don't exaggerate the economy campaign by cooking monotonous food, living in old clothes, and turning home into a place from which everyone is glad to escape.	★ Face facts. If your beloved disappoints, if there are sides of character which you feel unsympathetic, be glad you know. There are lots of fish in the sea.	★ You may obtain a prize for which you have been angling, but find it is not quite what you supposed. Charge it up to experience. No great damage is done.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, tricolors. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a romantic adventure.	★ Paying more than your fair share in a joint enterprise, or promising money when you can't afford it, will make things hard. Don't be flattered into saying yes.	★ That new thrill could take many forms. For some it involves a new pet bird or animal. The new element in your home is likely to provide amusement.	★ Whether you're a teenager, an engaged couple, or long-time marrieds, the opposite sex will play a big part. There will be many happy moments.	★ Never mind if you live in a rush. This will be your final social flutter for a few weeks. Enjoy that night out, renew ties with old friends. Make new ones.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, magpie. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in gaining a prize.	★ Your energies are aroused. If you manage to control them, directing them into creative enterprises which will yield a moral, personal, or financial reward, you gain.	★ If your home is also your career you start a new project. Don't be discouraged if you strike snags or meet with problems. Find out from those who know, and carry on.	★ As a new day dawns you may hesitate to change the pattern. You are facing new conditions that you cannot anticipate. Even love goes through various phases.	★ If engaged on an enterprise dear to your heart, cancel all other events in order to concentrate on the main target. Keep in touch with those also concerned.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in an invitation.	★ You have little to lose by trying to better yourself materially. Prepare for a job higher up, acquire marketable new skills. Don't expect the pay-off to come overnight.	★ Use your home as a springboard for hobbies and ambitions. Try out in a small way before spending heavily. Anything connected with home-made amusements prospers.	★ For some, an offer of marriage. For others, a mild flirtation. Those already married step out to parties. After this week your relations with your beloved settle down.	★ Dancing, the theatre, concerts are under smiling stars. In some cases competitions are going to be your chief concern. Be ready for surprises or last-minute changes.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, orange. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck lies within four walls.	★ Contacts, meetings, official or unofficial information can have a bearing on your decisions in practical affairs. Be guided by events. Don't rush into things.	★ Don't be heartbroken if a visitor departs or a pleasant chapter ends. If you feel shut in just now, remember that won't last. Many a new gate opens.	★ The boy-friend may set out to ingratiate himself with Dad and Mum, joining some family project or offering services. You'll share him with others.	★ In some way you are inclined to limit social activities. Neighbors may run in, or an old friend may call. You avoid appointments because of personal affairs.

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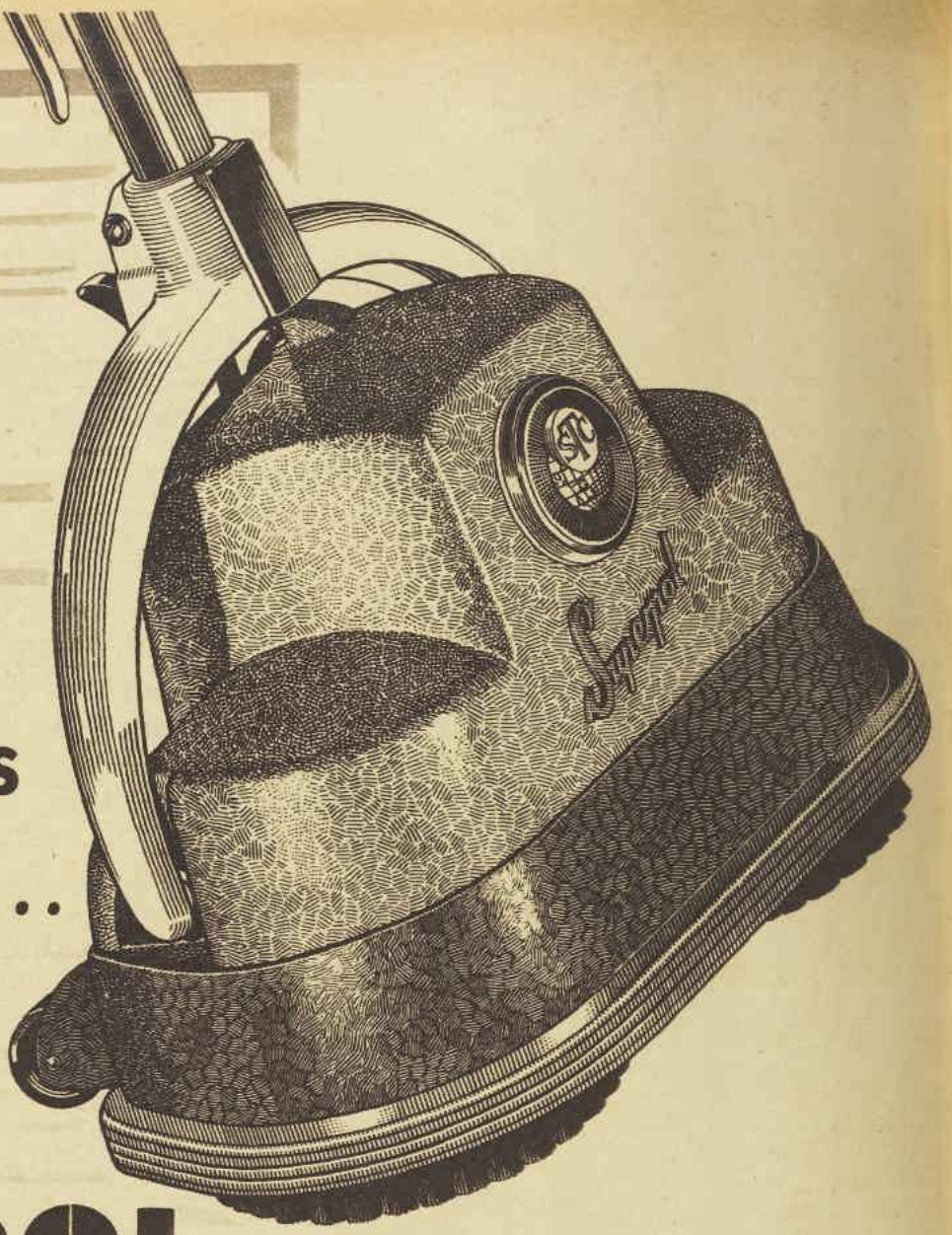

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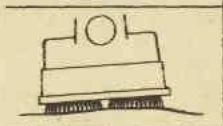
Pushing and pulling — bending and stretching are things of the past with Superpol. Rollaway Wheels run over rugs and carpets, and the on-off switch is operated at the touch of your toe. S.T.C. SUPERPOL both scrubs your floors or polishes them to a longer-lasting, more lustrous finish than they ever had before. A complete accessory set of brushes and polishing pads is supplied with the SUPERPOL, which comes in two attractive colour combinations—Windsor Rose and Grey, and Ocean Blue and Grey.

Price 33 guineas — *Slightly higher in some areas.*

NO LIFTING . . .
Superpol's rollaway wheels run easily over rugs, carpets and door sills without lifting.

NO BOUNCE . . .
Superpol's properly balanced and dispersed weight makes the cleaner grip the floor.



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Superpol's Twin Contra - action brushes float to adapt to old boards, parquet and tiled floors.

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Superpol's on-off switch is operated by a wide foot pedal.

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Superpol's built-in electrical lead ensures safety.

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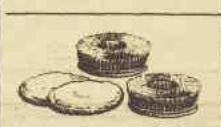

NO EXTRAS TO BUY
Superpol comes with twin polishing brushes, scrubbing brushes and lambs-wool buffing pads.

...and a vacuum cleaner that turns everywhere with you

No need now to drag a cleaner around the room — Supervac swivels from the centre of the room as you clean. This American-type vacuum cleaner cleans everything *and cleans it better* — carpets, furniture, drapes — from floors to picture rails.

STC Supervac

Price: 37 guineas
Slightly higher in some areas.

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Second instalment:

The Duke of Edinburgh

● The Royal Navy does not take easily to teachers' pets and Philip's pipeline to Buckingham Palace did not help relationships during his early Naval training. So writes famous British author *JAMES HILTON* in this penetrating study of the Duke of Edinburgh — the man. This biography ends next week.

PHILIP entered the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth in 1939.

He was sixteenth in general average among thirty-four candidates. He started with some practical knowledge of navigation and seamanship—Gordonstoun's good gift to all its alumni; he had also attributes to the happy extrovert that fitted easily with the camaraderie of the wardrooms.

Still, though, there were problems. For the first time he discovered that exalted connections can complicate as well as ease the shaping of a career, and when the Admiralty issued a rather stuffy order that senior officers should call him "Prince Philip" he could not have felt they were helping him much.

Fish and chips

THEN there were the visits of the King and the Queen to Dartmouth and the inevitable invitations to parties on board the royal yacht.

At some of them he met the Princess again. Philip enjoyed these occasions, but they certainly put him in a spotlight. It speaks well for his general likeability that he managed to live down this sort of thing and win the personal regard, for his own sake, of his fellow cadets. In the end he carried off the King's Dirk as the best cadet of his term and another prize as the best of his year. These at least (as his rivals would be first to concede) were beyond the reach of favor.

The Mountbattens tried hard not to spoil their protege during his Dartmouth days. His allowance was only moderate, so that he was not put above the democratic pleasures of beer in pubs and fish and chips in waterfront restaurants.

"Near murder"

SINCE the caviare and champagne world was due to end in September, 1939, it was just as well that Philip never explored it except with the naive enthusiasm of a visiting fireman.

September, 1939, came, and with it the blow-up of an age. The following year saw Dunkirk and the blitz; it also saw Philip, a midshipman, serving on board H.M.S. Valiant in the Mediterranean.

He fought in the Battle of Matapan, in which the Italian Navy was almost crippled and which he said, truly enough, was "as near murder as anything can be in wartime." He came through all this without a scratch.

His brother-in-law, Prince Christopher of Hesse, was less lucky; as a major in the Luftwaffe, he was killed fighting on the other side a few hundred miles away.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet. This photograph was taken shortly after he qualified for his wings in the R.A.F. Study by Baron

Meantime, Philip became a full lieutenant at the age of twenty-one, and a year later, second in command of the destroyer Wallace (one of those "tin cans" that saw more service than some of the battleships), he covered Canadian landings on the island of Sicily.

The following year, 1944, he was sent to South-east Asia to serve under his uncle, who headed the combined operations in that area.

There was also a trip to Australia, which Philip liked instantly, perhaps because the Australians did not readily take to calling him Prince.

He drank VJ toasts in Tokio Bay and was present at the acceptance by General MacArthur of the final Japanese surrender. All this adds up to a record which makes his Navy medals mean more than the numerous other decorations, British and foreign, that he has collected.

It was during the war years, when he came home on infrequent leaves, that Philip and Elizabeth developed their romantic interest in each other, an interest both heightened and frustrated by wartime conditions.

Onerous duty

ANYHOW, Elizabeth was too young (18) and Philip's duties were too onerous to permit of any definite commitment. He would drop in at the Palace for occasional tea-parties, and was a great hit there as elsewhere, with his mahogany tan and tawny Vandyke beard, which, for a time, it was fashionable for young Navy men to sport.

There were other men around, also on leave from the Services. No doubt by this time the qualifications of several as possible future husbands of the Princess were being canvassed in match-making circles.

If Philip was being considered it could only have been in severe competition.

He was still technically a Greek subject, though in 1944 he renounced his Greek title and all rights he might conceivably have to the thrones of Greece and Denmark.

Palace parties

THE fact that he and Elizabeth seemed to be attracted to each other was, of course, the last thing to be considered by some people.

When the war ended, the pair found it possible to meet oftener. There were walks and talks at Sandringham and Windsor, small parties at Buckingham Palace and at the Mountbatten town house in Chester Street, or at Kensington Palace, where Philip's grandmother, the Marchioness of Milford Haven, could view the course of events with matriarchal pride.

But the fifth freedom (freedom to meet the people you like, when you like, and how you like) does not apply to a princess and an ex-prince, even after a victorious war. Philip and Elizabeth could have none of the ordinary fun of comfortably off young people in London — theatre twosomes, tete-a-tete dinners at the Dorchester, and those impeccably harmless West End night-clubs which (unless you are very much in love) are so deadly dull.

Presently, during the autumn of 1946, the romance blossomed, Philip was the guest of the King and Queen at Balmoral Castle, that huge granite shrine in the Scottish Highlands that somehow, more than anything else, memorialises the relationship of Queen Victoria and her Albert.

There was, perhaps, a certain appropriateness in the fact that nearly a century later another royal couple were to find comfort and mutual understanding amidst the heather-covered hills.

Anyhow, it was at Balmoral that Philip and Elizabeth reached their decision, to which the parents of the Princess gave at least tacit assent.

Slender thread

THOSE persons (if any) who were naive enough to think that everything after this would be plain sailing had clearly not studied history, politics, psychology, economics, and that curious field of effort which big firms nowadays call "public relations."

Especially this last — for world events during the first half of this century had made the institution of royalty just about the keystone of the British Empire public relations system.

Thus the engagement of the Princess (who was now clearly in line to be Queen) was not her own private concern, or even a family matter merely. It could conceivably affect the lives and happiness of several hundred millions of people. For never in history had the "public relations" function of royalty been faced with tougher and at the same time more delicate problems.

After the ordeal of World War II, the British Empire was weakened to a point where only a thread of sovereignty, symbolised by the Monarchy, held its larger parts together. This thread might well break under too much strain, and what then?

Greek politics

SO "high policy" reared its unromantic head, with the result that an announcement of the Royal engagement was withheld. Indeed, when rumors of it got around and when the matter was already the talk of every club and pub, officialdom went to the length of denying it continually and emphatically.

Not that there had ever been anything against Philip personally. He had served well in the Navy, he was liked by those who knew him, and his good looks matched the Princess', to make it easy to believe there was a genuine romance between them.

Unfortunately, the whole issue could not have been raised at a less fortunate time. Greek troubles were again plaguing the political scene, and there were many who felt

Continued on page 35

How Mummy's **new** treatment idea

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The Duke of Edinburgh

that intermarriage between Greek and English Royalty would make matters worse. (The British citizenship that Philip had been seeking for a decade had still not come through.)

There was also the Mountbatten influence, which at this time was anathema to those who (quite unjustly) blamed Mountbatten for the loss of India. And there was also a Socialist Government, some of whose supporters considered the whole king-and-queen business a costly and outmoded snobbism.

Add to all this a piece of sheer bad luck—nature on a specially anti-English rampage, rains and snow blizzards that closed factories, threw thousands out of work, and created shortages of food and fuel that brought the country almost to economic disaster at the beginning of 1947.

Royal riddle

IT was during that difficult winter that Philip played his own most difficult role, that of a perfectly honest man who has to figure out an answer to the riddle: When is an engagement not an engagement?

Even Hahn's training had not prepared him for anything like this. He sublimated some of his reactions by playing hard soccer, by beer-drinking at the Methuen Arms (the pub near his naval station at Corsham, Wiltshire), and by a certain amount of reckless driving in his car. (He was lucky again—he never hit anybody.)

Meanwhile, the King and Queen had taken the Princess to South Africa, where she did a good job of saying the right thing (which was hard to say, then as now, in South Africa).

In due course the sun shone again and the economic crisis lifted. Soon after the Royal party returned home the wheels of officialdom moved to the extent of giving Philip his British citizenship.

He was thus a legal Englishman named Mountbatten when his engagement to the Princess (by this time stale news to everybody) was formally announced at 12.30 a.m. on July 10.

Their first public event together was tactfully and soberly chosen—a Battle of Britain remembrance service in Westminster Abbey.

Sudden change

A FEW weeks later the Privy Council met to give formal consent according to the Royal Marriages Act of 1772, and Parliament began to discuss the ticklish question of the Royal allowances.

Not exactly a carefree introduction to the status of a fiance. It was a good time to remember Hahn's words: "Philip will need the exacting demands of a great service to do justice to himself."

Well, he had done justice to himself in the Navy, and that was a great service. Could there be anything greater—and much more difficult?

Perhaps as a symbol of it, and of the sacrifice it might entail, he began to notice a few changes in the circumstances of his daily life. Hitherto he had been able to enjoy the delightful freedom of London's West End, where notabilities, titled and untitled, are so plentiful that nobody normally takes much notice of them.

Suddenly all this was different. Small crowds gathered whenever he left his car to walk a few yards.

No more pubs

HE didn't like it, but what could he do? As the fiance of a future Queen, he was already a target for crackpots, not all of whom might be well meaning.

And what about the crowds who were not crackpots at all, but just average decent citizens whom he could have met on the friendliest terms as chance acquaintances in a pub, but whom now and henceforward he could never meet in such a way?

What sort of thing was he letting himself in for? (He liked the casualness of ordinary life; one of his best friends was a New Zealander whom he met quite accidentally in a London bar.)

It would not have been too remarkable if, at this time when some English people still had their doubts about Philip, he himself shared them—doubts, that is, as to whether he could fill the bill.

Risking his life on a destroyer in wartime was so much easier than accepting, for the rest of his life, the kind of showcase existence in which the cheers of multitudes, and the shadowings of detectives would follow him everywhere.

The wedding was set for November 20, 1947.

During the interval Philip learned (as if he hadn't known it before) how impossible it is to please everybody. Even a decision as to the kind of wedding it was to be presented problems.

Bit of a beano

THERE were two schools of thought. Many perfectly loyal English citizens felt that in a country barely stumbling to its economic feet after nearly a decade of "austerity" it was wanton to spend needed cash on mere ceremonial.

Others, equally loyal, thought that a bit of a beano was something the country had well and truly earned, and that the hope of better days to come might well be symbolised by putting on a show and taking a few gay costumes out of mothballs.

Fortunately, as we can see now, the second risk was incurred. Except for the fact that November is London's worst month for any public function, the whole affair was staged wisely and brilliantly.

Don't do it by halves seems to have been the watchword, for on the eve of the ceremony Philip knelt before the King as an English commoner and

A KEEN SPORTSMAN and enthusiastic cricketer, the Duke takes a turn at bowling practice at a naval training base at Corsham, Wiltshire.

a few seconds later rose as a Knight of the Garter, Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Merioneth, and Baron Greenwich.

He was also granted the courtesy of "H.R.H." — His Royal Highness. So that on the following day, hey presto, it was a high-ranking Anglo-Scottish-Welsh nobleman who was joined in matrimony to the Heiress Apparent.

Nervousness

EVERYTHING else was in the same key. No fewer than five kings, eight queens, eight princes, and ten princesses (who would have thought there were so many left in the world?) took their places amidst the foggy splendor of Westminster Abbey to watch the exchange of nuptial vows.

The new Duke, fortified by a last-minute gin-and-tonic, with his best man, went through the ceremony with no more than the average man's nervousness on such an important day of his life.

Old bells rang anew; the plumes and breastplates of the Household Cavalry made their first post-war appearance; and Norman Hartnell had designed a fabulous wedding dress.

There were still mutterings that all this cost money, but the psychological "lift" of the affair provoked a ready reply: Of course it does, but it's money well spent; pageantry is part of the essence of royalty, and surely royalty on the cheap is a contradiction in terms.

Anyhow, in the hindsight of history, it does look as if the wedding of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh marked a point from which the spirit and prosperity of post-war England began slowly to rise.

Just over four years elapsed between Philip's marriage and the death of George VI, which made Princess Elizabeth Queen of England.

They were, for Philip, the years between twenty-six and thirty-one—usually a sobering period in the life of any married man.

For Philip also it was the period during which, for a time and for the first time, he acquired what could be called a home of his own, and could learn by trial and experience something of the later role he would be called upon to play.

New lessons

THAT it was a role of immense difficulty must be conceded even by his enemies, if he has any (which is doubtful). To begin with, as Elizabeth's husband, he was not, under the British Constitution, provided with any special rank.

His titles, of course, gave him a seat in the House of Lords—which meant, if he were to follow the example of most members of that House, that he would never go near the place.

There was also his career in the Navy, which he valued for its own sake and wished to continue.

However, in practice if not in theory, the marriage had made him a very important person in public life.

He had a first taste of this during his honeymoon, when crowds lined up all night to watch the newlyweds attend Sunday morning service in a village church.

This, no doubt, attested Philip's growing popularity, but it was a hard way to have to discover it.

Later, as he grew more used to the situation, he took it in better stride. And there were other lessons to be learned.

Petty carping

WHEN, for instance, Philip took Elizabeth to a Sunday race-meeting near Paris, he could not reply to the criticism which came from a few circles at home. Nor could he say a word, one way or another, when the House of Commons publicly debated the amount of money he and his wife were to be allowed.

Hard to take, this sort of thing, for a young man whose temperament was not that of a natural-born rubber stamp.

Fortunately, England does not particularly admire rubber stamps, and Philip's temperament—as revealed by things he did that he didn't have to do—was much more to the popular taste.

NEXT WEEK

● The gruelling Canadian tour gave Philip the first real chance to help his wife. Then came Kenya and a telegram that heralded tragedy and another stage in the young Prince's life.

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● Above: Demure organdie dress has a decollete neckline covered by a short fitted peau-de-soie jacket.

● Above: Lace gown features a faille swathe descending to a soft bow at the centre back.

● Right: Tulle and lace combine in a new manner with lace as bodice and skirt panels.

● Silvery-white brocade makes a regal gown with a m skirt falls stiffly; the sleeves are long and the collar is hi

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dding bells...red carpet...for a

vely Bride

● A pretty face is becomingly framed (right) by a Mary Tudor lace cap. The edge of the cap is re-embroidered, and a tracing of pearls emphasises the lace pattern.

ON these pages are five variations of a romantic theme—billowing floor-length gowns in tulle and organdie, lace and brocade for the day of days. And the accessories are simplicity itself—brief veils and small bouquets.

● Here comes the bride, in a dress of old-world charm designed by Ronald Patterson, of London. The small bridesmaid—Ronald Patterson's daughter, Candice—wears organdie.

eval air. The
and peaked.

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The whiteness of this girl's teeth is here being measured. The "whiteness-meter" showed that they were shades whiter after one brushing with Macleans.

Scientists prove teeth whiter with MACLEANS

Healthier, too! Safer from decay!

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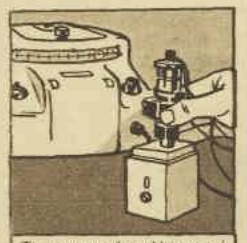
So hundreds of special tests were made with a whiteness-meter—or "spectro-photometer." In every single case, these tests showed that, after one brushing with Macleans, teeth were anything from 1½ to 4 degrees whiter.



To measure the whiteness of human teeth, a solid block of pure magnesium-oxide was used as a standard of whiteness. The spectro-photometer was then set to this standard and the degree of whiteness of the teeth measured on the scale shown above.

Dental authorities all over the world agree that one of the most important factors in avoiding decay is to keep your teeth really clean. Brushed regularly with Macleans, you'll find your teeth are superbly clean — whiter and healthier, your gums firmer, too. And you'll love the clean, fresh flavour! So don't forget that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.

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Safer for Charm—
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New **MUM** WITH LONG LASTING M3

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Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

from page 5

was still good-humored. "I only want—"

Angela cut across him. "What you tell me makes no difference to the boy's case. He is charged with hurting Lucas. What Lucas has done or not done—" she's being deliberately insulting, thought Olivia — "doesn't alter that," said Angela. "It's not our main complaint, I know that, but it's the only way of punishing the stealing of our earth. That wasn't a little theft, Father Lambert. They took thirteen loads—"

"Buckets," said Olivia. "Buckets, but of course, those are child loads."

"They stole them," said Angela, ignoring Olivia.

"There are degrees of stealing," said Father Lambert. "To make a complete crime there must be intention, or knowledge, that it was wrong. Tip thought the earth, the actual earth, was free."

"Then why was it fenced?"

"That's what I've always wondered," said Olivia. "In the country, where there is plenty, perhaps one can fence, but not here in London, where there's so little. It should be open."

"Don't be silly," said Angela. "It's the other way round."

"Yes," said Olivia, "and that is wrong. "It's not"—and she groped for the word—"not just. It's grasping and horrid." A strange rage flared up in her. "Tell him they should have bought it at the Army and Navy Stores," she flung at Angela and turned to the window: her shoulders were shaking.

"Tip knew they were trespassing," said Father Lambert after a moment, "but he did not mean to steal."

"He did not mean to steal our earth," said Angela bitingly. "But he knew he could get money for it, which was what he probably did."

"It's dry outside now and a fine evening after the rain," said Father Lambert. "Would you come with me? I won't keep you very long, but there is something I think you ought to see. Will you come?" He added, "Please."

"The case will come into court," said Angela. "Anything you want to show can be produced then."

Father Lambert smiled. "I couldn't produce this in court."

"Then I fail to see—"

"If you would only look!" For the first time he showed a hint of impatience.

"I am very busy this evening," said Angela. "In fact"—she looked at her watch—"in exactly ten minutes we have people coming here."

"Then you won't come?" said Father Lambert.

"I'm sorry, I can't." She went to the door and held it open, but the Father was looking at Olivia—"As if I were an identity," said Olivia afterwards, but that was not the right word.

"You mean entity," said Angela. "Isn't everyone that?" but Olivia shook her head. Up to that moment, or the moment that Lovejoy had taken her hand, she, Olivia, had been a shadow.

"You won't come?" said Father Lambert to Angela. He sounded disappointed, but not disappointed as much for himself as for Angela. "You won't come?"—as if he were giving her another chance; then he looked directly at Olivia and said, "Will you?"

"Yes," said Olivia breathlessly.

. . . . . .

"You're not going to walk through the Square in daylight with one of those!" said Ellen.

"I am," said Olivia. "I must." She sounded sure and secure, but she did not feel it. Her hands shook as she put on her coat and took a scarf and her gloves.

"You are making a mountain out of a molehill," said Angela.

Olivia was suddenly inspired to answer, "A molehill can be a mountain to a sparrow," and went to join Father Lambert in the hall.

. . . . . .

There was a burr of conversation in the drawing-room when Olivia came in. "You mean a buzz, surely," Angela would have said, but no, Olivia meant a burr; something hard and difficult to break into, she thought. She burst in upon it. "Oh, Angela! Something after our own hearts!" she cried.

Nobody heard her. The Discussion Group was relaxing, which meant, as Olivia had often found, that they all talked together instead of separately, making a great deal of noise; Ellen, not long ago, had brought sandwiches and tea in. This light, brittle talk was more dashing to Olivia than the serious discussion would have been. Why? Because to interrupt that would have been more momentous, thought Olivia.

"Another cup, David?"

"Angela, dear, these wonderful sandwiches! What do you put in them?"

This near the table, and, all round, fragments of talk drifting, floating, thrown, shreds and scraps — like confetti, thought Olivia, confused, but not like confetti, more like the rice they throw with it, hard and pelting.

> **There are two things to aim at in life; first to get what you want; and, after that, to enjoy it. Only the wisest of mankind achieve the second.**
>
> — *Logan Pearsall Smith.*

"The convertibility of the pound depends . . ."

"She shouldn't have written it . . ."

"In the second act, when that red dress . . ."

". . . nepotism of the worst degree . . ."

". . . it's elementary psychology, my dear Lionel. The simplest reflex . . ."

And Angela, her golden head bent above the teapot, called out gaily, "Don't let Bernard start on reflexes, or we shall not get back to the discussion," and then to Miss Monkton, "Fresh salmon paste, a recipe of my mother's."

"Tay salmon. I knew it! I remember at Upton-on-Severn . . ."

"Angela, something after our own hearts," cried Olivia again. It had lost its force, but to Angela it sounded far too loud. For a moment she had thought it was Miss Monkton still speaking; then she saw it was Olivia, Olivia with her dark face flushed, her hair untidy — in great wisps, thought Angela—her coat smudged with dirt—when Father Lambert had unlocked the churchyard door they had clambered over the rubble. Olivia's eyes were lit up, shining—blazing, thought Angela.

"You needn't prosecute," cried Olivia, waving her gloves. "They haven't done anything wrong. They didn't sell the earth. They used it for a garden." And she cried, "Angela, wait till I tell you about the garden!"

"Olivia dear, we are in the middle of a meeting."

But Olivia blundered on; the people, the meeting, did not seem to her important, only the need to reach Angela.

"A little garden almost in a church," she said, and her harsh voice was soft and full of respect. "Father Lambert watched them making it; they didn't know that he watched; it's made in the rubble that nobody wanted, where nobody saw. It's careful and—innocent," said Olivia, pleased to find the right word. "Innocent," she repeated, her eyes on Angela.

"If you bend down, about the height of a child, and look, then you can see what it is," Father Lambert had said of the garden. Olivia wanted to make Angela bend down to that. She tried. "There are paths of marble chips," she said, "and edgings of stone, and a lawn of mustard and cress; they had a wreath-case for a flowerpot, and a little column with ivy growing up it, truly beautiful, and beds of pansies blooming!" said Olivia. "And there, in those beds, is our earth."

Angela was making stabs with a small silver knife at the sandwich on her plate. Olivia, watching her, knew that a struggle was going on in Angela. She's going to give up, thought Olivia, give up her own way, give in, and she felt a surge of love for her sister; but someone gave a titter, quickly and politely suppressed, but a titter.

Well, I suppose I am comic, thought Olivia; she was astonishly unperturbed about it; she did not suffer her customary blushing or flinching, but Angela stiffened as if she were stung. She laid the knife down, and "At least she admits it's our earth," said Angela humorously.

"Don't joke," said Olivia. It sounded like an injunction.

"Then don't talk as if this were a miracle," snapped Angela.

"It is, in that place, out of those children."

"Nonsense, all little gutter-snipes make mud-pies," said Angela. "Another cup of tea, Miss Monkton?"

For a moment Olivia stood where she was; her heart had begun its uncomfortable bumping, but she hardly noticed it; her hand holding the gloves she had waved so triumphantly tightened so that the knuckles were white; then she went out and closed the door.

She heard bursts of laughter from the drawing-room. They're laughing at me, thought Olivia. Fools. It was the first time she had called anyone a fool but herself. Her heart was bumping so that she had to lean against the landing panelling and close her eyes, holding her hands to her breast. In a moment she knew the pain would come, and she stayed here, trying to will her heart to be quiet, shrinking from the pain. Then it swept over her so that she almost groaned. It's different, thought Olivia. It's worse. I wish Ellen would come, and, as it stabbed again, she did groan, "Ellen. Somebody. Please."

Somebody came out of the drawing-room and closed the door behind him. Olivia immediately stood up. It was Mr. Wix. He's going to soothe me down, she thought. She was right.

"Olivia dear," he said gently and earnestly, "you mustn't be so unhappy." He had come close to her; he could not bend over her, she was too tall for that, but he bent his head a little so that she could see how the light caught the burnish of his well-kept dark hair and shone on his good brow, his black silk vest. Angela often said, "He seems such a boy to be a rector!" — but boys shouldn't interfere with older people, thought Olivia disagreeably, and she scowled at Mr. Wix.

"You know," he was saying

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Continuing **An Episode of Sparrows**

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with an attractive cameraderie, "Angela's right. If you were accustomed to these cases you would know this was only one of a hundred."

"There is no case like it," said Olivia. The fight against the pain made her sound even more blunt and rude than usual.

"Of course, I haven't seen the garden——"

"Then you don't know what you're talking about," said Olivia.

"You are taking this far too much to heart——"

"Isn't that where we should take it?" And mine hurts, hurts, thought Olivia, wishing that Ellen would come. Oh, go away, she wanted to say to Mr. Wix.

Then, remembering the children, she summoned herself. It might help if he could understand. "Mr. Wix——"

"Call me David."

"David, Wix, what does it matter? What matters is that that garden is what I said, innocent."

"Then it will be proved so. We haven't to judge."

"Angela has judged all along."

"That's not fair," said Mr. Wix. He must have seen that Olivia looked ill because he began trying to soothe her again. "We must trust," he said. "It's not old-fashioned to say God is good. Remember, not one sparrow can fall to the ground——"

"But they fall all the time," said Olivia. "We knock them down. We knock them, crush them—carelessly or carefully, it doesn't matter which, and they fall. That's what humans do to humans, so don't talk to me about God." There was a pause: Mr. Wix was silent. Then Olivia spoke, and she was not talking to Mr. Wix but to herself, and her voice was not loud but uncertain.

"Wait," she said. "Humans to humans?" And, as if she had just found out something, she asked, "Is that how it works? Someone, one person at least, is meant to see the fall and care?" She was always to remember that moment, standing in the hall with Mr. Wix, with the pain stabbing her. "See and become the instrument. I have seen. I wish I hadn't," she said loudly, "but I have, and I shall keep my eyes open, in spite of you."

"In spite of us? Isn't that a litle unkind?" he asked. The accustomed easiness of his voice was as insulting to Olivia as Angela's banter. She was suddenly so angry that she trembled from head to foot and felt sick. The hall and stairs seemed to sway in as if they would fall on her; the pain went through her as she had known it presently must do, but she had the last say.

"In spite of you," said Olivia firmly, and fainted.

. . . .

"Why wasn't I sent for before?" asked Dr. Wychcliffe.

Olivia had refused to have Angela's pet doctor, Dr. Dagleish. "This is something I want of my own," she had said. She had come round before Dr. Dagleish arrived, and sent him away. "He would talk me over with Angela, and I won't be talked over," she told Ellen, and sent her to telephone the old doctor who had known them as children.

"I'm the eldest," she told Dr. Wychcliffe as she might have told him then. "I want you to tell me what it is. Me, not Angela."

"But you must have had this condition for years," grumbled Dr. Wychcliffe.

"By condition you mean illness, don't you?" said Olivia. "You can tell me, I'm not afraid." Nor was she, but when he had finished—Angela called him a blunt old man, but to Olivia his bluntness was truthful and not unkind—she lay still.

"I should like," she said at last, and politely as if she were speaking some everyday thing, "I should like it if you could arrange, as much as you can, of course, to help me to go on a little longer. I have a reason," said Olivia, and it seemed to her as if she never had one before, "a reason for not wanting to die just now."

. . . .

"Can I see Tip?"

"Holy Biddy, is that you again?" shouted Mrs. Malone.

"Please can I see Tip?" But Mrs. Malone blocked the door.

"You're not going to see Tip any more," she said. "Put that on your needles and knit it."

"But——"

"Haven't you done enough?" demanded Mrs. Malone. The Wednesday after the catching, as Mrs. Malone called it, they had had to take Tip to the Juvenile Court. To her dying day Mrs. Malone would remember the cut of that disgrace, but, "It's five pounds if we don't, Mary," Mr. Malone had said. Not that much happened.

"We have considered all the circumstances," the chairman had said to Tip, "and we are not going to put you on probation; but you must realise that everything we have heard today has been written down in this court, and if you get into trouble again you will not be let off so easily."

"It was written down against him," said Mrs. Malone, trembling, "and for what? For you!" she said to Lovejoy.

For more than two weeks Tip had been kept away from Lovejoy. He was guarded on his way to school and back by a posse of Malones. In the evenings Mr. Malone kept him in, and on Saturdays he was escorted to Sid, and Sid was under contract to bring him back; as for Sundays, he was sent right away to Mrs. Malone's aunt in Streatham.

LOVEJOY hung about the corners and spent long hours in the garden waiting. She had even courted Sparkey to see if he had a message, but Sparkey's mother pounced on her and drove her away. If the Malone girls found her they set upon her. Lovejoy had a black eye from Bridgie Malone — not really black, thought Lovejoy, purple and olive green, but very unsightly. Still, she would have borne even more than that to catch a glimpse of Tip.

"Please can I see Tip?"

"I told you no."

"Please."

"No."

Then one day Lovejoy came, desperate, to the Malones' basement door. "Please, Mrs. Malone. They're going to send me away."

It is amazing how hard people can be when they have to protect someone else. Mrs. Malone was big and warm-hearted, but "Good riddance to bad rubbish," said Mrs. Malone and shut the door.

Lovejoy had thought she knew what it was like to be shut out: she had been alone when she was lost, alone lying waiting for her mother in bed, and sitting on the stairs while the gentlemen were in the room; she had learned to manage without her mother; for a long time now she had "counted her out," thought Lovejoy, but there had always been someone — Vincent, Mrs. Combie, then Tip. Tip! Lovejoy twisted her hands together as she looked at the closed door, gave a strangled little gulp, and fled down the Street.

Like Tip, Lovejoy had to appear in the Juvenile Court. "But not once, twice," said Lovejoy. The second time the chairman had come straight to the point.

"This is a very sad thing that has happened to you," he said, "but it has happened. Now we have to find someone kind and careful who will look after you."

"I can look after myself," said Lovejoy.

"Not at eleven years old," said the chairman gently. "Tell us, is there anyone to whom you would like to go?"

"I'll stay with Mrs. Combie," said Lovejoy.

"I can't do it," said Mrs. Combie. She had been sitting just behind Lovejoy; now she started to her feet and came to the table, the table that was covered with all those papers. Lovejoy had been frightened by the papers, the school report, the doctor's report, and the mysterious things that were written about her in Miss Dolben the probation officer's report.

"They knew all about me," Tip was to say proudly; it did not make Lovejoy feel proud; she felt as if she were suddenly made public and she quailed.

"I couldn't do it, sir, madam, sir," said Mrs. Combie, looking from one magistrate to the other. "Not with Lovejoy, not whatever they pay." She spoke so quickly it was difficult to hear. "I don't mind for a little while till things are settled, but I couldn't take the responsibility. It's not that she's not a good child, sir," said Mrs. Combie, coming back to the chairman. "She is, but she has ideas." Mrs. Combie spoke as if that were a disease.

"She seems a sensible little girl," said the chairman. "She knows that things have changed."

"Still, I couldn't," said Mrs. Combie again.

The chairman picked up the typed sheets Miss Dolben had put down, and looked inquiringly at her. "Mrs. Combie has difficulties of her own at home," said Miss Dolben.

"Yes," said Mrs. Combie, breathing loudly. "Why should I take Lovejoy?" she asked. "Just because I let the room? Why me more than anybody else?"

"I know it's not your responsibility," said the chairman soothingly. "It's only that she has become fond of you."

"Because she doesn't want to go into a home," said Mrs. Combie.

Lovejoy did not want to go into a home. "They'll make you wear uniform there," Cassie had said.

"The children at the Compassion Home don't wear uniform," said Lovejoy, but the thought of walking two by two in a crocodile as she had seen them in the Street made her feel sick.

Now as Lovejoy stood in front of the bench, though Mrs. Combie was sitting down again behind her, she knew there was no one. She did not count Miss Dolben, in the tweed coat and skirt, with the red veins on her nose, though Miss Dolben was taking a great interest in her.

"She's kind," Lovejoy told Vincent, "only you don't want to look at her very much." There were plenty of pretty probation officers, and Lovejoy, looking at the row of them at their desks, thought, I wish I had a pretty one. She said that afterwards to Mrs. Combie. "You think too much what people look like," said Mrs. Combie for the hundredth time, but Lovejoy could not help it; she had condemned Miss Dolben's coat and skirt the first time she saw it, and averted her eyes from the veins, though there she had tried to help Miss Dolben. "There's a clinic you can go to for that nose," she had told her.

"You're a rude, ungrateful girl," Cassie had said.

"Isn't there anyone else?" the chairman asked Lovejoy.

"Yes, Mrs. Combie." She went on saying it while the magistrates told her to stand back a little so that they could confer together. Lovejoy stood back, but straining her ears, she could still hear.

"Miss Angela Chesney, who was concerned in the case about the boy, is on the Committee of the Home of Compassion," she heard the chairman say. "She has told Miss Dolben she could get the child in there. There's a vacancy, and Miss Dolben thinks that a good idea—isn't that so, Miss Dolben?"

Miss Dolben came up to the table. "It wouldn't mean going right away," said Miss Dolben, "and Lovejoy could keep on at the same school, which she likes. Now I have the supervision order I could visit her there and . . ."

So it was settled while Lovejoy stood in the middle of the court with all the heads bent round her; all the people were busily writing or looking at their watches—or their nails, thought Lovejoy, her eyes on the head of a policewoman who was quietly buffing hers. Then Miss Dolben and Mrs. Combie and Lovejoy went outside and Miss Dolben got some money and gave it to Mrs. Combie for Lovejoy's keep.

—"Pending," said Miss Dolben, and Mrs. Combie took Lovejoy away.

. . . .

"What's 'pending'?" Lovejoy asked Vincent in an effort to read her fate.

"Waiting till it, the thing you're waiting for, happens," said Vincent.

"Then it's going to happen?" asked Lovejoy.

"It must," said Vincent, white-faced. Lovejoy looked at him; he was not talking of her but of himself.

They had come and taken away the refrigerator before even the first instalment was paid. "Mrs. Combie asked them to," said Vincent, but he was not angry.

The restaurant kept open, but Vincent did not go to Mortimer Street any longer; he bought a few things in the High — not even Driscoll's, noticed Lovejoy—and carried them home in a netted bag.

There was only one vase of flowers in the restaurant and only little meals were cooked, for one or two of the flats people perhaps, or for Mr. Manley.

At night, when Vincent stayed late in the restaurant, he did not open his books or write menus; he sat at his desk, his chin on his hands. "What is he doing?" asked Mrs. Combie. Lovejoy knew what he was doing, waiting — "Pending," said Lovejoy.

She made one more attempt on Mrs. Combie. It was in the kitchen, when Mrs. Combie was sitting at the table having one of her cups of tea; tea was the only thing that kept her alive, Mrs. Combie said. Lovejoy came and stood by her, holding the edge of the table.

"I'd work for you," said Lovejoy hoarsely. "Even when I'm grown-up. I'd work and give you all the money."

"Shouldn't we think of the story of the good Samaritan?" Mrs. Combie had asked Cassie, and Cassie had said, "In the story of the good Samaritan Lovejoy would have been the thief." Mrs. Combie stirred her tea and looked firmly at the tablecloth, but in spite of Cassie a great lump came in her throat.

"Please keep me," said Lovejoy.

"We can't even keep ourselves," said Mrs. Combie, in

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Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

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a choked voice and she burst into tears.

Lovejoy did not know how long this fortnight was, but it might have been twenty years. It went quickly and yet the days were long; they seemed all daylight, white and mercilessly bright. It was a hot spell and cruel as all hot spells were in the Street. The house-bricks and the paving-stones baked in the sun, and when the babies were put out to sleep in their perambulators they cried because the heat from the pavements burned their tender skins. The road smelled of hot tar and from the open windows, open as wide as they could go, as if the rooms were gasping for air, came a stale smell of dirt and sweat and old gas and refuse from the dustbins that smelled strong: the Street was extraordinarily noisy, too, because with the open windows all the radios could be heard from top to bottom of the houses.

The whole Street seemed more crowded and more hopeless. The mothers let the children do as they pleased—except Tip, thought Lovejoy bitterly—but the children were too listless to do much: only if the municipal watercart came by they rushed out to get under the sprinklers. The ones at school did better: they went to the swimming bath and would come chattering along the pavement, refreshed, with their bathing-suits rolled in their towels.

On the stalls there was a smell of rotting fruit and the fish, or the horsemeat for the cats went bad before Mrs. Cleary or Miss Arnot could cook it; Istanbul had a touch of heat eczema and the children were warned not to touch him. Everyone boiled the milk as soon as it came, but it still soured, and everyone had swollen, aching feet.

Mrs. Combie could hardly get on her comfortable felt slippers. "Rest your feet, Ettie," Vincent would say. "What's the use of working now?" But Mrs. Combie could not stop working. Lovejoy had foot trouble, too: she had come through her sandshoes and her small toes showed through the fray: she had tried to go barefoot, but the heat hurt the soles of her feet. In the bomb-ruins, among the weeds the earth showed great dry cracks. Everything was cracking apart.

"I need Tip badly," said Lovejoy. "I can't water the garden." She had to fill a jar at a time, hide the cider bottle, climb down and empty the jar, place it in position again, climb up, unearth the cider bottle, and pour enough for another jar. She went up and down, backwards and forwards, till she ached, but she only managed to keep the pansies moist — "and Jiminy Cricket, of course. Jiminy Cricket is first," said Lovejoy.

The mustard and cress crop was turning brown. It would have done this in any case. The crop was over, but Lovejoy did not know that: she thought it was the heat and the dryness, and the absence of Tip. The absence of Tip went on and on.

Twice she had a sign of him: on each Monday morning Lovejoy found a piece of cotton hanging over the wall and, tied to it, an old envelope in which was half a crown. On the envelope was written, "From Tip." Tip dropped them over on Sundays when he went to Mass; on Sundays, of course, Lovejoy had no chance of getting over the wall, but when she went on Monday the half-crown was there.

I can do that anyhow, Tip had thought. Lovejoy did not know it, but he had been fighting many battles for her.

The rumor had run round the Street that Lovejoy's mother had gone to Australia, Canada, Africa, and no one could get her back. "Mum, couldn't we have one more child?" asked Tip.

For a moment Mrs. Malone thought he meant one more after Terry, the youngest Malone, who was crawling in the area gutter; then she knew he meant Lovejoy.

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Malone promptly.

"Mum, I wish you would. I'd work for her. I'd keep on with Sid and give you the half-crown. When I leave school I can work all day. I'll give you every penny."

"Now listen, Tip Malone. That's not a good child, or a nice child . . ." But Tip was deaf. In a way that was mysterious, Lovejoy seemed to be more important to him than his family, which was staggering, because, to the Malones, the Malones were the whole world.

"He didn't want to like me but he did," Lovejoy told Father Lambert.

"That's the best way to be liked," said the Father.

Lovejoy had Father Lambert's permission now to go in and out over the wall, and he often stopped her and spoke.

"Tip asked me about you," he said. "He sent you his love."

"If he was seventeen or eighteen I'd say he was in love," Mrs. Malone told Father Lambert. "I can't get her out of his head."

"She'll cry, Mum," said Tip.

"Well, what if she does?" said Mrs. Malone. As she had divined, Tip was feeling a pang that was far older than himself, and he turned away from her and buried his head against the roller towel on the back door. "The soles are coming clean off my feet with worry," said Mrs. Malone.

"I wonder," said Father Lambert, "if you and his father wouldn't consider accepting the admiral's offer?"

When Tip had come up in court it had had another consequence for him. His case had been defended — Mrs. Malone had seen to that—and Angela, who had pressed the admiral into going with her to the court, had been called as a witness. As they sat waiting in a room outside the court, the admiral had had a chance to look at Tip. "He seems a manly, open boy," he said.

"He's a little liar," said Angela.

The admiral did not answer. He went on studying Tip.

As the long, slow morning dragged on — "The time one has to wait!" said Angela—the admiral got up to stretch his legs in the passage outside, and, while he was there, Tip and another boy came back from the lavatory.

"'S nothing to be afraid of," the boy was saying. He was whispering because of the policeman in the passage, but the admiral had sharp ears. "You stuff 'em up," said the boy. "I don't know what you done, but tell 'em you seen it on the pictures. They'll let you off."

"They'll have to," said Tip, and he said it aloud, policeman or no policeman. "I done nothing."

When they came back into the waiting-room the admiral had gone across to speak to the Malones. "Isn't there anything you would like to do?" he had asked Tip. "Learn a trade, be useful, instead of getting into trouble like this?"

"I'm goin' into the Navy," growled Tip.

"Ever since he saw the St. Vincent boys at the Tattoo," said Mrs. Malone, "he's lived and dreamed the Navy, sir."

"The Navy, heh?" The admiral was pleased. He thought for a moment and then asked, "Got his name down anywhere?" Mrs. Malone looked blank. "Is he a bright boy?" the admiral went on. "Good at lessons?"

"They've got his school report in there," said Mrs. Malone bitterly. "There's nothing they didn't poke their noses into."

The admiral spoke to the probation officer who took Tip's case, and after the hearing the officer spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Malone. "If you would like it," he said, "Admiral Sir Peter Percy-Latham has offered to nominate your boy for the Arethusa, the training ship. They might not accept him, of course, but on his school records and the admiral's recommendation . . ."

"But he seems such a small boy, Father," said Mrs. Malone now.

"He isn't," said Father Lambert, "and"—he smiled—"one could say this business has aged him. The usual age is thirteen. The admiral would recommend it, and I could get Mr. Whittacker Adams — the gentleman on the trust — to speak a word."

"The rich young gentleman?" The Street knew all about Charles and Liz.

It was a few days later that Mrs. Malone said to Tip, "Dad's taking you for an interview for the Arethusa next Friday."

"The Arethusa? The Arethusa training ship?" For a moment Tip was quiet and rigid; then, "I'll go," said Tip, "if I can tell Lovejoy."

"You'll go?" Mrs. Malone was so astonished that her voice shrilled through the whole house. "Glory defend me, isn't that what you've been aching and fighting for all this time?" ("I thought he'd whoop and rush all over the house," she told Father Lambert, "or give me at hug at least.") "Of course you'll go, my young gentleman," she said.

"If you'll let me tell Lovejoy," said Tip.

In the end Mrs. Malone knew she was beaten. "But you'll only see her for half an hour," said Mrs. Malone, "and you're to have Father Lambert with you." As if Lovejoy were a small incarnation of the fiend, she added, "I'll ask Father Lambert to stay with you and she's to have a grown-up, too."

"But I haven't got a grown-up," said Lovejoy when Bridgie brought the message.

It was no good asking Mrs. Combie and Vincent anything these days: they looked at Lovejoy with strange, abstracted eyes and did not pay attention. Cassie, of course, was unthinkable; Mr. Isbister would not have moved. Kind Miss Dolben would certainly have come.

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Why do we fight about everything?

Dr. Mace sums up

● It is surprising how many wives are haunted by the fear of sex, the fear of childbirth, the fear of losing their husband's love. A fear-ridden wife means an unhappy and frustrated husband. This, in turn, means an insecure marriage—the very thing the wife fears most.

Often the marriage counsellor can help the wife to overcome her needless fears. One by one her fears must be brought out into the open, examined, analysed. Only then will the wife be able to adopt a more realistic attitude. She may not be able to conquer all her fears, but she can be helped to live with them and be happy in spite of them.

While fear is a threat to marriage, it is just as true that a successful marriage is one of the strongest bulwarks against our deepest fears—of loneliness, of rejection, of failure, of loss of security. A woman who has come to terms with her secret fears thus becomes a better wife, a better mother—and a happier and more mature person.

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ROOK TAKES PAWN : MAN WINDS WATCH

Yes, he's winding his watch as he plays. That's the marvel of the self-winding Swiss watch. It never forgets it needs winding. It picks up its own power from the smallest movement of your wrist. Can't get overwound or unwound. And, because the mainspring keeps an *even* tension, this watch stays superbly accurate. You never have to wind it. Take it off at bedtime if you like — the jewelled lever still ticks faultlessly till morning!

Ask any good jeweller or watchmaker to show you the self-winding Swiss watch—in styles for women as well as men. See, too, all the other great Swiss models — water-resistant and shock-resistant watches, calendar watches, chronometers and chronographs. Whatever kind of watch you want, the Swiss have made it—superlatively!

Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard.

Go to a jeweller who provides full servicing. Then you're certain of skilled advice—not only when you choose your Swiss watch but all through its long life.

Time is the Art of the Swiss

THE WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

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Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

from page 41

but, "I couldn't tell her about Tip or the garden," said Lovejoy, shrinking. She had to say, "I haven't got a grown-up."

"Then you can't come," said Bridgie smartly. "I'll tell Tip."

"I'll come," said Lovejoy. "I'll get one." It was a blind promise. She did not know how she could.

There was one grown-up, just one, whom she would not have minded asking to take her to Tip and the garden. I wouldn't mind her seeing it, I'd even show her, thought Lovejoy, and that grown-up was the ugly dark lady, Olivia, in the Square. Could I ask her? Would I dare? thought Lovejoy. What about the one with the blue wings, the Angela one? That one would be angry, Lovejoy knew that, but she also knew that if she did not dare to ask Olivia she would not see Tip.

. . . . . .

Olivia had been up and dressed for five days—but still going between a chair and her bed, still finding the stairs a struggle. "You don't try, Olivia," said Angela, when Angela brought her a note. "Someone pushed it through the letter-box," said Angela. "It must have been a dirty someone; it's got fingermarks on it." Lovejoy had been careful to keep it clean, but Bridgie had delivered it.

It was addressed to Miss Olivia, Number Eleven, The Square. Lovejoy had taken a long time to write it; she had asked Vincent about the spelling, but, as the letter showed, he had not always been listening.

Olivia read it twice and passed it to Angela.

"She's asking you to act as a go-between," said Angela, amused.

"Yes," said Olivia.

"Abominable sauce."

Olivia was so pleased that she was silent. She, Olivia, had been asked, actually asked, to join in something by a child —something very real, thought Olivia; it was to her as wonderful as when Lovejoy had put out her hand.

"It seems to me a compliment," she said shakily.

"But you'll say you're not strong enough," said Angela, and with a patient sigh she said, "I suppose I could fit it in, though I have a terrible busy day. All right, I'll go."

"You are not asked," said Olivia.

. . . . . .

From the moment she stepped into the restaurant Olivia knew something was wrong. "It will be a horrid dingy place," Ellen had said. "Let me come with you," but, "Dingy!" said Olivia, and she was standing —as Charles and Liz had done —looking round her in surprise and pleasure, when a little pale man rose from a desk and held up his hand. "Please don't," he said. "Don't look at it."

Olivia obediently tried to detach her eyes from the warm brown and apricot colors, the snow-clean linen, the glass; to ignore the scent of flowers and fruit—there were roses in a vase, a dish of peaches. Vincent had promised to stop buying, but while the restaurant was still there he bought a little. The roses are the day before yesterday's, he could have told Olivia. There are only four peaches. Still, they were something. "Let's at least go down with our colors flying," Vincent had said.

Olivia's response, even while he stopped it, was balm, until, "Are you Mr. Combie?" she asked.

"Yes." He said it so fiercely that Olivia blushed. She was still weak, and though she had come in a taxi her heart was beating painfully. She asked if she could sit down.

Vincent—and surely he is Vincent, thought Olivia — looked at her and brought her a glass of wine. "You must let me pay for it," she said timidly.

"You needn't, it isn't mine," said Vincent.

Mr. Dwight had come to the restaurant. He had brought a boy with him, and the boy spent the day pasting pink labels on the furniture, on the tables and chairs, the big plated dish-cover, the hat-stand, the mahogany desk, on everything; the labels had numbers printed on them.

"Why?" asked Lovejoy.

"The furniture's going to be sold," said Vincent. Lovejoy stood still. "Has it pended?" she asked.

"Yes," said Vincent. He put a notice in the window, CLOSED, and carried in the bay trees, and Mr. Dwight's boys put two labels on the tubs.

"This is the last dinner we can serve for you, sir," Vincent had said to Mr. Manley two nights before.

"Gone bust?" said Mr. Manley. "I'm not surprised. It was a good effort all the same," he said. He looked squarely at Vincent, and if Vincent had looked back he would have seen that Mr. Manley's eyes were very friendly. He's kind and good, Lovejoy could have told him. Look what he did about the pansies.

"George," said Mrs. Combie, "don't you think we ought to serve Mr. Manley's dessert on one of the Angelica plates?"

"On a Kauffman plate? Are you mad, Ettie?"

Mr. Manley called Vincent over to him before he left.

"I need an under-steward for my house down in the country," said Mr. Manley. "I say steward because there are valuable things there of which he would have to help take care. If it would interest you, come and see me. I should want you to cook for me occasionally when I'm down, and there would be a place for your wife with the cleaning. Think it over," said Mr. Manley.

Vincent did not need to think it over. When Mr. Manley said "under-steward" Vincent had heard only the "under." "Surely 'steward' gave you an inkling," said Mr. Edwards at the bank afterwards, but Vincent had had no inkling at all.

"Imagine," he had said to Mrs. Combie, "imagine waiting on Mr. Manley every night," and, "No thank you," said Vincent in answer to Mr. Manley. "It's kind of you, sir, but I couldn't do that."

"The house is Great Oaks," said Mr. Edwards. Mr. Edwards had no reason to think well of Vincent and he enjoyed being a little unkind.

"Great Oaks!" said Vincent.

"Is that a big house?" asked Mrs. Combie.

"Very big," said Mr. Edwards. "A showplace. Talk of beauty!" and he said to Vincent, "It's open to the public; you ought to go there one day and see what you've missed. Didn't you know he was Lord Manley? One thing to comfort you," said Mr. Edwards. "He's quite a famous gourmet. If I had known he was coming to you—"

"If I had known!" said Vincent.

It was over now, the restaurant was closed, but an obstinacy

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in Vincent made him go on laying the tables, untying the bundles of forks and spoons and knives Mr. Dwight had counted — "I'll do them up again, Ettie" — unfolding the tablecloths, hiding the labels as well as he could. There was one that showed on the chandelier; he climbed up and peeled it off and stuck it on the back of one of the cherubs' wings. He could not help there being some strange things in the restaurant; Mrs. Combie's sewing machine, for instance, was in one lot with the big dish-cover; "We have to put rubbish with something good," Mr. Dwight had said. The dish-cover rubbish! Vincent had winced.

There was a bundle of towels that went with the linen and an old birdcage on the desk; Mr. Dwight had wanted to bring the mangle in but there Vincent had rebelled. "What does it matter?" asked Cassie. Vincent, if he had answered at all, could almost have cried, "It's insulting the dead."

"But dearie, why—?" Mrs. Combie asked when she saw him setting the tables.

"I don't know why," said Vincent but he went steadily on, and when Olivia came in the restaurant looked much as it always had, though it was a little strange to find the bay trees inside.

As Olivia finished her wine, Lovejoy came down, her hair brushed, her face and hands washed, though her toes looked dirty through her shoes. "I can't help that," she said helplessly. "Let's go," she said, but Vincent fidgeted round them; he had something private to say to Olivia, something he did not want Lovejoy to hear. If he or Olivia had been Angela or Cassie, accustomed to children, they would have told Lovejoy to go outside, but neither of them liked to do that and presently Vincent, after hovering, put a little jug of parsley on the table.

"Don't you think that's good parsley?" he asked Olivia, but he did not look at the parsley, he looked at Lovejoy.

"Very good parsley," said Olivia and she put out a finger and, very gently, touched Lovejoy's cheek.

"What I admire about it is the way it keeps on," said Vincent. Now that he was not speaking about himself, his face was not strained or bitter. "It's had such stony ground but still it grows. I've grown very fond of it. It's loyal."

"It's a pity you can't keep it," said Olivia.

"The rubbish heap's no place for it," said Vincent bitterly.

"But Olivia did not know anything about him!" Angela was to say afterwards.

"I once talked to him about parsley," Olivia would have said if she had been there to say it. "That told me all I needed to know."

Vincent had called Mrs. Combie to see her. Olivia, putting out her hand, feeling the unexpected bigness and hardness of Mrs. Combie's, had looked at her with respect.

"Rubbish or not," Olivia said as she was leaving, "you have made this." She looked round the restaurant openly, and Vincent did not try to stop her. "You have tried, have made," she said.

"Yes," said Vincent, "and what have I done"—he looked at Mrs. Combie and Lovejoy—"to them, my wife, and a child?" And he cried, "You shouldn't make things on other people."

"But you said it didn't matter about other people," said Lovejoy.

"Don't be silly."

"You said it."

"Then I was silly," said Vincent, "silly and blind."

"George dear." Mrs. Combie put her hands into his.

"Don't, Ettie. You make it worse. When I think about the refrigerator—"

"Don't think about it."

Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

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"I must," said Vincent. "All my life long I must. If ever I get another chance—" His face lit up, then was sad again. "Especially if I get another chance," he said.

"And I still think," said Olivia, "that it's better to try and fail, doing what you want to do, than not to try." She could not explain it more clearly than that but she knew it was the trying that was important; even if it fails, it goes to swell the sum total of trying, as a martyr's faith, even if he is killed for it, swells the faith of everyone. "You make me ashamed," said Olivia. "I have been such a shameful, shameful coward."

She was a coward still. "Suppose Mrs. Malone is there?" she said tremulously to Lovejoy as they walked towards the church.

"Bridgie said it would be Father Lambert," said Lovejoy reassuringly. "If Mrs. Malone does come, I'll answer her back." But though she sounded brave Lovejoy was as nervous as Olivia, and as they came to the church she said, "Keep watch for us."

Olivia, feeling rather like the nurse in "Romeo and Juliet," sat down at the back of the church. The churchyard door was open, and Lovejoy went out into the garden; she wanted to meet Tip there.

"I told your mother I'd not let you out of my sight," Father Lambert said to Tip as they came. "I happen to have very long sight. Go into the garden with Lovejoy. I'll put a chair for Miss Chesney in the vestibule and talk to her there."

Together, they watched in silence. But nothing happens as it is planned. Tip and Lovejoy had fought for this moment, pleaded and longed for it; now Tip came slowly across the rubble—to begin with, it was disconcertingly formal to walk through the church door instead of coming down the wall—and found Lovejoy sitting by the lions on her accustomed stone. "Hello," he said.

"Hello," said Lovejoy, and there was silence.

"I'm going to the Arethusa," said Tip. "I'm really going." He said it for something to say; after all it was what he had come there to tell her. "At least I hope I am," he corrected himself. She made no comment, and "It's a training ship for the Navy," he said.

"I hope you enjoy it," said Lovejoy distantly.

"It's proper," said Tip. "The school's like living in a ship, and we wear sailor dress."

"Sailors are fashionable this year," said Lovejoy.

That seemed to belittle them, and Tip began to boast. "The St. Vincent boys gave a display in the Tattoo," he said. "I don't know if we do, but probably we will, and I'll be in it. You can come and watch."

"I shan't be able to," said Lovejoy coldly. "I shall be in a home."

"My mum says you have fun in a home," said Tip. He meant to cheer her up, but it sounded quite heartless. "You go to school, like the others, and have nice frocks. Sometimes they give you ice-cream." Lovejoy's lips quivered, but she lifted her chin and looked silently through the window at the statue. Tip wished she would talk.

"You got the money for the pansies?" asked Tip. He knew there was trouble coming by that quivering lip.

"What's the good of pansies," said Lovejoy tensely, "if you can't water them?"

"It was your fault I couldn't come," said Tip, flaring up. "It was you who got me caught."

"You're talking like your mum," Lovejoy taunted him.

"'S true, and you left me. You ran away."

"I didn't run away! It was the garden."

"Garden! Garden! All you think about's that blasted garden!"

"I can't water it," said Lovejoy. "I've broken the cider bottle. Look, the grass has all gone brown."

"'Tisn't grass, it's mustard and cress," said Tip cruelly. He wanted to be cruel.

"You're not to tell her," Father Lambert had said: "She should be gone before it happens. Now promise." Tip had promised and swelled protectively, but now Lovejoy seemed to him not like one of Olivia's sparrows but like a little octopus, threatening to wind round him again with her threats and tears; just as he had wanted to frighten her with the statue, to punish her, he wanted to punish her now, hurt her, thought Tip furiously; the fuss of these weeks, the being guarded and kept in, seemed clinched in this.

He hated Lovejoy, his mother, his sisters, all the whole gang of them—Mary, Margaret, Clara, Bridgie, Josephine—he hated Angela, even Olivia, all women, and, "It's no use your bothering about the garden," he said. "There won't be any garden soon. Get that into your nut. No garden."

The tears stopped as if a hand had seized Lovejoy and wrung her dry. "Why not?" she asked in a frightened voice.

"Because they're going to knock it down," said Tip. "They've got the money to build the church."

"But the aeroplane's not up."

"They've got it. The Jiminy Cricket people gave it to them."

"Charles and Liz?" said Lovejoy, dazed.

"Yes. The builders are going to start at once; first they'll knock the hut down, squash, flat," said Tip.

Lovejoy winced. "Who told you?"

"Father Lambert." Tip was wound up, and the hideous words went on. "They'll bring a bulldozer. It'll go over the garden like that." He made a flat sweep with his hand. "Over Jiminy Cricket, and the pansies, and the pillar, and the pot!"

"The pansies and the pillar and the pot," whispered Lovejoy after him. She did not mention Jiminy Cricket.

"Yes. A lot of good it's been, all that sweat," said Tip, disgusted.

Lovejoy turned her back on him. She had decided she would not, ever again, cry in front of Tip, but to suppress the crying hurt unbearably. Movements, small hard shudders, shook her. Above her, looking down through the window, was the statue; the windows were open wide, it was hot even in the church, but a pane of glass caught the bitter shudders from Lovejoy so that they seemed to pass from her into the statue; they seemed to shake it as bitterly.

Then, "Pigs," said Lovejoy.

"Who?" asked Tip, startled.

"Grown-ups, all grown-ups!" cried Lovejoy, and she picked up a piece of the stone coping—a big piece, thought Tip, horrified — and threw it through the window.

The stone hit the statue midway up the robe, just where her knees would have been, thought Tip. For a moment it rocked as if it were mortally hurt, then, in front of their eyes, it slowly overbalanced from the pedestal and fell. There was a crash as it hit the floor.

. . .

"I'll take you round the house," said Sister Agnes. In her black habit with a narrow white starched coif and veil, she was just a nun to Lovejoy. As with postmen, bus conductors, policemen, her uniform made her anonymous.

"This is the dining-room." Lovejoy stared at the blue-and-white oilcloth-covered tables, the red beakers, the small chairs.

"The playroom." A doll's house, a rocking-horse, toys . . .

"Did you bring your toys?" asked the Sister.

"Do I have to have toys?" asked Lovejoy, startled.

"The playground."

"Don't we play in the Street?"

"Of course not," said Angela, and "Our children are not allowed in the street," said Sister Agnes.

"Why not?"

"We're responsible for them," said the Sister gently. "They might get lost or into trouble." Lovejoy was too polite to say that she thought they must be little duffers, but a fearful thought struck her. "Won't I go in the Street? Will I have to stay there, too?" And she pointed to the netted enclosure where the sound of balls on racquets and cricket bats rose with children's voices in the air.

"You're one of our children now," said the sister.

"This will be your bedroom."

Small beds, with white covers, a locker by each bed, more toys, dolls and teddy-bears on the pillows. "Delightfully friendly," said Angela, "and only five beds. In some homes," she told Lovejoy, "you sleep in a dormitory."

"But I've always had a room to myself."

If Lovejoy had been asked how she was behaving she would have said she was being good and sensible; she did not know that to Angela it seemed she had fought all the way—"About the clothes, for instance," said Angela. One of Angela's committees had given the money for the clothes. "It will save twelve pounds out of the poor-box," she had said.

"Are these my clothes?"

To page 44

"Of course, I want you to have opinions of your own. I just don't want to hear them!"

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An Episode of Sparrows

Continuing

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Lovejoy had asked Miss Dolben when Miss Dolben had fitted her out.

"Your very own," said Miss Dolben. She was well used to the vanity of girls, the difficulty of buying clothes for them, but she had never seen anything like the silent disdain of this small Lovejoy. She was pleased to see her coming round.

"The raincoat, the gym dress, the flannel blouses, the walking shoes? And that brown —frock?" Lovejoy could not bring herself to call it a dress.

"Your very own."

It was two days later that Miss Dolben had brought Lovejoy into Angela's office.

"Do you know what she has done?" Even good, quiet-tempered Miss Dolben was indignant. "Do you know what she has done? Sold them," cried Miss Dolben.

"Sold them!" Olivia, who had seen Miss Dolben and Lovejoy come in and had stolen downstairs, was shamelessly eavesdropping. "Sold them where? Why? To whom?" Angela's voice was shrill. "To whom?"

"Mr. Dwight," said Lovejoy in surprise. Where else could she have sold them?

"For three pounds fifteen!" moaned Miss Dolben. "The raincoat alone cost four pounds."

"Then it was cheating," said Lovejoy sharply. "That raincoat was very badly cut."

"Be quiet!" said Angela even more sharply, but the next moment she asked, "What did you do with the money?"

"Bought clothes," said Lovejoy with dignity.

Olivia had no business to interfere, she had had no intention of betraying herself, but now she was moved to come down the last stairs and ask, "What did you buy?"

Lovejoy's face lit up.

"A little box coat like a reefer," she said, speaking to Olivia, not to Angela or Miss Dolben, "not a real reefer, of course, but quite good cloth and good turnings; it was forty-three shillings, but you have to pay quite that," said Lovejoy seriously. "Then a navy cotton skirt, not much stuff in it, but well cut; it's on a bodice and the buttons will let down; that was nine shillings. I bought two of those American woven shirts, one is white, and one white with navy stripes; they were three shillings each; that makes two pounds eighteen; and two pairs of white ankle socks for three-and-six. And these plain pumps," said Lovejoy, showing them. "They'll do for winter if I'm careful to keep out of puddles. They were fourteen shillings, second-hand, at Dwight's. I think I was lucky to find them, don't you? And with the shilling over and two of the half-crowns. Tip gave me—after I'd paid for the pansies—I bought this little cap. It has a touch of the sailor about it," said Lovejoy. "Sailors are fashionable this year"—but that made her think about Tip, and she was silent.

Angela had taken the clothes away. "I had to," she said when Olivia protested. "Even if we buy everything twice, that spirit must be broken." She had given the money again—"Out of her own pocket," said Miss Dolben—and the raincoat, the gym dress, the flannel blouses, walking shoes, and brown frock had been bought back.

"You must learn to do as you're told," Angela told Lovejoy. "You're far too cocksure and independent."

Angela had brought Lovejoy to the home herself. "You should do that, I know," she said to Miss Dolben, "but perhaps you will let me; as I recommended her, I feel responsible. I hope the Sisters will be able to cope."

"She needs understanding," said Miss Dolben, which was generous, for she had found Lovejoy oddly difficult. Angela was less forbearing. "She needs a firm hand," she said.

This scene in the home was proving her right: "I've always had a room to myself."

There was a pause. Then, "Lovejoy, do you know why this house is called the House of Compassion?" asked Angela.

"It shouldn't be called that," Olivia had said.

"Why not? It's a beautiful name for a beautiful feeling."

"If you are outside it, not in," said Olivia. She hesitated, then said, "Angela, I should so much like to do something for that little girl. Coudn't I be her guardian—some sort of guardian?" She stopped again, blushed darkly, then said with a defiant rush, "Angela, I want to adopt that little girl."

> **There is no spectacle on earth more appealing than that of a beautiful woman in the act of cooking dinner for someone she loves.**
> — *Thomas Wolfe.*

"What did you say?" Angela was so amazed that she gaped, thought Olivia. She had not known that she could make Angela look like that. "After all she's done!" said Angela.

"Because of all she's done," said Olivia.

"Because of all she's done?" Angela sounded as if she were—could floundering be the word? asked Olivia, fumbling again. Floundering out of her depth? But how could anything she, Olivia, said be out of Angela's depth? It was only for a moment. Angela recovered. "It's very magnanimous of you, Ollie," she said amused, and Olivia knew she would tell people. "Olivia's efforts with the sparrows." Olivia could hear Angela saying that to Mr. Wix.

She blushed more painfully still, but she persisted. "Why not, Angela?"

"Poor old Ollie. She'd make rings round you."

"Well, why not?"

"They don't let old maids adopt children, for one thing," said Angela cuttingly, "and you'd be totally unsuitable as a foster-mother. Besides—oh, Olivia, why are you so exaggerated?"

"I talked to that Father, Father Lambert. He approves."

"Catholics are exaggerated people."

"Angela, I'm serious."

"Then don't be," said Angela.

"I know it wouldn't be easy, but Ellen understands, I'm sure Ellen would help me," said Olivia earnestly. "I've spoken to her about Lovejoy. We would take all responsibility."

"Which means I should have to take it in the end," said Angela, and Olivia knew she could not contradict her; for that one brief moment Olivia had forgotten what Dr. Wychcliffe had said.

"Compassion is pity," Angela told Lovejoy now. "This home is called that because it's a home for children who are to be pitied." The Sister made a quick movement, and Angela said, "I'm afraid, Sister, this sometimes needs to be said. Lovejoy is far too opinionated. Do you know why they are to be pitied?" she asked Lovejoy.

"No," said Lovejoy.

"Because they are destitute, which means they have nothing. Nothing at all," said Angela, "except what some kind person chooses to give them. You should be grateful and not criticise," said Angela.

"But I can think?" said Lovejoy. She meant it as a question, but it sounded bald and rude.

"You had better think," said Angela with an edge on her voice. "Think. If there were no kind people, what would you do?"

"I'd—" Lovejoy's face was far more expressive than Angela had thought. She looked not masked, shut in, but eager and happy, like another child. I wonder if Olivia could have done something with her, thought Angela suddenly. "I'd—" said Lovejoy. Then her eyes came back to Angela and the eagerness died.

"You see," said Angela.

"Yes, I have to have kind people," said Lovejoy.

When Angela had gone Sister Agnes took Lovejoy by the hand. "I want to show you something," she said.

In the passage and on the stairs they passed nuns, to whom Lovejoy was introduced. "This is our new girl, Lovejoy Mason"—and other children—"Wendy, come here and say hello to Lovejoy." In that moment Lovejoy would have given anything to see even Cassie. Then the Sister opened the door of a room off the entrance hall, a room Lovejoy had not seen before.

"This is our chapel," said Sister Agnes. "If ever you find things difficult and don't feel very happy, you can come in here."

She had expected that Lovejoy would find the chapel strange, even bewildering, but Lovejoy walked past her as if it were familiar, then stood as if she had been struck still. "Hello!" It was a greeting, not an exclamation. On her papers had been written Sunday school, church, nil, but she slid into a pew and knelt down.

After a moment Sister Agnes came and sat beside her.

"She was in a church, I knew," whispered Lovejoy.

"The statue?"

Lovejoy nodded, her breath held.

Angela had thought it wiser not to tell the Sister the story of the smashing. Angela had had to know because Olivia had been taken ill, there in the church, and Father Lambert had had to go for help, but Sister Agnes could not fathom the import of Lovejoy's words. "The statue, the very same!" breathed Lovejoy.

"Not the very same, the same," the Sister corrected. "That statue must have been made in hundreds—thousands, I expect. If you saw it somewhere else it was another one." Her brisk voice was intended to shatter all untruths, but Lovejoy continued to gaze in a tranced way. Then Sister Agnes distinctly heard her whisper, "Hail, Mary."

"We don't teach you to pray to Mary," said the Sister gently.

Lovejoy did not know the difference between Anglican and Roman Catholic; even she had not fathomed all the vagaries of grown-ups; she wondered why there were no candles, she missed their warmth and the live sounds of the clicking of beads—she understood beads now—the pattering prayers.

Tip taught me, and I'll do what Tip taught me forever and ever, said Lovejoy silently.

"And we don't cross ourselves."

I do, said Lovejoy silently.

"You can honor her as the mother of Our Lord, but you must not give her supernatural powers."

Supernatural powers, supernatural babies, and lions with wings. A wave of such homesickness came over Lovejoy for the street, the church, the garden, Jiminy Cricket, that she could not speak.

The last day, in the restaurant, Mrs. Combie had served ham and peaches and ice-cream for midday dinner. "Well, really, Ettie!" said Cassie.

"It's Lovejoy's last day."

"It's she who ought to be giving them to you," said Cassie.

"Do you know your mother owes Mrs. Combie thirty pounds? Thirty pounds," said Cassie. She had looked at Mr. Dwight's labels. "Dad's furniture," she said with a little sob. "Dad's house!" She turned to where Vincent sat. "I'd give my soul if Ettie had never seen you," said Cassie.

Mrs. Combie sat up. "Nonsense, Cassie," she said. It was

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GREGORY PECK'S FLANNEL SUIT

★ *A plum acting role many Hollywood actors wanted is Gregory Peck's in "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit" (Fox). As the title character, Peck, who hasn't made a picture in America in years, portrays a New York businessman living in the suburbs with his wife (Jennifer Jones) and family. The story takes the couple through the domestic problems common to most households and depicts the husband's efforts to advance his career. It also shows how an illicit wartime love affair almost wrecks the marriage.*

Film Fan-Fare CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

GREGORY PECK as Tom Rath, central character in the color CinemaScope picturisation of Sloan Wilson's best-selling novel, "The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit." The title is derived from the grey flannel suitings popularly worn by junior executives in American business circles. The film cast includes veterans Fredric March, Lee J. Cobb, and Ann Harding, and young Marisa Pavan.

LEFT: Jennifer Jones and Gregory Peck share a dramatic moment as the husband and wife of the new film. Jennifer's role is that of a young matron eager for domestic security.

ABOVE: The Rath children, Barbara (Sandy Descher), right, and Janie (Portland Mason), contract chickenpox and turn the household topsy-turvy. The third child is a lively boy.

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Clift upsets Hollywood

From LEE CARROLL, in Hollywood

WHEN handsome actor Montgomery Clift smashed his car into a telegraph pole on a winding Beverly Hills road some weeks ago, he caused a whole lot of trouble in Hollywood.

THE accident occurred late one night when Clift was driving home from a dinner party at the home of close friends Elizabeth Taylor and her actor husband, Michael Wilding.

The car, a rented sedan, was a total wreck. Monty suffered a broken nose, had two front teeth knocked out, and was severely cut about the face.

When the doctors' early fears of complications fell away, his friends and business associates were relieved.

But there was more. About a week later it was discovered that Clift had a broken jaw.

In Hollywood itself the repercussions from this have been considerable and quite without parallel.

It was the worst luck that this young man, who is gifted with rare dramatic ability, had just started work on "Raintree County" when he was put out of action.

The picture, of epic proportions and cost, co-stars Elizabeth Taylor and Eva Marie Saint and employs hundreds of extras.

It didn't help that the script, based on the Ross Lockridge, jun., novel, called for Montgomery Clift to work on all but two of the 105 days on the studio production schedule.

For two days following the accident the film's big cast and crew hung hopefully around the lot. Then they were sent home.

Even then nobody expected the enforced holiday to last much longer than 10 days. June 5 was set for the resumption of shooting.

Then the blow fell. When the swelling began to leave his face it was discovered that Clift had a fractured jaw, which would keep him immobilised for six or eight weeks.

This meant that Hollywood could not hope to go back to the job until the end of July.

About 450 men and women who've been standing by at the studio are affected. These include a record technical crew and about 150 experts in various fields.

STAGE and screen actor Montgomery Clift, recently injured in a car crash, is pictured with glamorous film star Elizabeth Taylor. Elizabeth and her husband, Michael Wilding, are Clift's closest friends.

Unfortunately, few of these people can be assigned to other jobs, so many of them must be laid off. Others have taken advantage of the shut-down to take part-paid, early vacations.

The situation of the stars and feature players in "Raintree County" is, however, slightly more cheerful.

British actor Nigel Patrick, for example, brought over from England for the picture, was simply told to sit back and relax.

Sensibly, Patrick has taken the direction literally and is now enjoying a holiday in the balmy climate of Palm Springs.

At the same time Patrick stands to lose one British picture and possibly a West End play as the result of having to hang around California.

"Raintree" star blond Eva Marie Saint ("On the Waterfront"), also left idle by the stoppage, has a hunch that the delay might cut out a planned holiday in Europe this summer.

Likes Europe

ASKED how she felt about this, much-in-demand Eva Marie said that instead she was decorating the house that she and her husband recently bought in Hollywood. "That's nice," she added, "but so is Europe."

Veteran actress Agnes Moorehead is another to be hit, but in a different way. She, too, had planned a late-summer trip to Europe; her target there was a new picture which, of course, she's had to cancel.

It remained for Australian actor Rodney Taylor, another of the star-studded cast, to come up with the best idea of all. He went fishing.

Rod, lucky fellow, can fish to his heart's content. He's under a permanent Metro contract and, unlike some others, will lose no pay through the break.

Right at the other end of the scale is actor Lee Marvin.

Lee is possibly the unhappiest man on the lot. He is a motor-bike hill-climbing enthusiast in his spare time, but a studio veto prevents him from taking part in any hill-climbing events until after "Raintree County" is finished.

As things stand he's a man with lots of time on his hands and no hills to climb.

Mounting cost

HARDEST hit in a practical way is the film studio, whose executives must spend the next few weeks biting their nails and hoping that no further complications arise.

With a bit of luck the picture, much of which will be filmed in Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Kentucky, can still be brought in before the rainy season. But it may well cost a million dollars (£A446,000) more than the original estimate.

Fans of 35-year-old Montgomery Clift will be glad to know that his face is unlikely to be marred.

Clift is brown-haired and green-eyed. He is six feet tall, weighs about 11½ stone, and, in his own particular way, is almost as unpredictable as Marlon Brando.

It's nearly three years since Monty made his last Hollywood film ("From Here to Eternity") then pulled up stakes and went East.

Every film company in the fabulous city of smog has been after his services since then. He read a dozen or so film scripts but politely and firmly turned them all down with a note, "Sorry, not for me, thank you."

Rumors are flying that "Raintree County," the movie that brought him back to Hollywood, has revived Clift's interest in screen work, so that he will make one more picture this year and another early in 1957.

Talking of Films

★★ The Divided Heart

DIGNITY and compassion thread through the British film "The Divided Heart" (Ealing).

It is a problem drama of World War II set against authentic backgrounds of Yugoslavia and Austria.

The story centres on a Yugoslav boy, a product of war-torn Europe, who has been adopted by a kindly German couple in the belief that he is an orphan.

But his real mother, the pathetic remnant of a once-happy family, locates the child and naturally wants him back.

The problem, of course, is where to place the youngster — with the devoted German foster-parents who have reared him from infancy or with the mother whose language he doesn't even understand.

The whole thing is eventually left to an Occupation Tribunal to decide. But neither their ruling nor the film itself will fully convince everybody.

However, director Charles Crichton deserves full marks for the quite remarkable performances he has drawn from some of his characters.

Actress Yvonne Mitchell brings real depth of feeling to the role of the Yugoslav mother. The boy, Michel Ray, is a large-eyed young man of some acting skill.

The foster-parents, Cornell Borchers and Armin Dahlen, are nice people with all the proper feelings.

★★ We're No Angels

THERE'S a sardonic twist to the humor in "We're No Angels," Paramount's period farce in color VistaVision, that keeps the laughter bubbling along.

Though it is not of the roof-raising variety, most people will be pleasantly entertained by the spectacle of three escaped convicts on the loose from Devil's Island in the nearby township of Cayenne.

The three escapees are Humphrey Bogart (a forger), English stage and film actor Peter Ustinov (a safe-breaker), and Aldo Ray, an amiable murderer.

Together they have a whale of a time. Peter Ustinov throws a great deal of subtlety into making himself the most entertaining company.

To hold up the general store in Cayenne and make a get-away in the ship anchored in the harbor is their original target, but their wings begin to sprout when, inspired by the Christmas spirit, the trio remains to straighten out the financial muddles of the storekeeper (Leo G. Carroll) and his pretty wife (Joan Bennett).

They even connive to sort out the romantic dilemmas of the daughter of the house (Gloria Talbot).

As the ruthless boss who is disposed of in a really gruesome fashion, Basil Rathbone gives a performance that is big and broad.

N.S.W.

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1 HEIDI (Elsbeth Sigmund) and her friend Peter (Thomas Klamath) play all summer. In the winter Heidi goes off dutifully to school, but Peter plays truant.

2 DISGUISED as Santa Claus, Alp-Oehi (Heinrich Gretler), Heidi's grandfather, appears in school on an appropriate day to discipline Peter for dodging school. The trick works. Peter attains new skill in his studies.

3 ARRIVAL in the village of Clara Sesemann (Isa Guenther), Heidi's crippled friend from Frankfurt, is an event. Clara is accompanied by her family and a nurse.

4 THE THREE CHILDREN spend pleasant hours outdoors together at first. But then Clara begins to monopolise Heidi's time. Peter, becoming angry, kicks Clara's wheel-chair over some rocks. Instead of chastising the boy, Grandfather Alp-Oehi rewards Peter, for he feels that Clara might do better without the chair.

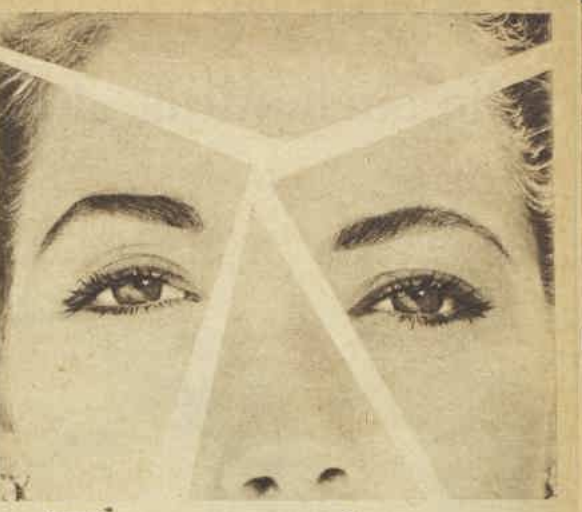
HEIDI and PETER

5 SUDDEN TRAGEDY hits the village when a storm causes the brook to overflow, flooding the land and wrecking homes. For the first time in her life Clara sees others in trouble and rushes to help, forgetting her own disability in the occasion. Stronger in body and spirit, she is a happy girl.

★ Set in the Swiss Alps and based on a story by Johanna Spyri, "Heidi and Peter" (released by United Artists) is the first Swiss film in color. It is a continuation of the adventures of the two charming Swiss youngsters of the film title, whom picture-goers met for the first time a couple of years ago in a film entitled "Heidi." Elsbeth Sigmund as Heidi and Thomas Klamath, who plays wayward Peter, repeat their original roles in the new picture. The supporting cast also is the same as in the earlier film, and includes Heinrich Gretler, Margrit Rainer, and Isa Guenther.

6 FESTIVAL organised by Clara's father as a mark of his joy in the change that has taken place in his daughter is held in a nearby town. The affair is a huge success and enough money is raised to install flood controls.

7 LEAVING for her home in Frankfurt with her family, Clara is a little sad and Heidi feels a bit nostalgic, too. But Peter is overjoyed at the prospect of having Heidi to himself again. Also, Mr. Sesemann has promised to help him through school later on.



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Continuing **An Episode of Sparrows**

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the first time she had ever said "Nonsense" to anyone. "What's all this song and dance about?" Vincent and Lovejoy sat up, too. "A man like Vincent, with all he does, must be expected to fail now and then. Next time —" said Mrs. Combie.

"You think there'll be a next time?" asked Cassie jeeringly.

"There will be a next time," said Mrs. Combie. "You'll be hearing from us, Cassie."

When Cassie had gone, Vincent got up from the table. He went into the pantry and presently came back carrying a plate. He took it to the sink and washed it and polished it carefully; then he brought it to the table, put a helping of ice-cream on it, and set it in front of Mrs. Combie. It was an Angelica Kauffman plate.

Mrs. Combie put her head down on the table and cried.

Lovejoy thought it better not to think about Vincent and Mrs. Combie. I meant to bring Jiminy Cricket, she thought. He's probably dying with no one to water him — or is he smashed up?

She shut her eyes. She had meant to bring Jiminy Cricket but — I broke the statue to bits, thought Lovejoy, and I couldn't go back into the church. It's queer, she thought, when you're kind to people you can forget them, but when you're not you can't. When she had stolen the candle money the statue had been hooded up in purple, but this was evidently worse, because all these days Lovejoy had felt that it was she, Lovejoy, who was swathed.

"I didn't mean it," she said, still hearing the crash. "If I didn't mean it, then it shouldn't count," she argued, but it counted and she had felt muffled, hidden in sorrow and grief, and now the statue was here again, with the sky-blue robe, white veil, pink hands and face, lilies, and gilt plate on the back of her head.

"No supernatural powers," said Sister Agnes firmly. Lovejoy dropped her lids.

A nun came to the chapel door and Sister Agnes got up. "Wait here a moment," she said.

Outside a bell clanged and presently Lovejoy heard a sound like school, the sound of children's feet marching. She leaned her head against the pew rail and shut her eyes. Even her sharp little brain could see no way out of it. She had to have kind people.

The feet were coming nearer, the din of voices; then there was a clap of hands and complete obedient silence.

Steps came towards the chapel — to fetch me, thought Lovejoy in a panic. In a moment someone would say, "Come along."

All the things said to children rose in her mind. "Do as you're told." "Don't answer back." "Come along." "Be quiet." Lovejoy ground her teeth. Quiet, obedient, grateful. All the detestable things children should be, and all the lovely things, thought Lovejoy, that they must not, opinionated, cocky — she hadn't Angela's word "cocksure." Cocky, thought Lovejoy longingly.

The door opened. "Come along," said Sister Agnes, but Lovejoy was praying.

"Hail, Mary," prayed Lovejoy between her teeth, "Mary, make me cocky and independent."

. . . .

Sparkey sat on his folded newspaper and looked down the Street.

It was almost time to go home; his mother was selling the last batch of her evening papers. Most people were home from work, only a few got off each bus now, and hardly anyone got on; there was a quiet, a relaxation in the air; far overhead the evening smoke went up from the chimneys, some of the windows were lit. The bigger children, slipping in and out of the shadows, were still playing, but the little ones had gone to bed.

The very big boys and girls were parading up and down the High, and a couple or so had already come down the Street, where they disappeared in a doorway—to kiss, thought Sparkey accurately. A few women stood talking late on their doorsteps—there was time to talk now—but most of them were indoors. Istanbul, full of herrings' heads up to his throat, sat purring on the portico wall.

Sparkey's mother came and wrapped a paper round Sparkey's bony little knees. The October wind was chilly, and in it was a tang of wood smoke; Sparkey knew where that came from; Lucas, reinstated, had been burning leaves in the Square Gardens.

"An old rating, a naval man, give him another chance," said the admiral. Mr. Donaldson had nodded agreement. Angela, surprisingly, had allowed herself to be guided; she was oddly quiet and amenable; a little later she had resigned from the Garden Committee.

The wood smoke made Sparkey think of Guy Fawkes Day. Tip had promised that Sparkey could help with the gang's Guy. It was Tip's last Guy. In January he was going to the Arethusa.

Suddenly Sparkey sat up on his step. A green car, THE green car, had turned into Catford Street. It drove slowly down the length of the street as if it were looking for something, then stopped at the river end, where Vincent's used to be.

Sparkey's patrolling was accepted now, even by his mother.

"After all, I'm nearly big enough to be in the gang," he said hopefully. "I'm four months nearer six," and he unwrapped the newspaper swiftly from his legs and ran down the Street.

"Where are you going?" called his mother.

"Hist!" said Sparkey over his shoulder.

Charles—Sparkey had heard Lovejoy call the gentleman Charles—was out of the car, standing and looking; after a moment Liz—Sparkey remembered her name, too; unlike Lovejoy he thought it pretty —got out as well. They were looking at the restaurant. What's the good of that? thought Sparkey. It's shut.

He knew how shut it was. Like all the other boys, he had tried to get in, but the door was locked and the windows were covered with bolted-on grids; through their mesh the rounded glass could be seen covered in grime and cobwebs and dust; the place where the bay trees had stood was full of litter and rubbish swept into the doorway by the wind, and the paper flapped eerily; the polish had gone off the door and the brasswork was black. Even the board where Vincent's still showed was grimed and dim.

"The minute you give up cleaning a place," any woman in Catford Street could have said, "the minute you give up, it's done for and black."

After a moment Charles and

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Continuing

An Episode of Sparrows

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Liz got back into the car, which turned and drove up to the church. Sparkey ran back to the steps and was on the pavement when Charles opened the car door and got out. "But it's gone," said Liz, looking where the church had been.

Charles laughed. "Didn't you expect it to be gone?"

Hut, steps, walls, bell, aeroplane notice had been swept away, and in their place was a big empty pit; where the rubble and marble had been was space.

"It's life stamped out," Liz said, looking round the empty pit. "Our restaurant, the funny church, and I wanted to see my little saint." She sounded almost as if she were crying.

"You're hungry," said Charles. "Come along." Lovejoy would have been surprised to know that grown-up people were sometimes told to come along. "I've seen all I need to see," said Charles. "You'll feel better when you have had some dinner, even if it's not our little man's."

"I don't want any dinner," said Liz, as Sparkey often said. Then, "Look," said Charles.

He turned her to the old back wall; on a bit of brick was a tiny spurt of copper-pink and green. It was so small that it was easy to overlook it but it was there, on its piece of brick, a plant in a strange round pot.

"It's—is it?" said Liz. "But—how can it be?" she cried.

Charles went across and brought it to her, trying to dust the wreath pot with his handkerchief. "You'll dirty your gloves," he told Liz, but she took it from him.

"What was it she called it?" she asked Charles.

"Jiminy Cricket," said Sparkey obligingly.

"But how can it be Jiminy Cricket?" asked Liz.

"It must be," said Charles. "It isn't likely there would be another rose like that in Catford Street."

"It's blooming," said Liz. "Someone must have watered it." The tiny leaves were dusty but they were green, and on the little standard tree were two roses and a bud, a deep pink bud.

The watchman came out of his hut. "Do you have to have a watchman on a ruin?" asked Liz.

"It isn't a ruin," said Charles. "We're building."

The watchman looked at Jiminy Cricket. "A boy comes in and waters it," he said. "He must have put it up there, on the wall."

"A boy? Not a little girl?" asked Liz.

"I think it was a boy," said the watchman. "Of course, it may have been a girl. There are hundreds of girls. I spend my life chasing kids out of here." And he glowered at Sparkey.

"Hundreds of little girls," said Liz. "Little churches, little restaurants. What does it matter what happens to one?"

"Don't be impertinent," said Charles and he took her arm and swayed her as if he were gently shaking her. "Look at Jiminy Cricket and what he has come through. Perhaps Vincent's the new head waiter at the Savoy; perhaps he has won a football pool and opened a better restaurant somewhere else. As for the little girl," said Charles, "no one, nobody, has the faintest idea what that little girl will do."

. . . . . .

Olivia had died in August. It was very inconvenient, almost another of her social lapses; everyone was away, the Miss Chesneys themselves should have been in Scotland, and Noel had to interrupt his holiday. "Though why he should interrupt it to see Olivia dead when he would never have dreamed of it to see her living," Angela had begun, then, shocked at herself, said, "Hush."

Once or twice in those days she had found she was saying "Hush" to herself, as she used to say it to Olivia, but then, most oddly, she seemed to be thinking some of Olivia's thoughts. She even found herself leaving the office and coming up by herself to the schoolroom. Olivia had insisted on moving there when she was ill so that she could hear the noise of the Street.

"Such an odd thing to want to hear," said Noel.

"And very inconsiderate," said Angela. "It made a great deal of work for Ellen."

"I didn't mind," said Ellen. "She died so happy," but Olivia's face when she died had not looked happy as much as satisfied. "What was she so satisfied about?" asked Angela. Angela had forgotten the sparrows.

On the afternoon of the funeral Mr. Anstruther, the Chesneys' young lawyer, had come to read the will.

"It isn't much more than a month ago," he said, "that Miss Chesney came to see me."

"Mr. Anstruther," Olivia had said, "you are young, but I'm sure you have some sense. Please will you tell me—do you think I'm in my right mind?"

"My dear Miss Chesney!"

"I am asking you," said Olivia, "because presently Angela will tell you I'm not. You may have trouble so I should like you to telephone my doctor, Dr. Wychcliffe—I have just come from him — who will tell you that though I'm not very well, I'm perfectly sane."

"I don't need to telephone Dr. Wychcliffe," said Mr. Anstruther.

"But please do it." Olivia spoke firmly but the hand that smoothed her gloves had trembled. "You see, I want to alter my will," she said. "Alter it in rather a monstrous way."

And she smiled. "When you have telephoned the doctor I should like you to draw up a draft."

"I drew it up, there and then," said Mr. Anstruther to Noel and Angela.

"I haven't so very much to leave," Olivia had said, "not like Angela, but I think it will be enough—enough for what I want," she had added, seeing Mr. Anstruther's inquiring look. "Noel and Angela think I should leave it to Noel's children. Well, they must be disappointed. The annuity to Ellen is to stand, of course," said Olivia, "but the rest . . ."

Noel's face had had a look of complacent expectancy as Mr. Anstruther came to that, but Angela had asked, "The rest?" with sudden disquiet.

When Mr. Anstruther had finished reading there was such a dazed silence that he said, "Perhaps I had better explain it to you in non-legal terms."

Olivia had apologised for the will herself. "It seems a roundabout way of doing it," she had told Mr. Anstruther, "but it was difficult to find a way that would fulfil all requirements. All requirements," she had said, smoothing her gloves.

"If I had left it all to Lovejoy, she would have been separated from Tip, and that little girl needs not to be separated. She needs a home, and the home she wants is with Vincent and Mrs. Combie, so . . ."

"A trust is to be set up," Mr. Anstruther began to explain, "to open a restaurant in the West End —" But Angela interrupted.

"Olivia and a restaurant! I can't believe it!"

"How did she come to be mixed up with people like this?" asked Noel wrathfully. "It's you and your miserable charities, Angela."

"But she never would be mixed up in my charities," said Angela. She still sounded dazed.

Mr. Anstruther went on. "The restaurant is to be managed by this man Vincent, Mr. Combie, once of Catford Street, on condition that he and his wife provide a home for Lovejoy Mason, treating her in all respects as if she were their own child. If the restaurant seems profitable, Vincent is to be given a half-share after five years; the other half is to be divided between the boy Tip Malone and Lovejoy Mason. Mrs. Combie, the wife, is to be paid three pounds a week by the trustees for the care of Lovejoy, who is to have thirty pounds a year paid to her personally for her clothes."

Miss Chesney said, "Lovejoy will manage well on that."

"When Lovejoy Mason is eighteen or when she marries she is to have two hundred pounds for a training or towards furnishing a home.

"Tip Malone is to visit Lovejoy when he and she like or when his mother will let him. The trustees are Inspector Russell, of Mortimer Street Police Station" — "That nice Inspector," Olivia had called him — "the man Vincent, Mr. Combie, Father Lambert, of the Church of Our Lady of Sion, in Catford Street, and you, Miss Angela, if they will serve on the trust with you."

"And if not?" asked Noel hotly.

"Then the trustees are Inspector Russell, Vincent, and Father Lambert."

Olivia had always been blunt but anxious for the smooth working of the trust, she had not foreseen that it would sound quite as blunt and hard as it did — it had an effect she would never have believed, for Angela began to blush. It was a blush as painful and humiliating as any of Olivia's own.

. . . . . .

The admiral was showing the new member of the Garden Committee round the gardens. "We'll have some wallflowers here," he said, pointing with his stick at the long borders.

"No, sir," said Lucas.

"What do you mean, 'No, sir'?"

"Miss Chesney asked the Committee to remember that the residents don't like wallflowers, sir."

The admiral did not regain his temper until they came to the shrub beds. "This is where the trouble was," he said.

"What trouble, Admiral?"

"Street children," said the admiral with a quelling look at Lucas. "You'd never think they stole loads of earth from there? The funny thing is that the holes are closing up; we didn't do anything, they're closing themselves, making new earth. Don't ask me how," said the admiral, "because I don't know."

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MARGERY SHARP WRITES OUR NEW SERIAL

WE are pleased to announce that our new serial, opening instalment of which will appear next week, is "The Return Voyage," a fascinating two-part romance by the popular and outstanding author Margery Sharp.

Soon after they met, suave, sophisticated, 40-year-old Richard Allen determined to marry his gentle, appealing fellow traveller Clarissa.

He had not bargained, however, for a totally unexpected type of rival, and the romantic dilemma in which this not-so-young couple find themselves, together with its final surprise solution, is in Margery Sharp's best tradition, and makes most absorbing entertainment.

You can look forward to Part 1 of this very readable two-parter in next week's issue.

How one mother stepped up to a new way of living

by Dorothy Summers, Home Economist

How to live within a limited budget . . . with costs up, four children to look after, and a house to keep! That was the problem confronting Mrs. Jim Clark, of Rosedale Avenue, Bankstown, Sydney. It's a problem that most of us face today, for it seems increasingly difficult to live economically, yet still cling to standards we have set ourselves.

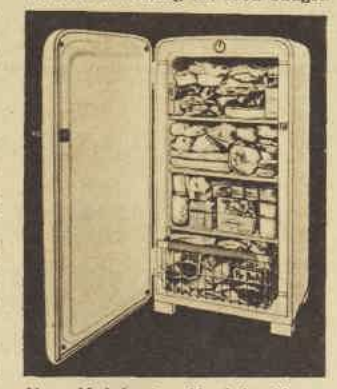
"But economising," says Mrs. Clark, "was not my only worry. With four children, mine was a 120-hour week. What I wanted was to make things easier for myself."

The Clarks' personal revolution came when they invested in a home freezer. Mrs. Clark has always been interested in bottling . . . but now, unlike bottling, she can keep practically *all* food on hand, ready for use whenever she wants it. Cooked dishes, vegetables, bread, meat, soups were easy to freeze, and they stayed fresh — even for months.

"It's so wonderfully convenient," said Mrs. Clark, as she was showing us some of the types of food she banks away. "I used to go shopping every second day — it's a long walk, too, especially with the babies. Now Jim and I do the major part of the shopping at the market every fortnight."

On the economy side, the Clarks claim that their home freezer — a Kelvinator — pays for itself. Take meat, for instance, which they buy in bulk. The cutting is done by Mr. Clark himself. A 12 lbs. side of lamb is a common purchase. Their last side cost 30/- whereas the equivalent amount, bought in separate cuts from the butcher, could cost double or even more.

The saving is substantial, and when you add the amount that can be saved by buying vegetables and other produce in bulk, you can see how easily a family can live better without increasing the food budget.



New Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer. *All Kelvinator models are backed by Kelvinator's 5-year Protection Plan. Available on Lowest Deposits — Easiest Terms. Choose a Kelvinator Home Freezer for better living.*

Convenience, economy, the extra leisure it brings — these are practical benefits the Clarks enjoy with their Kelvinator Home Freezer. The quality of the food they eat is higher; they enjoy out-of-season treats. In every way, it's the means of improving living standards.

Choose from two models

Kelvinator Chest-type Home Freezer *(right)* holds 210 lbs. of food. Capacity, 6 cubic feet. Offers latest American designed freezer features: special section for *fast* freezing . . . two large storage baskets for easy storing and food removal . . . five-sided refrigeration for effective and dependable freezing . . . spring action lid — springs up, stays up . . . powered by famous "Polarsphere" sealed unit. £185.

Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer *(left)* holds up to 312 lbs. of frozen food — capacity, 10 cubic feet — yet takes up same space as average-size refrigerator. Features three fully refrigerated storage shelves — all food is within 6½" of a freezing surface . . . large storage basket for food-packages of assorted sizes . . . "Polarsphere" Sealed Unit. Price, £199/10/-.

• *School lunches call for large supplies of sandwiches . . . but it's no daily chore with a home freezer. Mrs. Clark cuts sandwiches once a week.*

• *Mrs. Clark prepares rockmelon, a family favourite which will appear on their table even out of season.*

• *Unexpected guests . . . but with a Kelvinator Home Freezer a delicious meal is always on hand.*

FREE BOOKLET FOR YOU. Send this coupon for informative literature on the Kelvinator Home Freezers to Kelvinator, P.O. Box 1347, Adelaide.

Name

Address

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KITCHEN MAGIC !

...How you turn a wonderful Chicken Noodle Soup into rich Cream of Chicken

"Just 2 simple steps and you serve a delicious, tempting variation of CONTINENTAL CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP"

SAYS *Betty King* HOME ECONOMIST OF WORLD BRANDS

1. FIRST, IT'S CLEAR AND GOLDEN

Empty the contents of a Continental brand Chicken Noodle packet into three cups of boiling water, instead of the usual four. Smell the aroma as it bubbles into clear, golden Chicken Soup in only seven minutes. It's brimming with the goodness of plump spring chicken, full of enriched egg noodles, fragrant with delicate seasonings, flecked with garden-green parsley.

2. THEN, YOU ADD THIS PERSONAL TOUCH

Prepare your favourite white sauce (unsalted), and stir a cupful into the clear soup. If you need a white sauce recipe, add one tablespoon flour to ¼ oz. of melted butter, or margarine. Cook several minutes without browning, then add one cup of milk. Stir until sauce boils and thickens. Your sauce will turn the golden broth into a delicious Cream of Chicken Soup.

TASTE THAT CHICKEN!

What a soup—so rich in real chicken flavour, yet ready in minutes, four man-sized helpings. You fresh home-cook it, and whether you prefer clear or creamy style, you'll always *taste that chicken!* Why not buy two packets of Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup and taste it both ways this week-end?

Look! Five more wonderful-tasting

Continental Soups
BRAND

NEW MUSHROOM SOUP
NEW PEA SOUP—NEW THICK VEGETABLE SOUP
CREAM OF CELERY SOUP—TOMATO VEGETABLE SOUP

Boys and Girls: *Collect the terrific jet plane pictures on the back of each Continental brand Soup packet!*

WB 62 WWFPC

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Debbie makes: Rich sago plum pudding

FOLLOW the step-by-step instructions below and you will find it easy to make sago plum pudding.

It is a favorite with Debbie, our teenage chef.

The following recipe makes one large or two small puddings.

If the pudding is made in two moulds allow 1½ to 2 hours' cooking time; if made in one large mould allow the full time of 2½ to 3 hours.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAGO PLUM PUDDING

Two tablespoons sago, 1 cup milk, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup sugar, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate soda, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup sultanas, ½ teaspoon salt.

Soak sago in milk, allow to stand until next day. Then thoroughly grease a pudding basin with melted butter. Cut a piece of paper the same shape as the mould, but one inch larger all round. Grease the paper on both sides. Beat the butter or substitute to a soft cream with the sugar, add the soaked sago in which the bicarbonate soda has been dissolved. Stir in breadcrumbs, sultanas, and salt, mix well together. Fill into prepared mould, filling to within one inch of the top. Cover with prepared greased paper and stand in saucepan with sufficient boiling water to come about quarter-way up the mould. Cover saucepan with a tightly fitting lid, steam 2½ to 3 hours. If water boils away during cooking, replenish with fresh boiling water. Unmould and serve hot with custard.

PLACE the required quantity of sago in a small basin; pour over the necessary amount of fresh milk. Cover the basin, and allow to stand until ready to mix the pudding next day. Stir the mixture before using.

SELECT the pudding moulds to be used—one large mould or two small ones. Grease them thoroughly, using melted butter evenly and a soft pastry brush, or softened butter spread with greaseproof paper.

SOFTEN two ounces of butter or substitute thoroughly in a basin, using a wooden spoon. Add the sugar and continue beating until the mixture is soft and creamy. This may be done in an electric mixer.

ADD breadcrumbs and fruit to the soft, creamy mixture to which the soaked sago and bicarbonate soda has already been added. Mix lightly but thoroughly. Mixture looks curdled at this stage.

SPOON the mixture into the prepared moulds, stirring lightly several times during the process to keep fruit and crumbs evenly distributed through the mixture. Fill the moulds up to within one inch of the top.

PLACE the moulds into saucepan of boiling water. Water should come only quarter-way up the mould. Place greased paper on top, cover saucepan tightly to keep in as much steam as possible while cooking.

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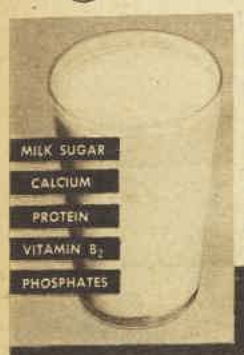
Only Velveeta gives you all milk's goodness



VELVEETA—the cheese food that S-P-R-E-A-D-S LIKE BUTTER

In making ordinary cheese, milk sugar, some of the milk minerals and Vitamin B_2 are run off in the whey. But Velveeta puts them back — adds *all* these precious food elements to the other vitamins, protein, calcium and phosphates so essential to good health.
Velveeta offers you *extra* value — because of its extra food values.

Velveeta spreads like butter. Saves butter, too, because you don't need butter when you spread delicious, money-saving Velveeta!

GRILLS TO PERFECTION

Velveeta made by KRAFT

K163

CHOCOLATE RUSKS WIN £5

Chocolate rusks, simple to make and delicious to eat, win this week's best recipe prize of £5.

STORED in a cool place in an airtight tin or jar, the rusks will keep for at least two weeks.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

CHOCOLATE RUSKS

Stale sponge cake, ½lb. dark chocolate, 1oz. solid white shortening.

Cut sponge into finger lengths, arrange on an oven tray, bake in slow oven until cake pieces are dry. Allow to cool on cake-cooler. Meanwhile, break chocolate up, place in a basin over a saucepan of boiling water. Stir until melted, then add chopped or coarsely grated shortening, continue stirring until melted and well mixed. Dip rusks one at a time into melted chocolate, allow to dry on a cake-cooler over greaseproof paper. Store in airtight tin.

£5 to Mrs. M. Burnett, Hursley Rd., Glenvale, Toowoomba, Qld.

TRY THESE VEGETABLE ENTREES: Flowerets of parboiled cauliflower coated with cheese-flavored batter and deep-fried fill the centre platter, while fluffed mashed potatoes topped with cheese and grilled bacon rolls fill the individual dishes.

CHEESE-RICE CROQUETTES

Quarter cup butter, 1-3rd cup self-raising flour, 1 cup milk, 1 cup grated tasty cheese, ¼ teaspoon salt, dash pepper, 1 tablesoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 cups cooked rice, ¼ cup fine dry breadcrumbs, 1 beaten egg.

Melt butter, add flour, cook 3 minutes without browning. Add milk, stir until thickened. Add cheese, stir until melted, then add salt, pepper, parsley, onion, and rice. Turn on to plate, chill. Shape into croquettes, dip in beaten egg and then in breadcrumbs. Fry until golden brown, serve hot.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Small, 60 River Ave., Chatswood, N.S.W.

GRAPEFRUIT MARMALADE

Four pounds grapefruit, 4 quarts water, 12lb. sugar.

Wash grapefruit well, discard white pith. Shred yellow part of rind, chop centre pulp. Cover all with water, leave until next day. Boil until tender (about 15 minutes), then set aside; again leave overnight. Next day add sugar and cook quickly for 1 hour or more until it jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle while hot.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Smith, Box 93, Bunbury, W.A.

Tony's luxury dish

Creamed Jerusalem Artichokes

The artichoke has a subtle aroma and a very delicate flavor, says famous Sydney chef Tony Clerici.

Three pounds Jerusalem artichokes, 2 cups water, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt, dash pepper, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, 3 tablespoons thick cream, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 2 egg-yolks, 2 tablespoons chopped parsley.

Scrub the artichokes and cut into cubes. Place in boiling water, with vinegar and salt, and cook for 20 minutes or until tender. Drain and keep warm. To make the sauce, melt the butter, add the flour, and heat thoroughly before adding the milk, stirring briskly to avoid lumps. Season with salt and pepper, add sugar, and simmer 4 to 5 minutes. Mix and stir well the cream, lemon juice, and yolks of the eggs. Pour a little of the sauce over this mixture, then pour it back into the saucepan and simmer 4 to 5 minutes without boiling. Fold the artichokes very gently into the sauce. Sprinkle the chopped parsley over and serve very hot.

FAMILY DISH

FILLETS of veal, extended with a tasty seasoning, make this week's family dish, which costs approximately 7/- and serves four or five.

SEASONED VEAL ROLLS

One and a half pounds thinly sliced veal steak, 1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs, pinch mixed herbs, pinch grated lemon rind, 1 small tomato, 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon chopped bacon, fat.

Trim steak, cut into pieces approximately 3in. x 5in. Mix breadcrumbs with herbs, lemon rind, peeled and chopped tomato, melted butter or substitute, salt, pepper, onion, parsley, and bacon. Spread on to steak pieces; roll up, secure with coarse thread. Cover bottom of baking-dish with melted fat, arrange veal rolls in dish. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 1 hour. Lift rolls on to heated dish, remove thread. Prepare gravy in baking-dish and serve with veal rolls.

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FAULDING ESSENCES

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How to choose a . . .

HOT-WATER SERVICE

Many people have difficulty in deciding on the most suitable kind of electric hot-water service for their homes. Mrs. Carstairs had been advised differently on various types and sought my opinion.

ARCHITECT'S DIARY
by Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY.

"I'VE always regretted the fact that we did not install a hot-water service when we built," she said. "But at the time economy prevented it. Installation of a system now, I find, is going to be far more costly than if we had put one in originally."

"The cost of installing additional plumbing in a completed home is obviously greater because so much of the existing finishes have to be disturbed," I told her.

"What exactly is the difference between a displacement type and a falling-level type of system?" Mrs. Carstairs asked.

"The displacement heater has the simplest operation of all. Cold water from a high-level tank feeds into the bottom, is heated by an element, and the hot water rising to the top of the tank is forced out when a tap is turned on.

"A big advantage with this kind of heater is that the cold-water tank, which is small, can be separated from the main unit and placed in a small roof space, while the main bulk of the unit can be placed at floor-level in a cupboard or even in a space under the house."

"Can't this be done with the falling-level type?" asked Mrs. Carstairs.

"In the falling-level type the hot water is drained by gravity from the bottom of the heater. This means that the whole of the unit must be located at least three feet above the highest hot-water outlet. Since the shower is usually the highest point, it means the whole of the tank must be in the roof."

"This would be difficult in an existing house, wouldn't it?" said Mrs. Carstairs. "How would you get the tank into the roof?"

"It could involve removal of a section of the roof or ceiling and is not recommended for that reason. If you install a displacement heater, however, the cold-water tank is much smaller and can be put in with a minimum of difficulty."

"The only trouble with that arrangement is that I don't think there's a space in the house for the main heating tank, which you say is fairly bulky," said Mrs. Carstairs.

Instantaneous

"In this case it is quite possible to have the heating tank located outside the house in a weatherproof compartment," I replied.

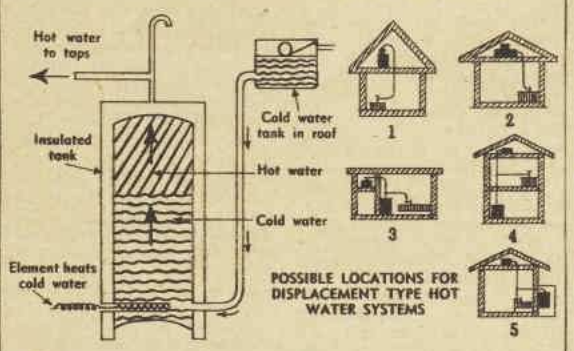
"There is another alternative and that is the automatic, instantaneous type of system. This works like a large sink heater, which can be connected to all points requiring hot water. When a tap is turned on the heater is automatically switched on and the water is heated as it passes through.

"The unit can be installed in a kitchen cupboard and the plumbing costs would be the lowest of any type. However, I would not recommend this because the amount of electricity used is far greater than in the storage types."

"Where would be the best location for the hot-water tank?" Mrs. Carstairs asked.

"The best position is as close as possible to the kitchen sink, where the bulk of the hot water is used. This avoids a long wait between the time of switching the tap on and the arrival of the hot water. It is important to have the pipes insulated to prevent the water cooling in the pipes, which increases running costs."

(Names used in the Architect's Diary are fictitious.)



***ABOVE LEFT:** Diagram shows working of displacement-type water heater in which cold water is heated by an element and hot water is forced out of pipes when taps are turned on.*

***ABOVE RIGHT:** Diagrams show varied placements of heater to suit different house designs. 1. Complete heater in high-pitched roof. 2. Complete flatter-type heater fits in lower roof. 3. Cold water is stored over low ceiling, and heater is in cupboard for a flat-roofed home. 4. In a house with a basement the cold water fits in roof, heater in cellar. 5. Where space is limited, heater is housed in weatherproof box outside; cold-water tank is stored in roof.*

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

By Sister MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse.

A YOUNG mother sometimes suffers in the early months of her motherhood with backache and constant headache, and tries to cure these by taking drugs instead of seeking medical advice.

Post-natal troubles may include misplacement of the pelvic organs, overstrained kidneys, fallen arches, or severe anaemia.

Mothers who are overweight or underweight should also seek medical advice.

A leaflet giving some suggestions on how health can be safeguarded in the post-natal period, with some suggested exercises, can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your request.

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Attachments simple — no practice needed.

You can slip a sock or a sleeve ON TO the Free Arm . . . for any tubular sewing jobs.

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LAUNCESTON: E. J. Castley Imports Pty. Ltd., 102 Charles Street.

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Career Wives

HEALING IN HER HANDS

"I lead a full but happy life," smiled Mrs. Lipton of 34 Dover Road, Rose Bay. This busy young woman combines the running of a home with the full-time job of physiotherapy. She is still in practice because she finds her work too interesting and stimulating to give up.

Mrs. Lipton was busy massaging when interviewed last week. "My patients have often told me I have very soothing hands," she said. "Naturally, they must be kept soft and smooth, and that's not always easy when there's housework to be done. One important way I guard my hands is by using Persil on washday. Persil is so gentle—it keeps hands wonderfully smooth."

P.136.WW62g

Continuing . . . .

Break The News Gently

from page 3

all," Wendy declared. "And get it tonight."

"But, whatever we do, we can't antagonise them. Let me remind you that Harry's always giving me inside tips, and if I'm learning any short cuts to promotion, it's thanks to him."

"Oh, there's no doubt about it," Wendy agreed, "we've never had such marvellous friends—that's part of the trouble." She bit her lip. "I was miserable today when I was talking to Joyce. It wasn't our usual sort of hen session. All Joyce wanted was to make me understand that she'd as soon lose her right arm as lose that tree."

"Well, first of all I think we ought to show them what's happened to those foundations of ours," Dick said.

"Look—" Wendy brightened. "I have an idea! You know that darling little Victorian button box of mine that Joyce has always admired? Do you think it would be too obvious if I gave it to her tonight? To sweeten the atmosphere, you might say?"

"Believe me"—Dick glanced out of the window — "the atmosphere could do with a little sweetening."

Wendy started up the stairs. She was wrapping the little oval box in tissue paper when Dick called: "They're coming."

Wendy ran down, put the package on the table and went outside. As she reached the lawn she saw that Dick was already rounding up the Kings.

"Oh"—Dick beckoned much too casually—"lucky I happened to catch you—"

"Why?" Harry King said. "Weren't you expecting us?"

"Oh, no, no." Dick fumbled. But when the Kings moved towards the door he spoke quickly. "Funny thing — a funny thing happened to me just now — this crack in the wall happened to catch my eye again, and I thought to myself, I've really got to show this to the Kings some time." He smiled foolishly. "And—here you are!"

Reluctantly Harry stooped down and examined the cracked wall briefly. "Is this what all the fuss is about?" he said.

"Listen, Harry," Dick said, more insistently now, "I've been watching this crack, and it seems to be getting worse."

"Now, Dick," Joyce said, "you know you've always been an old alarmist."

Well, Wendy thought, as they all went into the living-room, she and Dick could certainly chalk off Approach Number One as a colossal flop. Thank heavens she had the Victorian button box for Joyce.

"Oh, Wendy," Joyce carolled from the card table.

"I was cleaning out the clutter in my wardrobe today," Joyce said, "when I came across this French scarf you've always liked so much." She held out the diaphanous square. "I'd love you to have it."

"Why, Joyce!" Wendy was careful not to look at Dick. "How very sweet of you." She could have wept. After all her planning, here she was on the wrong end of a peace offering. It was evident now that the Kings were just as anxious to win over the Sherwoods as the Sherwoods were to win over the Kings.

But in this stalemate atmosphere the card game did not thrive.

Even Wendy's chocolate mousse failed to sweeten the sourness of contention. And though everyone was careful to avoid all mention of the tree, the willow might as well have been standing in the middle of the living-room, so pervasive was its power.

Open hostilities didn't flare up until the next Saturday. It happened in the Kings' front garden. Harry had been using the Sherwoods' mower when it abruptly stopped. Dick, followed by Wendy, rushed over.

"What's the trouble?" Dick asked solicitously. "Can I give you a hand, Harry?"

"Now what?" Harry suddenly turned on them. "Don't you trust me with your mower?"

"I didn't say that. I just asked if I could give you a hand."

"I merely ran out of petrol," Harry retorted curtly.

Joyce sauntered up just as Dick was saying, "Well, I don't know what you have to be so cross about."

"You don't?" Joyce tilted her hat up. "I suppose you and Wendy didn't have a thing to do with those dreadful little men who sneaked in here yesterday behind my back!"

So that was it, Wendy thought unhappily. Joyce had seen the lorry, after all. Well, it couldn't be helped. It had had to be done. Since the night of the card game the two couples had remained in deadlock.

Finally Wendy and Dick realised that they could talk until Domesday about the threatening willow roots and get nowhere. So, to put the whole thing on an honest and practical plane, they paid for an examination by a firm of builders. The firm verified Mr. Green's original warning.

They had planned all this for Friday afternoon, when they knew Joyce would be at the hairdresser's. Unfortunately, however, the builders were an hour late and Joyce turned up just as the lorry was leaving.

Now, on the Kings' front lawn, Harry started for the tool shed.

"Just a minute, Harry," Dick said and pulled the papers from his pocket. "We'd better get this straight once and for all." He paused, then plunged on: "We don't like this any more than you do, but here are the facts. Here's an affidavit from Len Green, the contractor, who says the foundation wall of our house is definitely threatened. And here is another from Jackson's."

Harry ignored the papers. "There's no point in all this because that tree is going to stay up. At least," he added hotly, "our half is!" He stamped off to the tool shed and returned carrying a can of petrol.

"Now look, Harry," Dick said in a placating tone, "I wish you'd at least recognise the spot Wendy and I are in."

"The tree," Harry reminded him, "is half ours!" Angrily he tilted the can and poured petrol into the tank of the mower. "Of course, if you want to replace it with another of the same size, all right."

"How could we?" Wendy said. "A tree as big as that would cost about a hundred pounds."

Harry didn't reply. With an angry heave he pulled the rope to start the mower. When it didn't start he mumbled under his breath, and yanked more violently.

This time it caught, smoked, coughed, and petered out

Wendy sniffed. "Something smells awfully peculiar."

"Yes, it does." Dick suddenly eyed the can. "Oh, splendid. That isn't petrol," he said to Harry. "You brought the wrong can. You've got paraffin."

"What?" Harry boomed.

Dick began a hasty examination. "Well, you did a good job. You've burned the motor out."

"Listen," Harry fumed defensively, "if you hadn't come over here with those ridiculous ideas of ruining our property, I wouldn't have picked up the wrong can!"

"Yes, it's no one's fault but your own, Dick Sherwood!" Joyce put in heatedly. "And you needn't try to hold Harry responsible for it!"

"And I'll tell you another thing," Harry stormed. "You can take that lawn-mower of yours and keep it! I'll buy one of my own!"

"In that case"—Dick drew himself up to his full height—"I shan't be needing the services of that broken-down little hovel you call a garage!"

Joyce and Harry turned and marched into the house.

During the next week the men avoided each other at the office. Dick took to keeping his car parked in the road and the Kings found a gardener to cut their lawn. That Friday, Joyce and Harry, without so much as a goodbye, went off for their annual holiday.

"Have you any idea where they went?" Wendy asked as she and Dick were getting ready for bed that night.

"Scotland."

"I don't know what we can do about it now," Wendy said. "As long as we have to get their consent."

"What I'm going to do is forget it!" Dick said vehemently as he climbed into bed. "There's nothing we can do until they come back."

Wendy sighed and was just about to turn off the light when she was startled by a strange sound. "What's that?"

"What's what?"

"That noise. Didn't you hear it?"

"No."

Suddenly Dick sat bolt upright. There was no mistaking it this time. A cracking sound came from the basement, followed by the whoosh of water.

By the time they were halfway down the cellar stairs the basement floor was already covered with water, and the level was slowly rising.

Dick rolled up his pyjamas and waded towards the drain. "Main pipe burst!" he shouted. "See if you can get Len Green on the phone—"

Mr. Green, his plumber in tow, got there as soon as he could. "Ah-hah!" he said. "Looks bad. Had no idea those willow roots were in this far." He shut off the main valve and the plumber started the sump pump. "Thought you people were going to have that tree taken down."

"There's been a hitch," Dick began.

"Unless you want to wake up some day minus a floor under you, you'd better get rid of that tree and do it quick!" Green said. "You're going to be in a mess if you don't. I've seen it happen before: it can

To page 55

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APRICOT CRUMBLE

1½ cups Uncle Toby's Oats, ½ cup butter, 2 cups dried apricots, 1 cup brown sugar, ½ lemon, grated nutmeg.

Wash apricots and soak overnight in one cup of cold water. Simmer for 5 mins. Add sugar, grated lemon rind and strained juice. Cook oats in melted butter slowly for 5 mins. Arrange alternate layers of apricots and oats in buttered pie dish with topping of oats and sprinkle with grated nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) for ½ hour. Serve hot or cold, with cream or ice cream.

UTO40

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be a year or a month or a day, but all of a sudden — wham!" He clapped his hands together. "There go your foundations."

Wendy and Dick looked at each other helplessly.

"All I can say is," Mr. Green went on, "if your neighbors could see this wreckage you've got in your cellar they'd chop that tree down themselves."

The next day the Sherwoods had the tree taken down. At least it was over, Wendy thought as the men departed. She looked at the garden. How strange and naked their lawn looked, and how barren and unfamiliar the Kings' garden seemed without the great sheltering willow!

Finally, she heard Dick's car pulling up in front of the house. And she was glad he was home. At least they could cheer each other up. But when she opened the door she saw that he looked gloomier than she'd ever seen him. "I was counting on you for a rainbow or a silver lining, or something," she said, kissing him.

"Well, count no more. Harry King has been made head of the department. And that makes him my boss."

"Your boss? Oh-h-h." Wendy glanced out to where the willow had stood.

"Yes. He'll find out when he gets back from Scotland."

After an eloquently brooding silence, Wendy suddenly said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's drive out into the country. Perhaps we can find a nursery that has a tree we can afford."

It wasn't until two days before the Kings returned, however, that they were able to find a suitable tree. It was a walnut. And they planted it well within their own boundary. Though the trunk was only about five inches in diameter, it managed at least partially, if not nobly, to fill the gigantic void that the old willow had left.

On the Sunday Harry and Joyce were due to return. Wendy sat near the front window so she could keep a close look-out for the Kings' car.

"Don't forget," Dick said nervously, peering over her shoulder, "we'll have to work very fast. We must rush them down to our cellar before they see the willow's missing. Once we show them what happened they're bound to understand and——"

"Shh!" Wendy said, ducking behind the curtains. "They're here."

"Hurry!" Dick's voice cracked. They rushed out.

But the Kings had already emerged from their garage and were standing rigid as statues, their eyes wide with horror at the sight of the little walnut.

"Oh, Christmas!" Wendy whispered frantically. "Let's explain this fast before they—"

But the statue that had been Harry King had come alarmingly to life and was now charging towards Dick.

"Dick!" Wendy cried. But it was a belated warning. Harry had seized him by the lapels and held him so that their faces were only inches apart. "What sort of rotten, sneaking so-and-so are you?" he bellowed.

"Harry!" Wendy shouted.

Joyce had reached Harry and was tugging at his coat. Reluctantly, Harry released Dick and let Joyce lead him away.

"Dick, darling," Wendy began, "I'm sure he didn't mean it. After all, Harry didn't know about the——"

"That's no excuse for attacking me!" Dick raged. "And if he thinks because he's my boss now he can——"

"Darling, he doesn't even know he's the boss yet," Wendy said as they returned to the living-room.

"Well—" Dick pounded his fist into the palm of his other hand. "Well, I suppose that's true, but I still——"

"Look, dear," Wendy said gently, "sit down and relax—I'll bring you a nice glass of beer. Then we'll give them time to get unpacked and I'll run over and bring them straight back to the cellar."

But it was with some trepidation that, an hour later,

Continuing . . . . Break The News Gently

from page 54

Wendy presented herself at the Kings' residence. In her righteous cause she knocked firmly on the front door. No one answered. "Joyce!" she called, and knocked once more. "Joyce! It's me, Wendy!" After waiting five minutes, she took the hint and returned home.

"Well," she said as she went into the living-room, "not only do they insult us and try to kill you, but they won't even do us the courtesy of letting us in!"

"Telephone them," Dick suggested.

Wendy went to the hall and dialled the Kings' number. At least she could explain the situation over the phone.

"Hallo?" She heard Joyce's voice.

"Joyce, this is Wendy." There was a loud click; Joyce had slammed down the receiver.

By Saturday morning the irresistible force (Sherwoods) hadn't budged the immovable object (Kings). And what was more, Harry, in his new position as department head, had been having his sweet revenge.

"And what do you think he had me doing yesterday?" Dick fumed at Wendy. "Practically running errands like a messenger boy!"

"Now, Dick——"

"And that" — Dick began pacing the floor—"was the end! I can go over to General Shipping and Motor Transport whenever I like. They've been trying to get me for a year."

Slowly Wendy moved into the kitchen. From the window she could see Harry King pruning his hedge, and Joyce, in her large sun-hat, was weeding the flowerbed. Decisively, then, she acted upon the idea which had been growing in her mind during the past forty-eight hours.

She cut out a square of cardboard and on it carefully painted the words "For Sale." After she finished putting together the simple board and stake, she went outside and stuck the sign into the lawn.

Less than an hour later there was a knock on the side door.

"I came over," Joyce said in a very odd, constrained voice, "to say that you might at least have given us some warning before putting out that dreadful sign." She walked stiffly into the living-room.

"How could we?" Wendy said. "We haven't exactly been welcome on your premises."

"Heaven only knows what kind of people we'll get if this house is sold—" Joyce's voice quavered—"what kind of neighbors—it's like a horrible pig in a horrible poke——" Her voice quavered again and quite abruptly she burst into tears.

"Joyce!"

"I can't help it," Joyce managed between sniffles. "First we lose the tree and now——"

"That's what we've been trying to tell you," Wendy hurriedly began. "The tree had to be cut down because—"

Joyce blinked her blurring eyes. "Oh, it isn't the tree. That is, not any more. It's—well—when I saw that sign I suddenly realised we can't buy you in some nursery and plant you, but——"

"That sign outside," Wendy rushed on. "It's not to sell the house—it's to get you into the cellar." She sniffed.

Joyce stared at her. "Wendy Sherwood, you're talking in riddles."

"I mean the flood we had when you were away," Wendy said and swallowed. "And all those tree roots were where our plumbing was supposed to be!"

From outside came Harry King's voice: "Joyce! Joyce, where are you?"

Joyce quickly blew her nose. "I'd better clear out. Harry would have a fit if he knew I was over here."

"Wait a minute!" Wendy called. "The cellar — you've got to——"

But Joyce had already hastened out of the front door. Shortly afterwards, as Wendy finished telling Dick about the visit, Joyce reappeared at the back door. "Hurry, Wendy!" she called. "And bring Dick!

"Harry's not here. Please hurry before he gets back," Joyce said. She led them directly to the near corner of the King house, where Harry had been pruning the hedge. She parted the branches of one of the shrubs. "Just look at that."

Wendy and Dick peered down. There, in the foundation wall, was a sizeable crack.

"Oh," was all Wendy could say.

"Oh," was all Dick said, though there was the faintest trace of a smile glimmering in his eyes.

"Harry's just discovered it—and he'd absolutely kill me if he knew I'd told you about it." Joyce paused. "He's just gone to get some cigarettes. But, between us, his face was so red I think he just wanted to get out of the house."

As they walked back towards the terrace, the smile which Dick had been suppressing erupted into laughter.

"What's so funny?" a familiar voice boomed. It was Harry. He was striding towards them.

"Oh, just people," Joyce said quickly.

"Hmm?"

"Harry, wait until you hear about the horrible damage those horrible tree roots did to their cellar while we were away . . ."

Harry shifted uncomfortably. Then he turned to Wendy and Dick and, in what Wendy decided was the most exasperating question of the year, said: "Really? Why didn't you tell us?"

Dick and Wendy, their mouths agape, just stood there looking at him.

"Oh, well, I'm willing to forget the whole thing." Harry's hand rose in a noble gesture, and just for an instant his gaze flicked over his newly trimmed hedge. "After all, if that willow were still standing, who knows, some day it might even have given my house some trouble. Who knows?"

"Yes," Dick said with elaborate casualness, "who knows?"

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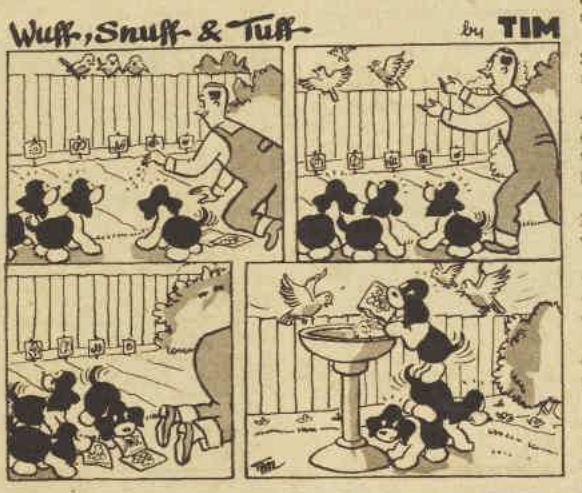
FOR THE CHILDREN



Are you in the know?

Which should be your hairdo guide?

☐ *Your own type.* ☐ *Your favourite actress.*
☐ *What your crowd's wearing.*

If you're looking for a confidence-builder, there's nothing like a new hair style—providing you don't follow the fad-mad crowd or hitch your noggin to your favourite actress. Only if it's right for *you* can it give your confidence the boost you crave. But there's no need to lack confidence on problem days. The exclusive Kotex safety centre gives you a big extra in protection — and flat pressed Kotex ends prevent revealing outlines.

How should they settle the check?

☐ *One for all.* ☐ *Pool your resources.*

Spare the waiter needless waiting while you pool the loot. Let one settle for all. You can pay her in advance or when leaving. But, in sanitary belts, there's no "one for all". Different gals prefer different belts—and find them in the new Kotex range of ten belts. Maybe you'll go for the new Kotex belt with the nylon grip. Or an old favourite now in white as well as pink. Whichever you prefer, you'll find Kotex and Kotex belts the perfect team for lasting comfort.

More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.

ONE DOZEN PACK

2/9

EVERYWHERE

If you're conversation-shy in a crowd, what helps overcome it?

☐ *Take a public speaking course.*
☐ *Avoid gang gatherings.* ☐ *Go in for a sport.*

Your sound track fails you in "parlor" chatter? Join a sports group. And, once in the sports whirl, don't be a quitter. On difficult days, choose Kotex for comfort . . . downy softness that *holds its shape* because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it.

In a mood to experiment?

Kotex offer you plenty of scope—to be precise, ten belts you can try out. The newest are the fashion-right pure white belts. And there's a newsy all-nylon grip that is strong and smooth and flexible. Look over the latest when next you buy Kotex. We have a hunch you'll find a belt that suits you perfectly among the ten Kotex styles priced from 1/9 to 3/6.

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In the wonder of its perfume breathes the soul of Paris ...

L'Aimant . . . the Magnet . . . tender . . compelling . . . heart-quickening . . . with its own unique note, its own inimitable personality, the strange excitement of a perfume created in France . . . the élan which only one country seems able to achieve. Its disturbing quality can be yours. Ten and sixpence to five guineas.

L'AIMANT DE COTY

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Coty Perfumes and Toiletries are created in France and are compounded in Australia from the original French formula.

Ch.22

Now children enjoy taking cod liver oil emulsion!

New ORANGE FLAVOURED Lane's gives them 3 kinds of goodness

Children love the new orange flavoured Lane's Emulsion. And every spoonful does them good 3 ways — (1) with Cod Liver Oils, rich in vitamins, (2) with tonic Hypophosphites, (3) with the EXTRA nourishment of fresh farm eggs. Start Lane's now, to build up healthy bodies, resistant to coughs, colds and winter epidemics. From chemists and stores (plain or orange flavoured), 4/6.

CUT BAD COUGHS with plain Lane's containing CREASOTE

Bad Coughs, Sore Throats and Bronchitis, in young or old, need the original soothing, strengthening Lane's, plain flavoured, containing Beechwood Creasote to cut the cough.

Lane's Emulsion

L.E9.

Stranger on the Set

Continuing . . . .

from page 9

I thought his voice sounded strained, almost apprehensive.

The casual manner of the stars was gone as if at the wave of a wand. Valmai Berensen was suddenly a girl, who, of her own will, is giving up the thing she wants most in the world. Frederick Butler was a high-minded young German officer, bewildered in his conflict between two loyalties.

I looked down, trying to follow the script and at the same time watch the two actors on the set.

"Garden of the Frankenburg's house. Evening.

Nina and Hans come out through the door into the garden. They are both deeply troubled by the last conversation. They walk slowly towards the camera, stop, and face each other unhappily.

. Nina (her voice almost breaking with emotion): If I am cruel, it is for your sake. Please don't make it harder for me. Please go now, while I still have the strength to ask it.

Hans stands, hesitating. We somehow feel that if he goes now they will never meet again. He gazes at her steadily and we can see the struggle going on inside him. But Nina will not look at him.

Hans (squaring his shoulders, his face suddenly hardening): Very well, mein liebchen, since that is what you ask of me."

Hans turns towards the gate, walks slowly away from her. She looks up now, watching him with clenched fists, biting her lower lip to silence the tears that are flooding her eyes. The gate opens, closes. He is gone.

Nina: Hans!

The word comes out in a great, heartbreaking sob. She breaks down.

We still hear the sound of her weeping as the camera slowly swings up above her head, above the garden, above the house to a montage of storm clouds.

Slow Dissolve."

"Cut!"

Jeremy's voice beside me broke the spell. The scene had been so realistic that there were tears in my own eyes. The cameras had stopped turning, the hum and bustle had started again.

"Cut!"

Jeremy had repeated the word, half-rising from his seat. There was a sudden renewal of silence. Everyone hesitated, looking towards the centre of the set, realising that something was wrong. Valmai Berensen was still standing there, her face covered by her hands, unable to stop crying.

Almost at once Frederick Butler came back through the gate. He went quickly to Valmai and put his hands on her shoulders to steady her. Gradually she stopped sobbing, looked wildly round her like someone waking from a nightmare.

"Sorry, Jeremy. I'm afraid I overdid it a bit."

"You were wonderful, darling. Thank you for a magnificent scene."

The uncomfortable moment seemed to be over. Lights and cameras were moved round so that they could photograph Frederick Butler's back as Valmai would have seen him when he went through the door. She sat down on one of the garden seats behind the camera.

"Action."

The voice beside me reminded me that the cameras were turning. Once again Hans Ritter walked to the garden gate, opened it, and disappeared.

"Cut!" There was satisfaction in Jeremy's voice.

The assistant director shouted: "All right, kids. That's it."

There was a sudden release of tension and the babble of sound broke out again. One by one the extravagant, brilliant lamps were snapped off.

Everything was suddenly in the melting pot as preparations were made for the next scene on the programme.

Jeremy had gone to pat the actors on the shoulder and now was the centre of a group of men discussing technicalities in an incomprehensible language.

I looked round for someone to talk to and found that in this apparent confusion everyone had a job to do. The clapper boy was the one exception. He gave me a friendly grin.

"Like the underground at rush hour, ain't it? First time you've been on a set?"

I had my mouth open to answer when the scream rang out. It cut through the noise and stilled it more effectively than any director's voice. For this was no film scream. It was the real thing, springing from shock and terror, and it had come from close at hand.

A hundred voices were suddenly raised excitedly, asking the same questions. "Who screamed? Where did it come from?" Frederick Butler's voice rose above the din.

"Switch all your lights on, Bill — quickly."

The blaze of light when it came illuminated the set with brilliance but deepened the shadows. I think I was one of the first to see the huddled form of Valmai Berensen lying in the shadow of the bogus garden wall with Frederick Butler kneeling beside her. As Jeremy and I moved forward her eyes opened.

"He's here! I saw him! He's somewhere here!"

She was looking around in terror.

Frederick Butler said loudly: "It's all right, Valmai. There's nobody here but friends."

"All right, stand back everyone," Jeremy said quietly to the sea of faces pressing round. "Miss Berensen had a fright, that's all. Break it up till after lunch."

He turned to me.

"I'm sorry about this, Leslie. Alan will take you along to the bar. I'll join you as soon as I've sorted things out."

The bar and restaurant at Pinewood are across in the original house. Alan Fitch, the assistant director, had to rush me through a sudden shower of rain. It was still rather early for lunch and the bar was empty except for an elegant couple in early Elizabethan costume. We had ample time to dispose of a round of martinis before Jeremy came. He brought more cocktails for us and a large whisky for himself.

"What was the cause of the shriek?" Alan inquired. "You can't tell me that was just temperament."

"Things are going from bad to worse." Jeremy sat down on the settee beside me. "I told you Valmai had been a bit odd. She hasn't liked this film from the start. Says there's something spooky about it."

"I'm surprised at Valmai," Alan said. "She's usually so steady and easy to work with. Did she see a ghost or something?"

Jeremy looked at him seriously. "She says she saw a dark indistinct form with arm upraised to stab Freddie. She screamed and it vanished into the darkness. She says it was Ritter. Crazy, I know."

"But if it was dark and indistinct, how . . .?"

"She just felt it was Ritter. You know what women . . ."

Jeremy checked himself abruptly and glanced at me. Then he smiled and clapped the palms of his hands on his knees. "Let's have lunch while there's still room. Freddie will join us."

I returned to the studio between the two stars, feeling just a little self-conscious beside what Jeremy called "the current heart-throb." Frederick was certainly very striking in his light blue uniform. Valmai had changed out of her gay dress into sombre grey.

"We're going to do the scene where Ritter shoots himself," Frederick explained.

"That's at the very end of the story."

"I know, but it takes place at the Nuremberg house. Doing it now will save us rebuilding the set afterwards."

Watching the preparation of that scene gave me some idea of the stress to which film stars are subjected. Frederick and Valmai had to stand for ages at a time while the cameras were positioned, marks chalked for their feet, measurements taken, and the lights adjusted to everyone's satisfaction.

I could feel now what Jeremy had mentioned, the tense expectancy which hung over everything. Somehow it seemed to radiate from Valmai.

Her way of glancing nervously about her as if she expected someone or something to burst out from the darkness beyond the set was infectious. I felt glad that I had someone solid like Jeremy beside me.

Finally, preparations were complete. Alan Fitch chanted his formula, Jeremy said: "Action!" and the first take began.

It was a scene in which Ritter, now married, says farewell to his wife. She goes away thinking they will meet in the evening. She does not know that two Gestapo officers have come to see Ritter to offer him a choice between suicide or arrest. It is really their last goodbye.

> **We can no more spend all our waking hours in consciously striving toward higher things than we can dine exclusively off jam.**
>
> — *Arnold Bennett.*

In successive takes the scene was improved and polished until it had reached a very high level of acting. The whole thing took about two hours, and would provide a little over a minute's time in the film.

Valmai had finished acting for the time being. Completely played out, she came and sat in the empty chair beside me, leaving Frederick on the set alone. The rest of the scene was dismissed in a few lines on the script, but it called for superb acting and timing.

"Action!"

Once again the set became reality and everything else no more than a fantastic background. Here and there in the semi-circle of intent faces a cheek-bone caught a reflection of blue light, or an eye flashed. The gaunt shape of the camera rose like some monster crouching with leering eye over the stage. Beneath the lights the heads of the watchers were outlined, but the faces were blank, featureless masks.

The script read: "Garden of the Frankenburg's house. Midday.

The gate opens and two Gestapo officers come in. Hans turns to face them.

First Gestapo officer: You have made your decision, Herr general?

Hans looks at them and in his expression is all the disdain of a fighting man for hired killers.

Hans: I have.

First Gestapo officer: What's your decision?

Hans: If you gentlemen will excuse me for one minute you shall have your answer.

He turns away from them. The Gestapo officers exchange significant glances. Hans looks up towards the sky, his eyes narrowing against the sunlight. Then he walks slowly towards the house. You can see the despairing finality in the set of his shoulders. He reaches the door and disappears inside.

There is a long silence. The camera tracks down towards the open door. At last a shot is heard."

The shot was followed instantly by a second report.

"Blast!" Jeremy exploded beside me. "Cut!" For once his voice was raised. "There should only be one shot. How can a man shoot himself twice?"

Beside me I felt Valmai gripping the arms of her chair. I turned to look at her. Her body was rigid, her eyes fixed on the doorway of the house on the set.

"Sorry, Frederick," Jeremy called out. "That was quite perfect, but you'll have to come again. Where the devil has he got to?"

Alan Fitch suddenly walked straight across the set, through the door of the make-believe house. He was out of sight for a moment and when he reappeared his face was white.

"Tom," he said quietly, and I became suddenly aware of the complete stillness and silence of everyone. "Go and stand by the door, will you? I want everyone else to stay exactly where they are. If you see anyone move, stop him."

"Frederick!" Valmai's cry cut across his quiet, urgent voice. She rushed across the set. Alan came to meet her and held her away from the black, gaping doorway by main force. She struggled against him, her voice hysterical.

"He's dead, isn't he? I knew this would happen. I knew it!"

It was a difficult task for the police. There had been a minute's lapse of time after the shot before anyone realised what had happened. During that minute a murderer would have been able to move away in the darkness and mingle with the rest. For murder was the only rational explanation. Frederick Butler had been shot through the head from a range of less than six yards. The pistol — a Luger — had been found near his body, but it bore no fingerprints.

As soon as the police had cleared me I said goodbye to Jeremy and took myself off home. He had plenty to deal with already and I was sure he had no time to spare for a visitor. I was shaken by what had happened, and, though my commonsense rebelled, I could not help linking Frederick's death with Valmai's strange forebodings.

I didn't expect to hear from Jeremy again. But four days later I was at my desk, making up my mind to throw his letter away, when the telephone rang. It was Jeremy.

"Have your ears been burning?"

"No. Why?"

"They should have been. Listen, I thought you'd be interested to know we're carrying on with the film."

"How can you — without Frederick Butler?"

"We've completed nearly all the scenes we need him for. I've worked out how we can do the rest with a double. Why not come over again one day next week?"

"All right. Tuesday."

"Fine. Same time. Same place. Ruth will meet you."

The set for Tuesday's programme was quite amusing. It represented a winter street scene in Nuremberg and there was artificial snow all over the place. To all outward appearances the team had settled

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PLANNING A GARDEN

● The plan below will suit a block of land roughly 100-feet wide and 150-feet deep. The idea is to provide the basis for a restful garden with the maximum degree of privacy from two aspects.

SELECTION of the plant material given in the plan can be varied according to taste.

But the mentioned species have stood the test of many years for shade, hardiness, and beauty.

If the gardener doubts the suitability of shrubs and trees for his particular soil, aspect, or climate, he should seek advice from an experienced nurseryman.

The shade trees mentioned are not numerous and more can be planted if desired along the front fence or wall.

Trees can intrude on the house: roots can interfere with sewerage and drainage pipes, kill lawn grasses, and create litter when they shed their leaves.

The design was prepared to show a "no trouble" garden with the least amount of work.

Labor is expensive today and not all gardeners want to spend every spare hour mowing lawns, pruning roses and shrubs, or planting annuals and perennials.

GARDENING

By careful selection shrubs can provide color and fragrance for months and, together with selected perennials, can produce an attractive garden.

Spacing is important. Both shrubs and trees should be given ample room for expansion.

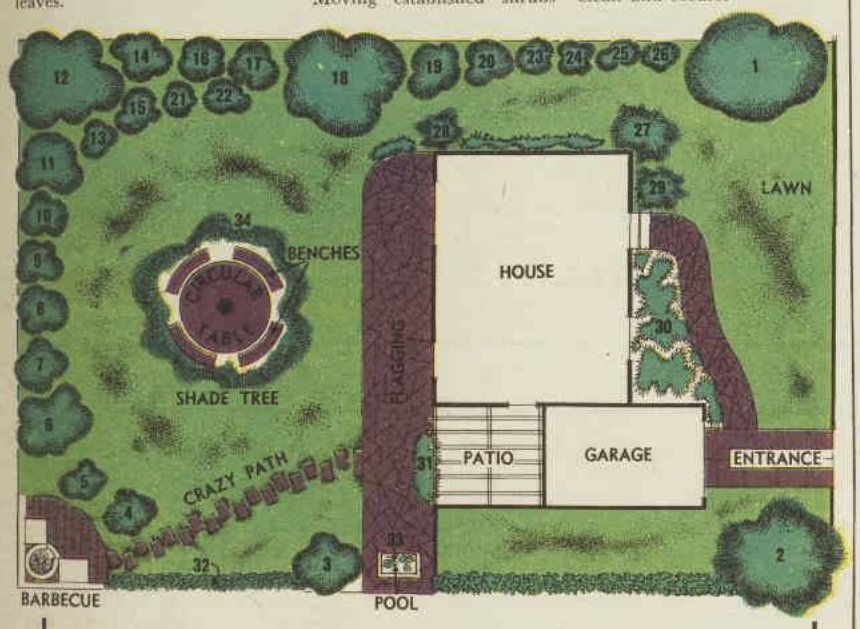
Moving established shrubs and trees is difficult and it pays to give them sufficient room to start with.

Most standard features of modern gardens, such as a barbecue, lily pool, patio, lawns, flowerbeds, and shrubberies, are provided.

But pergolas, archways, bushhouses or glasshouses, sundial, or swimming-pool could be substituted.

Flagging at the side of the house helps keep rooms clean when foot traffic is heavy. If it slopes slightly from the foundations, the flagging will cause no seepage troubles in wet weather.

Tools and garden implements can be stored in the garage if space is provided. This way they can be kept clean and secure.



KEY TO PLAN

No.	COOL	TEMPERATE	SEMI-TROPICAL
1	Platanus oriental	Brachychiton acerifolia	Poinciana regia
2	English oak	Jacaranda	Bauhinia Galpinii
3	Pin oak	Sambucus nigra aurea	Stenocarpus sinuatus
4	Ribes sanguineum	Diosma pulchra	Poinciana Gilliesii
5	Kolkwitzia amabilis	Diosma ericoides	Russelia juncea
6	Pyrus malus	Prunus blireiana	Senecio petasites
7	Podalyria sericea	Rhaphiolepis indica	Rondoletia amaena
8	Escallonia rosea	Eupatorium megallophylum	Galphimia glauca
9	Habrothamnus Newellii	Kerria japonica	Iochroma tubulosa
10	Forsythia	Hibiscus Rosy Morn	Inga pulcherrima
11	Viburnum opulus	Viburnum Burkwoodii	Lagunaria Patersonii
12	Halesia carolina	Hovenia dulcis	Strelitzia augusta
13	Rosemary	Lavender	Ruellia macrantha
14	Fatsia japonica	Feijoa sellowiana	Doryphora sassafras
15	Ceratostigma	Chorizema illicifolia	Cestrum nocturnum
16	Bauera rubioides	Barklya syringifolia	Brassaia actinophylla
17	Elaeocarpus reticulatus	Eugenia Luehmanii	Graptophyllum earlii
18	Magnolia grandiflora	Sophora japonica	Tristania conferta
19	Magnolia conspicua	Prostanthera ovalifolia	Milletia caffra
20	Magnolia stellata	Luculia gratissima	Mussaenda erythrophylla
21	Enkianthus japonica	Abelia Schumanii	Acalypha marginata
22	Abelia chinensis	Aronia arbutifolia	Browallia Jamesonii
23	Deutzia rosea	Leptospermum Red Damask	Pentapterygium serpens
24	Hakea eucalpytoides	Waratah	Holmskioldia sanguinea
25	Abutilon carmine	White flowering peach	Acocanthera spectabilis
26	Cydonia rubra	Dodonaea purpurea	Lasiandra macrantha
27	Prunus nigra	Prunus mume	Lasiandra Edwardsii
28	Prunus Festeri	Prunus Moserii	Lagerstroemia rubra
29	Amygdalus persica	Amygdalus persica	Frangipani (pink)
30	Flower bed	Flower bed	Flower bed
31	Flower bed	Flower bed	Flower bed
32	Flower bed	Flower bed	Flower bed
33	Lily pool	Lily pool	Lily pool
34	Cape chestnut	Illawarra flame tree	Pithecolobium grandiflorum

Holbrooks

GOOD COMPANIONS

For a balanced flavour

MEXICAN CASSEROLE

5 lamb chops
1 tblspn. fat
1 onion
1½ dstspns. flour
1¼ cups water
1 tspn. brown sugar
½ tspn. Holbrook's Parisian Essence
2 tblspns. Holbrook's Vinegar
1 tblspn. Holbrook's Worcestershire Sauce
1 tblspn. Holbrook's Chutney
½ cup chopped carrot
½ tspn. salt

Brown first the chops, then the sliced onion, in hot fat. Lift into casserole. Add flour to remaining fat, cook 2 or 3 minutes, add water, sugar, Parisian essence, vinegar, sauce. Stir until boiling. Pour over chops in casserole, add chutney, carrots and salt; cover and bake in moderate oven 1½ to 2 hours or until chops are tender.

Worcestershire Sauce

LOOK FOR THE ORANGE SEAL

The latest American party suggestions

Serve frankfurts, saveloys and cocktail sausages with Holbrook's Mustard Sauce.

DEVILLED FISH

5 fillets bream or flathead
2 tblspns. melted margarine or butter
1 dstspn. Holbrook's Mustard Sauce
1 dstspn. Holbrook's Chutney
1 tspn. Holbrook's Anchovy Essence
Pinch cayenne pepper
Browned breadcrumbs
Extra margarine or butter and parsley

Dip fillets in melted margarine, coat with mustard sauce, chutney, anchovy essence and pepper well mixed. Dip in crumbs and place in well-greased oven dish. Dot with margarine and bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes, according to thickness of fillets.

Serve hot garnished with parsley.

Sweet Mustard Sauce

Miss Linda Gray
Home Economist
recommends Holbrooks Products

A "HOST" OF GOOD FOODS

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down again undisturbed by the interruptions of the previous week. Yet there was still that atmosphere of expectancy and waiting as if everyone knew that only half the tragedy had been enacted. Fritz Kassel, who wore a uniform this time, was in his element, tuning up the pronunciation.

I thought Jeremy was becoming impatient with this finickiness. When the break for lunch came he bundled me into his car and drove out through the gates.

We sat on high stools in a pub on the Uxbridge road and ate our lunch at the snack bar.

"I like that costume," Jeremy said suddenly. "I think green is your color." He went on quickly. "Did you spot the coppers?"

"I didn't." I was startled to think the police had been watching me without my knowing it. "You mean they were there on the set?"

Jeremy nodded grimly.

"It's upset my team properly. This thing hanging over us has got on everyone's nerves. It was such a pointless thing. Poor Frederick hadn't an enemy in the world."

I fiddled with my glass for a moment, wondering whether I dared to say what I thought.

"Jeremy—you know what Valmai said? Suppose there was something in it?"

Jeremy looked startled.

"You mean all that nonsense about Ritter's phantom haunting the studio?"

"It might not be such nonsense—"

"My dear girl," Jeremy began.

"Give me a chance to explain what I mean. You know as well as I do that in this film the facts have been twisted enough to make the real Ritter turn in his grave."

"That doesn't mean to say . . ."

"Wait. Now, Ritter's dead. We know that. But suppose

Stranger on the Set

Continuing . . . .

someone who had been near to him and loyal to him saw what we were doing—someone who still nurses the old ideals—might he not be outraged enough to do something violent?"

Jeremy put his knife and fork down deliberately and looked at me.

"You mean Kassel?"

"I don't know. Kassel, maybe. Or perhaps someone among all those people working in the studio."

"It's a thought," Jeremy said slowly. "it's a thought—but not a very nice one."

Valmai Berensen was on the set in the afternoon and with her was a young and unknown actor whom Jeremy had found to double for Butler.

The first scene had been teed up before we arrived. It was to represent Hans Ritter coming to Nuremberg after he had made the decision to marry Nina. She is not expecting him when they meet in the street.

"Let's go," Jeremy said, surveying the set.

"Settle down everywhere, please. Shooting."

A revision had been stuck into the script here, so that the scene could be photographed with Frederick's double.

"A street in Nuremburg. Snow scene. Afternoon.

Nina is walking up the street, wrapped up to the ears. She is carrying a basket of shopping. She sees Hans, somewhere behind the camera, and at first can't believe her eyes. Then she runs to meet him. Hans comes into view from below the camera, and we see him take her in his arms."

"Cut," Jeremy said. "That was all right. But, Valmai, remember that when Hans holds you in his arms your face has to tell us everything. All your dreams have come true."

from page 56

He turned round to the cameraman.

"We'll have the camera tracking down, Hal, to give the close-up of her face."

The scene was shot again. The set was so bright and Valmai's acting so compelling that once again I forgot the darkness all round, the hundred other presences watching. I saw a girl rush to her lover's arms, her face lifted up in rapturous welcome.

Then the rapture froze. She still looked upwards at something above us, and her expression changed to one of terror. She pushed John Gordon away from her and then suddenly screamed out:

"No, Arthur! Don't do it! Stop, for God's sake!"

"Cut!"

The cameras stopped. Everyone stared up, following Valmai's stare. In the white light reflected from the artificial snow a man's face looked down on us—a face twisted with frustrated passion and hatred.

"Damn you!" he shouted. "I should have known I couldn't trust you."

He wrenched something from the platform he stood on. Fritz Kassel moved across the set like a sprinter taking off. He flung Valmai aside as a bag of six-inch nails crashed on to the floor beside her.

One of the continuity girls screamed. The police detective behind me shouted out: "Put a light on that man!"

Almost at once the beam of one of the arc lamps swung up, followed by another and another. Then we witnessed an extraordinary spectacle. Like a monkey the man was clambering through the intricate network of scaffolding and ropes above the set.

With the skill of a trapeze artist he swung from platform to platform, leapt like a madman from one girder to another across dizzy heights. But always the beams followed, transfixing him.

Suddenly from behind us sounded the decisive, finalising report of a revolver. The illuminated figure paused as if turned to stone. For an instant he stood on the transversal girder balancing with one hand supported on a rope.

His grip was weakening and he was falling slowly backwards. His second hand grappled wildly for the rope and now he was in space, swinging and dangling. Then the hands relaxed and he crashed down into the outer darkness beyond the fabric of the snowbound street scene.

It was two hours before we could get away. Jeremy drove me all the way back to town in his car. We didn't talk at all for a long time.

"Valmai must have realised her husband was there soon after the filming began. Don't you think so?"

"She must have," Jeremy agreed. "And she knew him well enough to suspect that he was capable of anything. All that crazy talk was intended to divert our attention. She was loyal to him in spite of everything, but I suppose when she saw him up above her this afternoon her nerve broke."

Jeremy stopped the car outside the Bar Ubriaco, in Berkeley Street, and sat staring ahead of him.

"It was all so unnecessary. I could have told him there was nothing serious between Frederick and Valmai. Just shows you what suspicion and jealousy can do."

I said: "In a way I believe I sympathise with him. If you were in love with your wife, do you think you'd enjoy watching her make love in the most convincing way to the handsomest man in the world?"

The little crinkles at the corners of Jeremy's mouth appeared again as he looked around into my face. I felt his arm slip along the top of the seat behind my shoulders.

"I hope that's something I shall never find out," he said. "You see, I'm proposing to marry an author."

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Adam and Eve

● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

A DEAR friend of mine and her fiance were talking the night before their wedding, making final arrangements for their honeymoon to Port Macquarie. They had whispered a few sweet nothings to each other, then husband-to-be said:

"There's just one thing I'm hoping for."

"What's that, darling?" my friend whispered.

"That the fish are biting at Port Macquarie," he replied.

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. N. Brownscombe, Post Office, Exeter, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

IN a large self-service grocery I waited while a woman hesitated over an array of soap-powders. She picked up packet after packet, shook her head, sighed, and replaced them. Finally, my patience exhausted, I remarked that I always found "X" brand very good.

"I'm sure it is," she replied. "But I wanted 'Y' most particularly. I've just had my kitchen painted pastel pink and grey and the 'Y' packet is the only one that tones in at all!"

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. R. M. Luson, 54 Sargood Street, Hampton, Victoria.

● Address your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Bride-to-be

THE letter was in her pocket and she had meant to tell him about it over coffee. But almost the moment he looked at her, he guessed. "You're happy about something," he said. "Out with it, Lydia."

"How did you know?" She smiled, trying to be casual.

The waiter was putting soup in front of them, but she didn't notice. She said: "Tony, did you write to your mother—about us?"

He hesitated a moment. Then he said: "You wanted me to."

"Well, you'll be glad when you see this!"

She pulled it out of her pocket—the thick, cream-colored envelope. She handed it to him and said: "Darling, she wants us to stay for a few days before we're married."

"I knew that would happen."

He glanced at the words she almost knew by heart. I want to welcome my new daughter. Gracious, kindly words that made her feel as though she were already one of the family. Then he handed the letter back. "We don't have to," he said. "We can get married and go and see them later on."

"But why? They'd be so upset, Tony."

"I know," he said restlessly. "I suppose we might as well go."

But she could see he was reluctant and she wondered if he was afraid they wouldn't like her. There was no other possible explanation, for Tony was very fond of his family. He talked about his mother, who was a widow. He had shown her photographs and told her anecdotes from the past and often he spoke of his home in the country town of Middlehurst.

Now, he said in a low, uneasy voice: "It means a lot to you, doesn't it, Lydia?"

"Yes, it does," she said. "But I want it for your sake most of all, Tony. Years from now, when we're older, you'll hate to think you let them down about something so important."

He reached across the table and put his hand over hers. "Years from now," he said, "all I'll think about is you."

Lydia picked up her spoon and smiled across at him. But the urgency behind his words had surprised her, for Tony was generally reticent about his feelings, casual, even matter-of-fact. But now, as he said: "All

Continued overleaf

Our complete novel by ANNE HOMER WARNER

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"BRIDE-TO-BE," by Anne Homer Warner

I'll think about is you," his voice was troubled, as though something were threatening them . . .

"We needn't decide now," she said.

"No. Let's go to the flat after dinner."

Tony's London home was a one-roomed flatlet on the ground floor of a narrow house. It had a miniature garden and a small, makeshift kitchen. And they were sure they could find ways to make it big enough for two. Tony unlocked the door.

"I forgot to tell you," he said. "I found a table today that folds up into three and takes up very little space!"

Lydia laughed. "That sounds just what we want," she said.

She started straightening books and ashtrays. She lived in a flat with three other girls. They all had possessions, and ideas for decorations and friends and parties. And probably it was better than being alone; but it wasn't the same as having a home, a place where you could have everything exactly as you liked.

"I saw something we could do with today," she said. "A collapsible clothes-horse!"

"Everything's going to be collapsible here," he said cheerfully. "It'll have to be."

"That's right," she agreed. "Let's go and see our flowers."

As they went outside, they felt the new warmth of the London spring, heard the distant noises; a wonderful sense of privacy came to them because it was all theirs—or at least all Tony's, and soon would be theirs together. They watered the flowers and sat on two rickety chairs. He took her hand in his.

"We could get married on Saturday," he said.

She smiled at him. In the half-dark it was a vaguely doubtful smile. She knew the sort of wedding he meant. They'd ask a few of Tony's friends, and a few of hers and the ceremony would be brief. Afterwards they'd go to a hotel or restaurant for a meal and drinks. Everyone would be gay and a bit feverish; and when it was all over they'd collect their suitcases and bring them here.

And it would be all right. In a way, it would be wonderful—except that all her life had been like that—friends but no family; hotels but no home; everything makeshift.

"There's nothing to prevent it," he said. "We'll have to get a special licence, if we make it Saturday, that's all."

"But think how disappointed they'll be!"

"I don't see what difference it makes about my people," Tony said.

"But Tony, people always include their families when they get married."

"I know. I've nothing against them."

"But what is it, then?" And after a moment she said: "Are you afraid — Tony, tell me honestly—are you afraid they won't like me?"

"Lydia, is that what you've been thinking? It's never occurred to me. They'll love you. I'm sure of it."

"Then what is it, Tony?"

He was silent for a while after that, but finally he said: "I honestly don't know, Lydia. I suppose it's the complications, the business of getting involved in family discussions and all that sort of thing . . ."

"Oh, Tony! Is that all?" She laughed, a low laugh of relief. "That doesn't sound too bad."

"I suppose not. But why bother with it at all?"

She said, "I think the main reason is I've never had a real home. You always have, so you don't realise how much it can mean. Mother died, you know, when I was still at school and before that we lived in furnished flats — all sorts of flats with other people's things. After Mother died I used to stay with friends or live in hostels. Then I came to London and shared the flat with the girls — but I've never really belonged anywhere."

He ran his fingers gently through her hair. "From now on," he said, "you're going to belong here."

"I know, Tony. I know, darling."

"But you want to meet my family first?"

"I want to be like other people, not sort of secretive and detached. Can't you understand that?"

"I suppose so. All right."

And then he said: "We'll go next week. Can you get Thursday and Friday off?" And he added with a brief laugh: "If we're going there we might as well go and get it over."

He stood up and pulled her to her feet. It was dark now, really dark, and when Tony put his arms round her she seemed entirely alone with him.

She thought of that other world of his — the town she didn't know, the family she'd never met. But they belonged to Tony, were a part of him; and you couldn't turn your back on so much without being hurt.

They left the following Thursday. Lydia packed a picnic lunch and the weather was fine. But two hours out of London they had a flat tyre. Tony groaned and then grinned. "Perhaps we'll never get there," he said. "The spare is patched to within an inch of its life."

"It's only a four-hour drive," she said. "Nothing at all, really . . ." And she thought with surprise: Tony's home is only a few hours from London, yet it's a year since he went back!

But now that they were on the way he seemed cheerful enough. Perhaps already he was glad they'd decided to go. She sat on a stone wall and watched him change the tyre. He worked quickly, for he was a good mechanic — he was good at a lot of things. And when he'd finally put away the tools he said: "Stay there. I'm going to take a photograph of you."

The wind was blowing her hair; the weather was mild. Tony set up his camera and then arranged her pose, the hands just so, the head back a little, looking up. He was absorbed, concentrating on his work. But his hands, touching her hair and the collar of her blouse, were gentle and protective as though he loved her.

And he does love me, she thought, finding it, as always, new — like a constantly recurring miracle. She watched him now, getting ready to take her photograph and then he glanced up.

"What were you thinking about then?" he asked.

"You."

"Good heavens! Do you always look like that when you're thinking about me?"

She smiled. "What did I look like?"

"As if you'd lost your last friend."

"Well, I haven't. I've found my best friend. He's here."

"Then turn up the corners of your mouth. Don't turn them down, darling."

She followed his instructions, looking up, and thinking: I love him so!

"That's fine! Keep like that!" Tony raised a warning finger, then took the photograph. He walked over to her. "It's going to be good," he said cheerfully, "but not as beautiful as the original."

He helped her down from the stone wall. "Well, we'd better move on."

"Yes, we should."

"We'll stop for our picnic. I know a spot with a brook."

"What time will we be there?"

"If we get there by five it'll be early enough."

Five o'clock. Only a few hours from now. She wondered what it would be like and she began to feel apprehensive. But you couldn't run away from things and Tony's family was an important part of his life. She tried to remember what he had told her about them and realised that everything he had said was quite commonplace.

Ralph was in an insurance company and a leader in the town's affairs. Barbara worked as a physiotherapist in the local hospital. They were both a good deal older than Tony, but they had never married.

She glanced at him. "Why didn't Ralph get married?"

"Your guess is as good as mine!" And then he chuckled. "For years Ralph has been the most eligible bachelor in Middlehurst. Perhaps he's had too many candidates produced at too many parties!"

"Oh, Tony!" And then she added with a quick little laugh: "I'm glad you're not so particular."

"But I am — the most particular man on earth," he said. "I'm just lucky, that's all."

She smiled. "As long as you always feel like that!" she said. But the remark was teasing. She knew he always would. It was the same feeling that she had, the feeling that made her wonder if she had ever been so happy before.

"There! Do you like our picnic spot?"

She saw the brook then—

Continued overleaf

Beauty in brief:

BEAUTY PATCHES

By CAROLYN EARLE

● The old-fashioned beauty patch for feminine cheeks is currently all the rage in Hollywood.

THERE seems to be no limit to the shapes and sizes of the patches that are being worn. Heart shapes, diamond, and triangles are all popular, and even minute butterflies emerge after dark.

The patches are usually cut from court plaster, a fine silken fabric backed with adhesive, but lots of women prefer to draw on their own patches with eyebrow pencil.

Anyone proposing to try this vanity needs only a pencil that is sharp and skin that is powder-dry, so that the color won't smear.

The patch is a mark of beauty. In other words, its function is to draw attention to the wearer's prettiest feature.

If it's the eyes, then the highest part of the cheekbone is the strategic spot for a patch.

To mark a pretty mouth, place the patch about three-quarters of an inch from the lip corner and in line with the bottom of your lower lip.

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"BRIDE-TO-BE," by Anne Homer Warner

falling down over a series of rocks. "It's lovely, darling."

It was after five when they drove into Middlehurst, and the town, she saw at once, was like any other. Tony turned west, on to a road that climbed gradually and here the houses were larger and the lawns beautifully kept. Finally, he drove through stone gates into a gravel drive.

"Is this it?" she asked in surprise.

Tony nodded.

The house was larger than she had imagined.

"It's lovely," she said. And now there was a little core of nervousness far in the back of her mind, but she ignored it.

Tony glanced at her as he stopped the car. He said: "Mother is something of a perfectionist when it comes to keeping the place up."

A perfectionist! He hadn't told her that! And now the nervousness began to expand into a feeling of panic. And then Tony said: "Here's Mother now."

She was coming towards them across the grass—a small, rather pretty woman with a basket of spring flowers in her hand. And she was smiling.

"My dears, I'm so glad you're here!" she said. She kissed Tony lightly and took Lydia's hand. "I was worried about that old car, you know. But never mind, you're here now and we're so glad you came!"

Her voice was soft and precise and something about her manner made Lydia's panic subside. "I'm glad, too," she said.

Tony put his hand on the bonnet of the car. "She's never failed me yet," he said.

"Well, never mind," his mother said. "Come and have tea. Ralph came home from the office on purpose to be here when you came, and Barbara left the hospital early."

They strolled round the side of the house and here the sun was bright on spring flowers. "What a lovely garden!" Lydia exclaimed.

Mrs. Wainwright smiled. She was proud of her garden, that was evident. But before Lydia could say anything more she found herself shaking hands with Ralph and Barbara.

She had thought she would feel shy and ill at ease at first but their welcome was so cordial that almost before she knew it she was drinking tea, talking casually and feeling as though she'd known them all a long time. "The garden is lovely," she said again.

Ralph grinned. He was a big, protective sort of person, the type, she thought, you could always depend on. "Mother's pet hobby," he said. "She changes it every year."

"This year she put in the sundial," Barbara added. She spoke in a soft, shy voice, and her dark eyes were rather tired but kind. And perhaps you felt drawn to her all the more, Lydia thought, just because she was so plain.

Ralph turned to Tony. "How did you two meet?" he asked.

"Over a bowl of soup," Tony said, but his smile was rather strained.

Lydia nodded. "That's exactly what happened," she said. "We met in a restaurant. Tony was with friends, and I was with friends, and we discovered they knew each other. You see," she said, "it wasn't at all romantic!"

But in her heart she had never believed that. The sheer chance involved had made it seem like fate. Tony knew what she felt about that chance meeting; they had often talked about it. "I almost didn't go that night," he'd said.

Now she saw he was looking at her. He wasn't smiling at all, just looking at her. Then he turned away and reached for a piece of toast.

"More tea?" Mrs. Wainwright asked. She poured tea for them all from a beautiful Spode teapot into fragile china cups. She said, with the faintest of smiles: "Have you decided where you're going to live?"

"We haven't much choice," Tony said. "London rents are ghastly. Lydia is going to move in with me."

"And live in one room!" Mrs. Wainwright sounded doubtful. "I don't think you realise, Tony, how difficult that's going to be for a young wife."

"Oh, we've all sorts of ideas," Lydia explained happily. "Tony is going to put up shelves above the sink, and we've seen a chest-of-drawers we can get quite cheaply."

She went on to tell them more, about the little garden, for instance, and the three gaily painted window boxes. But then she hesitated. Here, in this big, substantial home, none of their ideas seemed entirely adequate.

PERHAPS the others thought so, too, for Mrs. Wainwright said, with an indulgent smile: "Well, my dear, perhaps we can do better than that, but I think you are very courageous."

Tony stood up restlessly. "I'll get the cases from the car," he said.

"Of course. You'll both want to bath and change before dinner." And Mrs. Wainright added with a smile, "We've put you in the west room, Lydia, because we want you to think of it as yours from now on, whenever you and Tony come to stay."

Barbara showed her to her room. "There's something I want to show you—give you, that is," she said.

When she left, Lydia looked round, thinking that the room was as comfortable as any she had ever seen, in a subdued but distinctive way. There was a small black fireplace with a number of china figurines on the mantelpiece, and she went to look.

They were all different—a basket of flowers, a lady playing a harp, a miniature blue-and-white shoe. She picked the shoe up and cradled it in her hand, admiring the exquisite workmanship. And then, because there was a sound outside, she almost let it slip from her fingers.

Clumsily she retrieved it just in time, but she couldn't quite banish a slight shiver of guilt, because it was almost as though it had actually happened and she could see the pieces of blue and white china lying in disorder on the hearth.

"I almost dropped the little shoe," she exclaimed.

Barbara, who was standing in the doorway, laughed reassuringly. "Never mind. Mother has so many of those little odds and ends she'd never miss it."

"But they're charming."

"I know—and very old." Barbara smiled. "Tony was forever breaking things when he was younger. 'Butterfingers,' we used to call him."

Lydia thought of Tony—the deft, sure way he changed a tyre—and was surprised. She said uneasily: "I'd hate to break something the very day I arrived!"

"Mother wouldn't care. We're so glad you're here, so happy about you and Tony." And then she said almost apologetically: "I don't know if you can use this or not, Lydia . . ." and spread it all out on the bed, the loveliest array of linen Lydia had ever seen in her life.

"You don't mean," she said, "that you're giving it to us!"

"Yes, of course. I bought it years go in Florence."

"It's lovely!" she said. "Perfectly beautiful, Barbara."

"Well, I'm glad. It was just getting yellow put away in a box." Barbara was smiling and her dark eyes were very kind. "It's going to be wonderful for Tony to settle down and have a home," she said.

"He needs it, Lydia, and he needs you." Then she hesitated and said, with a curious urgency in her voice: "There are responsibilities that go with marriage—that will make all the difference!"

When Barbara had gone Lydia stood by the bed, looking at her treasures. It wasn't an ordinary present, she knew. Barbara had wanted to convey something more—to signify her approval, her acceptance of Lydia as one of the family.

She turned away and started to unpack. She bathed and dressed and then stood at the window, looking out at the lawn. Then she heard a knock on the door and found Mrs. Wainwright standing there. She had a small velvet box in her hand and she said: "We have a few moments before dinner and there's something I want to give you, Lydia."

Mrs. Wainwright came in and stood by the window. "When I married Tony's father, his mother gave me this," she said in her gentle voice. "Now it is to be yours."

She opened the box then and laid it on the dressing-table. "It's rather old-fashioned," she said.

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"BRIDE-TO-BE," by Anne Homer Warner

"But it's beautiful!"

"You like it?"

"Oh, Mrs. Wainwright . . ." She held the box in her hand and against the white satin the black cameo seemed to glow with a strange, arresting loveliness. I've never seen anything like it!" she said.

"That's understandable, dear, because there is no other like it. The brooch was made for Tony's great - great - grand - mother, designed in Paris when she was on her honeymoon."

"Oh!" Lydia bent her head to examine the brooch more closely, and she saw that the stone was framed in dark gold, of a rich almost baroque design. The dull, smooth ivory of the figure was exquisitely carved; and at the top there was a flawless pearl.

"Put it on, dear."

There was no reason to hesitate, but Lydia hadn't been prepared for anything like this: family treasures, the tradition that went with them; the feeling of belonging, of a whole new life opening out—or, perhaps, closing round her, warm and wonderful.

She pinned the cameo to her dress and turned to look in the mirror—and now the dress was somehow entirely different.

"It's not only that it's beautiful," Lydia said slowly. "It makes me so happy to have something that belongs to the past like this."

"I know. And I'm happy, too, dear. Tony needs stability, you know. It will make a great difference to his future. The thing to remember," Mrs. Wainwright continued gently, "is to have patience. Marriage is never easy, you know, and Tony is impulsive. But if you learn to overlook the difficult times, you will discover much that is rewarding."

There weren't going to be difficult times — Lydia was sure of that. But, of course, people always said things like that when you became engaged! Then she heard Tony's voice and a moment later he was standing in the doorway.

"Oh, here you are. Dinner's ready . . ." and then he saw the cameo. The expression on his face changed. "Has Mother given you her cameo?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes, just now." She touched the brooch gently.

"But Mother's worn that ever since I can remember. I can't imagine her without it."

"Now, Tony, you mustn't interfere! The cameo is Lydia's by right. Your grandmother gave it to me, you know, when I married your father."

"Of course. I know. But there's no hurry, is there? She can have it later on."

And now there was something stubborn and resistant in his voice.

Uneasily she ran her finger over the carving, feeling hurt, confused. Tony was watching her. "You ought to be glad," she said, trying to smile. "It makes me feel a part of your family, darling."

"You really want it, don't you?" he asked.

"Of course I do."

"Well, all right, then." But his assent was grudging.

"And did you see what Barbara gave us?"

He turned towards the bed and said after a moment: "Is that her Florentine linen?"

"Yes, isn't it heavenly?"

"But what can we do with it?"

He sounded querulous now, not like himself at all.

But his mother laughed reassuringly and patted his arm. "Surely you want Lydia to have a nice home, Tony. Tomorrow I'll see what we can do about silver."

She left them then, saying: "Dinner's ready. We mustn't keep Nellie waiting."

They could hear her footsteps on the stairs but Tony still stood by the bed with his hands shoved deep in his pockets. Lydia watched him anxiously. "Aren't you really glad?" she asked. "You must like nice things."

"Yes, of course I do." He looked at her and his eyes were baffled for a moment.

"Think of the dinner parties we can give!"

"On what? That junk-shop table?"

"Let's hope not. We won't always have things like that."

And then he took her in his arms. He kissed her—gently at first; but soon he was holding her so close that the cameo pressed painfully against her shoulder. Tony looked down at her. "Happy?" he asked.

"Of course! Darling, you never told me it would be like this."

"Like what?"

"Oh — everything," she sighed, pointing to the room, the linen on the bed. "Your family—they're so good—so kind," she said.

"I know they are," Tony agreed.

They went down the broad, curving stairs and found the others standing in the hall, smiling up at them with the kindly, tolerant expressions that people wear when they look at a young couple in love.

"Kinda funny-looking, aren't they?"

After dinner they had coffee in the living-room. The curtains were drawn, the lamps alight. Now that she had seen Tony's home it was surprising that his taste could be so different. He didn't even seem to know he had a torn rug on his floor and ugly stains on the ceiling.

Barbara loked up from her knitting. "When are you going to be married?" she asked.

"Soon," Tony replied. "The sooner the better."

Lydia laughed and glanced at him. Their eyes met for a brief moment, and there was something disturbing about the way he looked at her, as though they shared a secret that none of the others could understand.

"You must be married here," his mother said. Then she added in the gentlest possible way: "You have no home of your own, Lydia?"

"No. Only a flat I share with some other girls. Long before mother died we sold our home."

"Then I think we should have a reception here in the garden," Mrs. Wainwright said at once.

"Oh, that would be perfect," Lydia said.

"A white wedding in Middlehurst's lovely parish church—and bridesmaids . . ."

"There's that Venetian lace," said Barbara. "It would make a perfect veil, mother."

And then Tony intervened, abruptly, almost rudely. "Don't get worked up about it," he said. "Perhaps we don't want a lot of tinsel and show."

His mother said quickly: "Remember, Tony, it's the bride who decides what sort of wedding she'll have. It's her special privilege."

"That's right," said Ralph. "The groom doesn't count."

But Tony just sat there in stubborn silence, and it was strange, because before they'd been so close—but now it was almost as if he were looking at her across some barrier. He stood up restlessly and then he came and sat beside her on the sofa. "You'll look all right without any Venetian lace," he said. "Come on, Lydia, let's go out. I'll take you to the club for a drink."

He was excluding them, behaving as if they didn't exist. And, of course, they were hurt. "On your first night!" his mother exclaimed.

"Why not have drinks here with us?" Ralph suggested.

But Barbara's voice shook slightly. "We were going to have such a nice evening together," she said.

Lydia looked helplessly from one to another. And then Mrs. Wainwright said, with her kindest smile: "I've arranged a little party for Saturday night, Tony, so that our friends can meet Lydia. But I thought, till then, we'd have a nice family gathering."

But Tony didn't seem to hear. He laced his fingers through Lydia's and his voice had a stubborn, urgent quality: "Come on, Lydia," he said. "Let's go."

She pulled her hand away at once, feeling upset and bewildered. It wasn't like Tony to be so inconsiderate, so totally oblivious of other people's feelings.

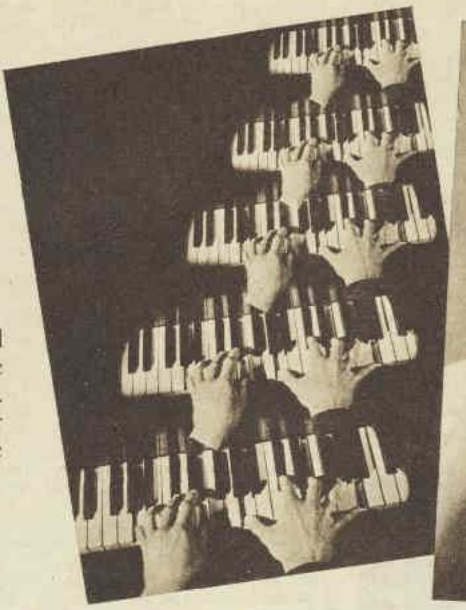
"We can't," she said, half under her breath. "We've only just come."

He looked at her for a moment in silence. Then his glance shifted so that he was staring at the cameo. "All right," he said. "I suppose we might as well stay."

It was ungracious—the

Continued overleaf

The Conquest *of* Discord



Harmony, of course, means "getting along well together," and discord means "disagreement." A sure sign of upset health is when people readily disagree—when they are frequently "at loggerheads" . . . This tension and upset can arise from many causes, but, whichever common one of them it is, will surely respond promptly to the beneficial action of Cream of Yeast.

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Digestive Upset	Comfort Restored	3-15 mins.
Nervous Tension	Calmed	10 mins.
Skin Troubles (nervous type).	Often eased or cleared up	2 days

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"BRIDE-TO-BE"

rudest sort of capitulation. The others tried not to notice, but the atmosphere was strained. Tony started discussing his work with Ralph. Ralph was keenly interested, eager to help in any way he could.

It wasn't that he doubted Tony's ability at all—it was just that Tony's new venture, handling a film publicity business on his own, seemed precarious. It was true that Tony had been associated with several ventures that had failed, but lately he'd seemed to be getting on his feet.

"Isn't there any way you could help, Ralph?" Mrs. Wainwright asked.

"I'll do anything I can."

Tony ground out his cigarette and reached for another. "I'm doing all right," he said. "It's only a question of time. I love the work and I can use my own ideas, my own initiative. That makes all the difference. And I know, in the end, I'll make money, too."

Ralph smiled. "Well, any time you want me to help you to find something better, you've only to say. And in the meantime I have a present for you and Lydia."

He brought a document from his pocket. "It's an insurance policy and the premiums are paid for five years. That means you can either cash it, borrow on it, or continue to pay and have a comfortable little annuity.

"Oh," Lydia smiled at Tony. The sheaf of papers felt stiff in her hands. "It is good of you, Ralph. Thank you very, very much."

"We appreciate it," Tony said.

Ralph smiled comfortably. "I wanted to be sure you'd have something to fall back on, no matter what happens."

Lydia looked at the complicated document in her hands. Something to fall back on. And it seemed as if she'd found so much in one day; a home, a family who cared what happened to her.

Tony stood up. "I'm going to see about getting that tyre patched," he said.

"At this hour!" Barbara exclaimed.

"There's an all-night garage down the road. And the other tyre's going flat."

"That's not safe, Tony," Mrs. Wainwright said. "You might have an accident."

"That's why I'm getting it done now." He spoke quickly and a moment later he had gone.

"Well!" his mother said. "I'm glad he's having that old car seen to."

Lydia nodded. Tony had left so hurriedly, without so much as a glance in her direction.

A little later, Barbara came back from answering the telephone. "That was the Palmers," she said. "George and Daphne are coming in to say hello to Tony. I said he'd be back any moment."

"How nice," Mrs. Wainwright said. "They're very old friends, Lydia. Tony and George were at school together and Daphne is George's sister. She's engaged to a naval officer."

"Yes, I know," Lydia said—because Tony had told her about Daphne. Tony and Daphne had been engaged years ago. Tony had told her casually: "I was engaged once, to a girl in Middlehurst. Her name was Daphne Palmer." The tone of his voice had told her that there was no strain, no hint of regret.

George, when he and his sister came, was a tall young man. Daphne was pretty, slender, with wide-apart brown eyes.

They talked about trivialities for a while and then Ralph glanced at the clock and said: "I'm going to ring the garage."

He returned from the hall frowning slightly. "Tony isn't there."

George laughed. "Perhaps he's having a quick one!"

As soon as George made the suggestion Lydia felt she'd known all along. Tony liked to have his own way. She said as casually as possible: "Perhaps he is. He suggested going out earlier in the evening."

And then she saw Daphne was staring at the cameo. It wasn't a quick glance and Lydia could feel her heart pounding strangely. Once, years ago, Daphne must have worn this cameo.

And then the clock struck ten in deep relentless tones. George glanced at her and said cheerfully: 'Let's go and find Tony. We'll show you some of Middlehurst's feeble night life!"

There was a moment of hesitation while they all looked at her. Then Barbara said in a low voice: "Lydia must be tired."

"No, I'm not a bit tired," she protested. How could she go to bed when Tony wasn't here, when she didn't know where he was?

They piled into Ralph's car. Barbara, who had long ago given up any form of "night life," stayed with her mother.

Lydia sat in the comfortable front with Ralph, who immediately tried to reassure her. "You mustn't mind Tony behaving like this sometimes. He's always been erratic, but he turns up eventually."

LYDIA laughed, but she had never thought of Tony as erratic. He'd always seemed dependable and considerate. She said uneasily: "I'm not really dressed for night life."

"Oh, our club's quite informal." Then Ralph said, still in that quiet, consoling voice: "Father died when Tony was fifteen, you know. That makes a big difference to a boy."

"Yes, I know," she said, but she didn't. She had no idea what he was talking about. She saw that Ralph's kindly, placid face was set in lines of real concern.

The first thing they saw in the club car park was Tony's old car. George called out: "Who says I'm not a good guesser?"

They all seemed pleased but Lydia held back, reluctant now. Perhaps it had been a mistake to come here and try to find Tony. But already they were crowding into the hall, then into the bar.

They found Tony at the far end of the bar. He was with a pretty, dark-eyed girl.

Lydia was thankful that George knew what to say. "We've been sitting in the house waiting for you!" he said. "How are you, Tony?" The two friends clapped each other on the shoulder and Tony made the introductions. "Moira Peterson," he said. "This is Lydia Marlowe, my brother Ralph, Daphne Palmer and her brother George."

They found a bigger table. As they sat down, Tony shot Lydia one defiant glance. The meaning was plain—I suppose you're angry but I don't care!"

She didn't understand at all. What had happened to Tony? Why did he treat her like this?

The only thing to do was to join in the gaiety and pretend she didn't mind. She danced with Ralph and George, and finally with Tony. Then he offered the feeblest sort of apology. "I shouldn't have walked out on you like that," he said, "but I felt like coming here."

"Yes, I know." A dozen retorts crowded into her mind but she didn't say any of them, because Tony didn't seem to care in the least what she felt.

Tony stopped dancing after a while. "Let's go back," he said. He sounded depressed, but when they rejoined the others he became cheerful again. It was two o'clock now. Tony insisted on driving Moira home. "She was meeting some friends here," he said, "and they didn't turn up. So I told her I'd cope with the transportation."

Lydia found herself wedged between Tony and Moira in the front seat of the old car. She was tired now. It seemed a long time since they had left London. And she couldn't help thinking of what Daphne had said to her as they walked towards their cars.

Daphne had smiled rather shyly and said in her low, pleasant voice, "I'm so glad you could come here and we've had a chance to meet, Lydia. Tony is one of my favorite people—he always will be. And I'm sure you'll like Timothy."

"Yes, I'm sure I shall," she'd said. Timothy was Daphne's fiance and what she'd meant was that she hoped they'd all four be friends, because there was nothing left from the past to disturb them—nothing left at all. And that was what she couldn't understand.

When they reached Moira's house, Tony saw her to her door, then returned to the car. "Tired?" he asked.

"It seems a long time since we left London."

"A couple of centuries, at least!" But he sounded cheerful enough. Apparently he was going to pretend that nothing had been wrong with the evening. They drove through the gates and already the dim outlines of the Wainwright house looked familiar. She said, "I think your family's wonderful, Tony. They've been so kind to me."

"Yes," he said, "but I thought we were going to get married in London. They'll get all worked up about a fancy wedding, Lydia. They've already arranged a party for Saturday night."

"I know," she said, "but I want a nice wedding, Tony. Why shouldn't we have one?" She looked across the moonlit garden and thought of Mrs. Wainwright's generous offer of a garden reception—the dignity and the beauty it would have in contrast to the quick wedding in London.

Tony lit a cigarette. Ralph must have seen the flare, for they heard his footsteps on the gravel. "I thought I'd better wait up," he said, "and be sure you car made it."

They walked up to the house together. "You'd better get to bed," Tony said to Lydia. "You look tired."

She smiled sleepily. "I am. Good night, everyone!"

A box had been left on her bed, and she opened it and found inside the Venetian lace. How kind of them—how unbelievably kind.

. . . . . .

When she awoke a faint breeze was blowing the silky curtains at the windows, and the room was full of sunshine.

She bathed and dressed quickly. Ralph and his mother were breakfasting together, and as she entered the dining-room she heard Ralph say, "Tony's problem is that he never sticks to any one thing for long."

Then they saw her and smiled warmly. Ralph said, "We were talking about Tony.

To page 66

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- Contest not open to employees (and their families) of Nestlé's or their advertising agents.
- Results will be published in Women's Weekly on 12th September, 1956. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Winning entries become the property of Nestlé's Food Specialities (Aust.) Ltd., and may be used for advertising purposes.

"BRIDE-TO-BE"

But, as you can see, I'm playing truant from the office myself at the moment."

That was a joke, of course —Ralph was very successful, and head of a department. She said, "I'm sure Tony won't leave the work he's doing now. He loves everything about it!"

"I know. And he seems to be making quite a name for himself!"

Mrs. Wainwright smiled reassuringly. "In any case, we want to help you, my dear."

. . . . . .

Tony slept until almost noon, and when he finally joined her she was helping his mother in the garden. She looked up when she saw him. "This is such fun! Some day, darling, we must have a garden like this!"

"I thought we had a garden."

"We have, but still . . ."

"That's right, it's a bit different." There was no mistaking the irony in his voice, and she thought with sudden resentment, why does he always have to spoil things for me?

"Lydia has a green thumb," Mrs. Wainwright said. "She really understands flowers."

"I thought I'd pop over to Barton, Mother."

"Wait until after lunch, dear. Ralph's coming home specially. And Nellie is cooking sweetbreads because they're your favorites. Besides," she said, "I may have a surprise for you both later on!"

Mrs. Wainwright smiled gaily and went up to the house, and Tony dropped beside Lydia on the grass.

Lydia watched him in silence for a moment, and then she said something she hadn't intended to say at all. She said, "I think Daphne Palmer is awfully nice—a lovely person. I don't think you ever told me what happened."

He didn't seem disturbed by the remark, though he looked puzzled. "I'm not sure I know myself," he admitted. "Things just seemed to peter off, Lydia. Not that Daphne isn't one of my favorite people."

Lydia smiled. "That's exactly what she said about you. It's nice not to have any unhappy feelings." But still she thought it strange.

Then Tony changed the subject, and there was an odd note of discouragement in his voice. "I suppose you noticed last night," he said, "that Ralph isn't too optimistic about my work."

"I know," she said doubtfully.

He said, "But there's no reason why I shouldn't be lucky this time."

"No reason at all," she agreed quickly. "And perhaps Ralph can help you."

"Yes." And then he said heavily, "You never get on in this world unless you take some chances." But he didn't sound sure of himself. He was not at all like the Tony she had known—buoyant, confident.

She thought of the shabby little office and said uneasily, "You don't think it could fail, do you?"

"Who knows? I certainly don't!" He stood up. She saw that Barbara was walking towards them.

"Hello, you two, what are you conspiring about?" Barbara's thin, plain face was lightened by a happy smile. "Whatever it is, you'll have to stop because lunch is ready."

It was a delicious lunch. When they had almost finished, Mrs. Wainwright glanced round, smiling brightly at each one. "I have a little surprise for you," she said. "I phoned Mary Judson in London. And

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just a little while ago she rang me back."

Ralph laughed. "Is this the surprise?"

"Now, Ralph, stop interrupting! Of course it is. Mary has found just what I was hoping for—an unfurnished flat. Do you know Hampstead, Lydia?"

"Yes—it's lovely there."

"Well, this flat is in Hampstead. There are three rooms and a small kitchen. Mary says it's really charming. Of course, we shall have to buy the lease, and it's to be my wedding present." She smiled at them both. "This afternoon we must start thinking about furniture. I want you young people to have everything just as you want it!"

Tony looked up. He said, "This is very good of you, Mother, and we appreciate it, but I don't think we can accept it. We've arranged to move into my place."

"But, Tony, every wife needs a proper home. Surely you realise that! It was very brave of Lydia to consider starting in one room." She turned to Lydia. "What do you feel about it, dear?"

"I think it would be wonderful," Lydia said. "Just think Tony—three rooms and a proper kitchen!"

"I know." But still he hesitated. For a long moment she was afraid he was going to object, but he didn't. He was sweet about it. "Well, all right, then," he said in a gentle, tentative way. "I suppose Mother's right."

Mrs. Wainwright said, "First of all we must make a list. Then we'll know exactly what you need."

But Tony shook his head. "You'll have to count me out until I get back from Barton," he said. "I won't be long."

"All right, dear. We'll start on things that don't interest husbands, anyway!"

Lydia didn't know at first what she meant, but immediately after Tony had gone Mrs. Wainwright made an inventory. Then she started invading drawers, cupboards, and the attic. She got out fleecy blankets and piles of sheets and towels. She even discovered other things for which she had no possible use—a lovely pair of brass candlesticks, and then a small desk.

The desk was a delightful little creation of inlaid cherrywood, with slender, fluted legs. For Lydia there was a sort of enchantment that came from the very thought of owning such things and caring for them and creating a beautiful home.

"I'm glad you appreciate nice things," Mrs. Wainwright said.

It was almost seven when Tony returned and she ran out to greet him. "You can't imagine what lovely things your mother has given us! Everything we could possibly need!"

Tony nodded. "Yes, I know." And then he said quietly. "After dinner let's talk about it."

"What do you mean? They're all things she doesn't need, Tony, really they are. And it makes her so happy to give them to us."

"After dinner. We haven't time now."

"Well, all right—but please, darling—you said it was all right before."

"I know I did. We'll see."

Lydia began to feel increasingly nervous. She was almost sure now that Tony was going to object.

All through dinner she rehearsed the arguments she would use. She thought it all out, but still she was nervous. She wondered when they'd have a chance to talk, but he arranged it after dinner. "Come to your room, Lydia," he said. "We can be alone there."

She followed him upstairs into the room. Then he said, "I don't want all this to go too far. Apparently Mother hasn't signed a lease yet."

"I think Mrs. Judson made some arrangement," Lydia said.

Tony shrugged. "It doesn't matter. A flat like that will be easy to get rid of."

She stared at him. Apparently he wasn't even going to listen to her arguments. She said, "What do you mean?"

He sat down and pulled her down beside him. "We have a home already," he said. "Have you forgotten that?"

"I know. But this will be so much better!"

"I don't want Mother paying our rent."

"The lease is a wedding present."

"I know." And now he seemed to be looking not at her but at the cameo, which she had pinned to her dress, and which glowed, gold and ivory, against the silk.

He turned away then and stood up abruptly. He began to pace the little room back and forth, and something in his face frightened her.

She said, "Tony, what's the matter?"

He stood looking round the small room as though seeking some way of escape. And then he said almost desperately, "I'm not even sure whether we ought to get married, Lydia. Not sure at all!"

At first she couldn't believe she'd heard those words; then very gradually their meaning began to form. She shivered, feeling frightened. She said, "I don't mind the one-room flat. Really, I don't."

She heard the anxiety in her own voice, but she tried not to let him notice. "I'll live anywhere you like," she protested.

But he only made a vague gesture of defeat, as though none of that mattered now.

She wanted to touch him, but she was afraid to, for he looked half-sick and completely determined. "It's no use, Lydia," he said. "I don't know what's the matter with me but there's no future for us."

"You can't really mean that!"

He moved towards the door. "There's not much point in talking about it," he said. "I'm going out for a while."

"Oh, no, Tony!"

"I must." His voice was heavy now—with a kind of discouragement she had never heard before. "I can't—there's no other way," he said. And then he left.

She heard the front door slam and the car start.

She sat quite still on the little velvet sofa, hardly able to think. She remembered Ralph had said, "Tony's problem is that he never sticks to one thing for long." And perhaps that was true about girls as well as jobs.

He had been engaged to Daphne once, for instance. In a kind of daze, she thought about Daphne—the pretty hair, friendly smile. They had been engaged, so they must have been in love. But now Tony treated her with cheerful indifference. And, she thought, if he's really as changeable as all that, perhaps it's better to know now!

The door opened and Barbara looked in. "Oh," she said, "isn't Tony here?"

"No," Lydia managed a smile. She made her voice casual and matter-of-fact. "He had to go out for a bit."

Barbara looked concerned. "You should have gone with him," she said. "This is supposed to be a holiday for the two of you!"

Then Ralph came in. "Tony not here?" he asked with surprise in his voice.

"No, he's gone out." And she thought: I mustn't let them know. Tomorrow it will be all right. He can't really have meant it.

"We might have a game of bridge" Ralph suggested. And so they went to the living-room and set up the table.

She saw they were watching the clock, too. Barbara glanced at her ruefully. "Tony must have met someone he knows."

"Shall I drive over to the club and see if he's there?" Ralph asked.

"No!" And then, because there had been a note of alarm in her voice, she laughed carelessly to cover it up. "Goodness, no! After all, it's his holiday and he works hard. I didn't feel like going."

They played until almost one. Then Barbara went with her to her room. "You're sure you have everything?"

"Oh, yes, everything. Thank you so much." Lydia closed the door and went over to the window. But there was no sign of the car. And it seemed strange that Tony's family was so unconcerned. Apparently they were used to him. But she hadn't known before that he was like this. She hadn't known any of these things about him!

She went to bed finally and managed to sleep. But when she awoke she was still very tired. She bathed and put on a skirt and blouse, moving about the room without awareness.

It was a comfortable room but no longer familiar. Even while she'd slept something had happened to her, so that she had stepped outside the house and was watching a mechanical girl getting dressed.

Mrs. Wainwright joined her in the dining-room. "I'm glad you were able to sleep, my dear," she said. "I don't know how long the party will last tonight."

The party—she had forgotten about that. She picked up a dish of honey and spooned some on to her plate. And then Mrs. Wainwright said something that made everything quite clear. "It's a pity Tony has to go on this business trip before the wedding. I was hoping we could settle the date."

The honey was spreading out over the butter. Lydia stared at the pattern of amber. Her mouth felt very dry, but she kept her voice calm. "Yes," she said, making it less a question than a confirmation.

"I tried to tell him it would be an excellent excuse for a honeymoon! But he says it has to be business, and nothing else."

"I know." When had Tony said all this?

She didn't know how to phrase the question; and then she didn't have to ask.

"Tony was up early this morning," Mrs. Wainwright said. "He couldn't have had much sleep. By the way, I think we should order the invitations."

"Yes, I know."

"Speak to him about them, Lydia," Mrs. Wainwright said. "He says he isn't sure when he'll be back; but he can't be so indefinite!"

Oh, yes, he can, Lydia thought with helpless, angry bitterness. She knew now that Tony had wanted to postpone the wedding. Postponement would result finally in an ending. She asked: "Where is he now?"

"He had to go out for an hour or two, but he'll be back. So tell him, dear, that we want to start ordering the invitations."

"Yes, I'll tell him." She stood up. She managed to escape, then. She walked across the terrace and down to the garden. The sun was warm, but still she shivered. For she hadn't known that Tony was calculating.

She hadn't thought there was any cruelty in his nature. When she turned, she saw him coming towards her. In the morning light he looked dreadfully tired and not calculating at all.

He stopped beside her on the path. He didn't touch her and his voice was strained with embarrassment. "I'd give my right arm if this hadn't happened, Lydia."

"But what did happen, Tony?"

He moved away from her, his hands were shoved deep in his pockets and she saw that his face was closed against her. "There's no point in talking about it, Lydia. It's just a feeling I have. It would not work."

It was almost childishly inconclusive, which made it completely final. There was nothing to argue about, nothing to fight against. "Just a feeling," he said. But what it really amounted to was that he no longer wanted her.

"Can you take me back to London?" she asked.

"Not until tomorrow, Lydia. There's the party. We'd get involved in a lot of explanations."

"All right."

"And I'm dreadfully sorry, Lydia."

That was the one thing she couldn't listen to—his apologies.

She spent the day with his family. She went to the hospital with Barbara, to see the work she was doing there. She lunched with Ralph at the town's best hotel. In the afternoon Mrs. Wainwright began telling her the names and life histories of the people who were coming to the party. "Most of them have known Tony for years," she said, "so of course they're eager to meet you!"

About seven she went upstairs. "Wear your prettiest dress!" Mrs. Wainwright had said. The velvet box with the cameo was still on the dressing-table. If she didn't wear it, Mrs. Wainwright would notice.

She took it out and held it in her hand, then pinned it to her dress.

She went downstairs, feeling calm and sure, in a surface but passable way.

She was introduced to everyone as "Lydia Marlowe, Tony's fiancee." They had cocktails; and then a buffet supper at small tables in the dining-room."

He greeted everyone affably and made some vague excuse about the car. But his eyes never met hers.

It didn't seem possible that he could be so hard, so distant and so completely at ease. It was almost like watching a stranger, someone she scarcely knew. After a while she saw him, with a single, sweeping gesture, knock over a glass of wine.

He was at the far end of the room, but Barbara saw, too, and was distressed. "Poor Tony! He's always doing things like that. He can't help it," she said, smiling indulgently.

The maid was removing the wine-stained cloth. Tony didn't seem disturbed by the accident, outwardly, at any rate, though there was a look of strain about his mouth. And Lydia, watching, thought: Even his face isn't the same in this house.

She looked round in a kind of daze at the gracious, ample proportions of the room. "Poor Tony," Barbara had said, letting the words fall automatically, as though she'd said them a hundred times.

"Why poor Tony?" Lydia asked suddenly.

They all looked at her in surprise. Barbara's remark had been lost a long time ago. Now, quite suddenly, there was a hard core of anger deep down inside Lydia. What right had they to use that slighting, condescending tone about Tony?

Yet they belittled everything he tried to do. They belittled his work, they made fun of his car. They treated him like a sort of perennial problem, and they made him half believe that what they thought was true.

She looked at Barbara and saw the patient resignation on her face; she glanced across the room, where Ralph, in his calm, authoritative way, was attending to things. And she thought: What have they ever done, except stay at home where it is safe? They haven't married; they haven't taken chances or challenged life in any way.

Now she knew that she had done it, too—joined the chorus of disapproval, the constant doubts that undermined Tony's belief in himself. "Do you think the business might fail?" she'd asked anxiously. "Why should we live in one room, with water stains on the ceiling!" she protested.

And so she'd become part of the thing he had to escape from—a replica of the enervating destructive forces that had shadowed all his life. And she thought: I'll tell him now. I'll make him see that I'm not really like that—not like his family at all!

"Would you care to dance?" George Palmer asked.

"Yes, I'd like to," she said quickly. But first she drained her glass of wine at one gulp. And she saw that Barbara looked surprised and faintly disapproving.

They danced in silence for a while. And then she said, "I wish you'd tell me what happened between Daphne and Tony. There must have been something." And, when he looked surprised, she added hastily, "I think I can guess but I was wondering if I was right."

"The truth is, I don't really know, Lydia. I'm not even sure that Daphne does."

"But Tony's family—what did they feel about it?"

"Oh, they were all for it from the start. They bought them a house."

"And Tony's mother furnished it?"

"From attic to cellar. They could have moved straight in. But something went haywire. It was just one of those things."

One of those things. And it had happened to her, too, in the same way. At first Tony and Daphne had been alone with their love. But then Tony's family had taken over. And almost before she knew it Daphne was in league with them against him, making careful, condescending little plans. And after a while Tony's feelings towards Daphne had changed. He hadn't known why; he just didn't love her any more.

Lydia thought desperately: When I explain that I understand, it will be all right.

She saw that Tony was in the dining-room, talking to a number of friends. He smiled at her and gave her a drink. "I'm sorry to put you through all this," he said in a low voice.

"Yes, of course." And then she said, "Couldn't we go out on the terrace for a while?" Tony followed uncomfortably. He didn't want to talk. But as soon as she had explained, it would be all right.

She managed to keep her voice steady. "There's something I meant to tell you," she said. "What I mean is, I don't want to change you in any way. I love everything about your life. I just didn't know before!"

He nodded uneasily, half turning away from her. "It isn't your fault," he said doggedly. "Perhaps I'm just not cut out for marriage."

"Of course you are," she said quickly, "but it has to be the right sort of marriage. And the trouble is that now you think I'm like your family, and that's not true at all."

"I don't see what my family has to do with it!"

"They have everything to do with it," she explained eagerly. "They're condescending. And they made me condescending, too."

But still she couldn't reach him; she was only making him angry. "Running my family down isn't going to change anything," he said. "I don't see that they come into it at all."

"But they do," she persisted. "Don't you see? They patronise you, they make you lose faith in yourself."

"On the contrary, they've always been very decent to me; generous, in fact."

She hadn't dreamed that Tony didn't know his family was hurting him. And she realised uneasily that probably this was true of most family relationships. They went too deep for probing. Affection and resentment, love, and hate, were all mixed up together.

Tony's escape had been unconscious. He instinctively avoided coming home. But he didn't know why. He'd just thought vaguely, we'll become too involved . . . And that had seemed to her such a pointless reason!!

Now there was rebuke in his voice. "But they're all for you.

Continued overleaf

"You look wonderful, Harry. What have you done to yourself?"

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"BRIDE-TO-BE," by Anne Homer Warner

Lydia. They started singing your praises the moment we arrived!"

"I know."

And then he said heavily, "Well, it doesn't matter. Let's go in."

She felt dazed, for she knew now there was nothing at all she could say that would bring back what they'd had before. Tony needed a wife who had complete confidence in him; who was proud of his work and the home he could give her. But it was too late for her to be that person.

They turned towards the door just as Ralph came out. "Oh, there you are, Tony," he said. "I've been looking for you. Mother wants to see you."

Tony grinned. "I'm coming!" He sounded relieved, glad of a chance of escape. She watched him go and felt dulled and unreal.

Ralph said, "You're going to be a big help to him, Lydia."

She nodded vaguely and turned to look at the smiling, complacent man who was Tony's brother. And she wanted to feel resentment, but she couldn't, because Ralph meant well; they all did. They all loved Tony in their kindly, tolerant, destructive way.

She looked up at Ralph, and said flippantly, "Ralph, have you ever wanted to live somewhere else, and do something different?"

She heard the words tumble out, brightly, almost feverishly. And she saw that Ralph looked faintly disturbed. "I don't think I've considered it," he said.

"Perhaps you're right," she said. "Perhaps it's a mistake to think, because then we begin to wonder if we're really alive. Do you know you're alive when you wake up in the morning, Ralph? Tony, now, knows when he's waking up. There's the whole day ahead of him, so, you see, he's really alive."

"Yes, of course." Ralph was genuinely troubled now. "Are you feeling all right, Lydia? That wine was pretty strong."

He thought she was drunk, and she was in a way—drunk with a kind of desperation because she had lost the only good love she had ever known.

He steered her firmly towards the door, and into the house. A moment later she was really trapped, sitting on a sofa. Everyone was very kind. "We think it's wonderful about you and Tony!" they said.

"Yes, isn't it?" she answered, smiling. According to the clock it was only quarter-past eleven. The party would last another two hours. And that was unthinkable.

She said, "I think I'll go upstairs for a moment," and managed to escape. But the room hadn't changed either. She wandered over to the mantelpiece and picked up the little blue-and-white china shoe. And at once it slipped from her fingers and crashed to the floor.

Lydia turned, almost in a panic, and saw that Barbara was standing in the doorway. With sudden, bitter defiance she said, with a careless little laugh. "Oh, well, it's only a piece of china, after all!"

"But it was one of Mother's favorites." Barbara protested. She looked shocked and anxious. "Are you feeling all right?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm fine." With the toe of her shoe she pushed aside the fragments of china.

"Are you sure you're all right?" Barbara asked uneasily. "Wouldn't you like to lie down?"

"No, I think I'd rather dance!" Lydia said. She turned and left the room, but she saw that Barbara had stayed behind to pick up the broken china.

George Palmer was at the foot of the stairs. "I was looking for you," he said. "I thought we might have another dance."

As soon as they started to dance, she saw Tony through the archway to the living-room. His back was turned, and he was laughing with a group of people. She knew suddenly that if she didn't leave at once she'd break down. She said, "Let's go to the club, George."

"And leave the party?" George looked surprised. "It's being given for you," he said. "We can't very well leave now."

"I must," she said. Her voice caught—it was too quick, too shrill.

George looked at her with sudden discernment. "You mean you want to run away for a while?"

"Yes, please . . ."

"Let's go by the terrace, then."

They skirted the house, going noiselessly. But as she started to get into the car, she saw that Ralph was standing in the drive. Even from a distance she was aware of the surprise and consternation on his face.

The wind blew her hair and she was able to breathe. She said, "I don't think I could have stayed a moment longer."

"That's O.K.," George said consolingly. "I'm not much good at parties either."

She thought a moment. Then she said, "Could we go somewhere else instead of the club?" She didn't want to remember her first night in Middlehurst.

"There's the Grotto," George said.

At the Grotto George found a table in a corner and ordered. Then he said, "Do you want to talk about it?"

"No," she said, "I think I'd better not." And then she asked, "George, Tony is very different from the rest of his family, isn't he?"

George thought for a moment. "Yes. He seems to have come from a different mould. I suppose it happens sometimes."

A different mould. What George said was true, and that could hurt a person, because when you were a child you tried to conform, and when you grew up you had to escape or else be twisted all out of shape. She said, "Let's dance."

The music was good, and they stayed until the waiters began stacking the chairs. Then George drove her home. He said, "Do you want me to come in with you?"

"No, I think I'd better cope myself!"

"All right, then. I see the other guests have all gone. I doubt if I'd be welcome."

She laughed. "It's after three; I doubt if you would. But thank you for everything."

She found them all waiting in the hall. They were waiting like figures on a stage. Like puppets, she thought vaguely, with strings attached.

And obviously they didn't approve.

Her hair was wind-blown; she knew that. She needed lipstick, too. She looked as one does at three o'clock in the morning after dancing and trying to have fun. "I'm sorry," she said, but she really didn't mean it.

"Our guests were disappointed," Mrs. Wainwright remarked quietly. "They wanted to say goodbye, but no one could find you, Lydia."

"I know. We went to the Grotto."

"We were worried," Barbara said. "And, of course, it was hard on Tony, trying to explain."

Tony was sitting on the stairs, hunched up.

"Well, I suppose I'd better go to bed," she said. "It's late."

Mrs. Wainwright sighed. She said, "It's better not to be hasty, Lydia. Perhaps it's just as well that Tony is going away for a while."

Lydia was aware of a kind of tension. Something else was expected of her. She looked vaguely into the mirror and saw the cameo gleaming against her dress.

She unfastened the pin and put the brooch in Mrs. Wainwright's hand. She said, "I shouldn't have this."

Mrs. Wainwright nodded and said, "Perhaps, my dear, until you and Tony are really certain."

"But we are certain!" It was Tony's voice — but no one heard him. He didn't count, at that moment in the house, at all.

Mrs. Wainwright was still smiling. "I'm not at all sure," she said, "that you and Tony are suited. He needs someone stable, you know, and perhaps you do, too."

Tony stood up. "We need each other," he said. "Come on, Lydia, let's go out!" And he added, with a grin, "I may not be George, but I'll do my best!"

She was astonished. She didn't understand what had happened at all. But a moment later she was in Tony's car, driving away from the house. When they'd gone far enough, he stopped at the side of the road and took her in his arms.

"Don't let them get you down, darling," he said. "I'll look after you and I'm sorry about everything. I don't know what happened to me. I must have been out of my mind. I knew that as soon as they started running you down . . ."

"Yes, I know," she said breathlessly, because then she did know, finally and incredibly. She was back on Tony's side of the wall—back in the world where people did their best and weren't afraid.

"Oh, darling," she said.

"Don't cry, Lydia. Good lord, how I love you!"

They didn't have to talk. But after a while Tony chuckled. He said, "Well go back to London tomorrow and get married as we should have done in the first place."

"Yes," she said. "I didn't know."

"It doesn't matter now," he said. "As long as we're together, it doesn't matter at all."

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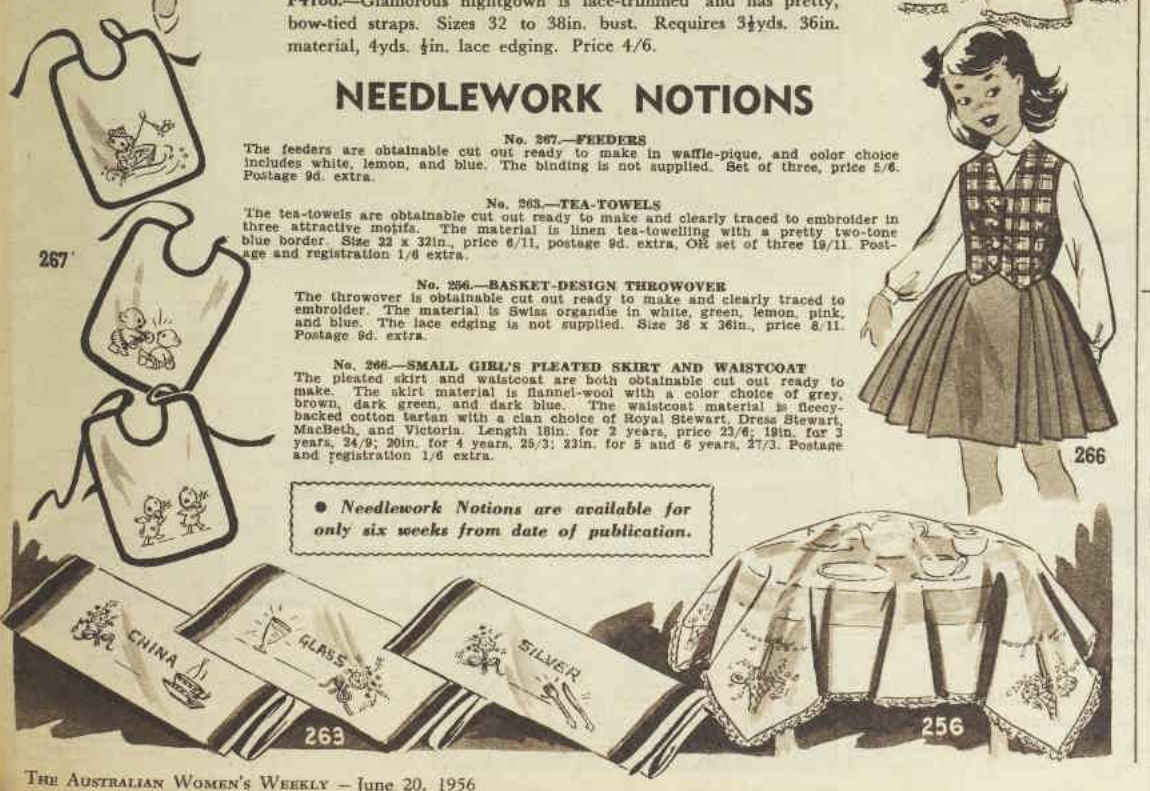

• *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.*

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(Above) From Book 194. Knitting Books. 1/6 ea. (posted, 1/9).

(Left) From "Busy Fingers" Vol. 3.

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GENUINE OPERATING ECONOMY—*plus* LIFETIME DURABILITY . . . heavily nickel plated and sturdily constructed of brass and copper, which will not corrode. SIMPLICITY OF OPERATION . . . just light the wick for steaming hot water in a few moments. COMPACT DESIGN . . . neat appearance and easily connected to water main or tank. Supplied complete with anti-down-draught cowl and 9 ft. of flue.

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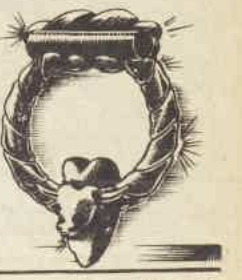

BRASS and COPPER shine like the sun with a little touch of BRASSO

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Nothing else gives your hands surer protection than

ANSELL 'Silver-Lined' RUBBER GLOVES

Slip them on and off like lightning!

With Ansell's crepe surface, you can handle the most delicate china in the hottest soapy water with the sureness of barehand touch. They're tough — yet so light and cool! And only Ansell give you the magic smooth-as-satin silver lining. You slip them on and off like lightning — no powder, no tugging! And remember — Ansell's silver lining always stays fresh and clean. **Now** you need never touch harsh detergents, skin-drying soap powders, cleansers, paint, dirt or grime. With soft, 'Silver-Lined' rubber gloves your hands stay smooth and beautiful. So be sure you insist on the original . . . Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves. Only 3/3.

3'3 A PAIR

Ansell 'Silver-Lined' Rubber Gloves

Slip on 'Silver-Lined' when you're painting.

Ansell protects when you're scrubbing.

Keep your hands free from "washer-lady's fingers".

Slip them on when you're planting out seedlings.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, follows
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Who are captives on the strange island ruled by King Magno, who hides behind a mirror. When Narda is summoned before Magno up on top of the island, Mandrake follows her. Magno's scanners reveal his presence, but Mandrake's hypnosis is too much for his would-be captors, and he reaches Narda and shatters Magno's protective mirror. NOW READ ON:

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"TELL ME ANOTHER" says KLEENEX

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BARBERS! CUSTOMERS APPRECIATE YOUR USING HYGIENIC KLEENEX TISSUES. AND KLEENEX UNDER THE COLLAR, KEEPS LOOSE BITS OF HAIR FROM GETTING DOWN THE NECK. USING DISPOSABLE KLEENEX SAVES YOU A FORTUNE IN LAUNDERING, TOO.

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KEEP DISPOSABLE KLEENEX TISSUES IN THE BATHROOM FOR REMOVING MAKE-UP. SAVES GUEST TOWELS, TOO.

DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET

ALWAYS USE HYGIENIC, DISPOSABLE KLEENEX TISSUES — SO KIND TO SORE NOSES.

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Win applause from your family with the wonderful help of the *"Let's cook with Chocolate"* booklet. Think of it! 36 pages packed with valuable cooking information . . . 68 recipes in 8 different sections. Cakes for every day as well as those for special occasions. Biscuits, hot puddings with heavenly sauces, fluffy frostings and fillings for cakes and some brand new party desserts. All the recipes have been tried, tested and recommended by one of Australia's leading cooking authorities.

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Fashion FROCKS

● *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"ANGELA."—Trim blouse has long, cuffed sleeves. The material is washable Turrella, and color choice includes lipstick-red, peacock-blue, pastel blue, coral, lemon, and pink.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 66/3, 36 and 38in. bust 68/9. Postage and registration 2/- extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 46/3, 36 and 38in. bust 48/9. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

"MARIA."—Smart waistcoat to top off a winter skirt. The material is fleecy-backed cotton tartan, and clan choice includes Royal Stewart, MacBeth, McDuff, and Victoria.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 36/9, 36 and 38in. bust 38/3. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 18/9, 36 and 38in. bust 19/11. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

"JOANNE."—Swing skirt falls in soft folds from the hipline. The material is Cosserat corduroy velveteen, and color choice includes American beauty, lipstick-red, mid-green, and black.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 95/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 69/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

"ANITA."—Cosy pyjama suit is trimmed with lace on the collar and pockets. The material is flannelette printed with a pretty floral or spotted design, and color choice includes pastel pink, blue, lemon, and white.
Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 59/9, 36 and 38in. bust 62/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.
Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 33/6, 36 and 38in. bust 34/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

● *Note. If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.*

END DRY SKIN

By
MARGARET MERRIL

A dry skin usually indicates that the sebaceous glands have ceased to function adequately.

The sebaceous glands are the tiny little ducts under the skin which supply the skin with protective oils. The presence of lots of tiny creases when the skin is pressed together is the first sign of inadequate natural skin oil.

Dry skin is simple to remedy, and with persistence the wrinkles, even the deep furrows, can be smoothed away with quite spectacular improvement in complexion clarity. This calls for keeping a skin oil on the face for twenty-four hours a day.

Fortunately, a kind of "dry" skin oil has been produced which does the job perfectly. It settles into the skin, making quite a good powder base, so day-long application is no hardship. It is called ulan oil, which chemically is almost the same as skin tissue.

All the old dry tissue must wear away, and the new must be carefully cultivated. Be most particular not to leave the skin untreated because dry spots and skin shrinkage occur quite rapidly, especially after washing the face.

(Copyright: Margaret Merril Beauty School.)

JUST TELL THE WIFE to buy FORD PILLS in the larger economy Family size, and get over twice the quantity for only 5/6 EVERYWHERE

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MARIGNY
Smart Set
The only setting lotion that gives brilliant highlights as it sets your hair.
3'9 everywhere

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Positive Relief from COUGHING!

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir Gives You Faster, More Effective Relief

When coughs and bronchial congestion make your life a misery, get faster, more positive relief with NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—the modern formulation which "breaks" stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. The 3-way-expectorant, sedative, decongestive-action of NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir brings you a proven effective medicine to fight winter coughs.

Stops Irritating Coughing. Because NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir penetrates **instantly** into congested membranes of throat and chest, it stops tight, uncomfortable bronchial coughs **quickly.** The gentle expectorant action liquefies and cuts away bronchial secretions which cause irritation. **You've never known such soothing relief!**

Makes Breathing Easier. Only NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir contains Phenylephrine—an active agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen bronchial tubes and phlegm-congested membranes; you'll breathe easier; get more restful sleep at night, undisturbed by harsh, racking coughing.

Adults, children, babies can all benefit by taking NYAL **'Decongestant'** Cough Elixir. There are 3 formulations with dosages specially adjusted for all ages:

Infants 6 months to 5 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., **3'6;** 6 fl. oz., **5'6.**

Children 5 years to 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **CHILDREN'S** Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., **5'6.**

Adults and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., **5'6;** 12 fl. oz., **9'6.**

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

Nyal

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

Breathe freely in 2 minutes!

At last—here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you have longed for! You'll breathe freely 2 minutes after using a NYAL *'Decongestant'* Nasal Spray—the *newest, most modern* form of nasal medication known. *Contains an active agent for relieving congestion;* does not sting; can be used as often as necessary, by young and old alike. *So easy to use.* The ingenious microspray tip of the pliable squeeze-plastic pack ensures that the relief-giving spray reaches high into the blocked nasal passages—shrinking them to normal. Carry a pack with you—*get relief anywhere, anytime.* **5'6.**

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY

Stops Sore Throat Instantly!

End the nagging pain of sore, inflamed throats now. The new triple-acting formula of NYAL Antiseptic* Throat Lozenges brings you *instant,* soothing relief. The *sedative, antiseptic, anæsthetic* action checks infection . . . suppresses coughing . . . stops soreness—makes your throat feel right! Slip one—just one—NYAL Antiseptic Throat Lozenge into your mouth and feel how quickly you get relief.

24 lozenges, **3'9;**
50 lozenges, **6'6.**

Nyal ANTISEPTIC THROAT LOZENGES

* (In Victoria . . . MEDICATED Throat Lozenges)

Soothing Relief from Cold Sores

See how quickly NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Cold Sore Lotion brings relief from irritating cold sores and cracked lips. Both the Cream and the Lotion are specially *medicated* and have a soothing, healing action. The *Cream* keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The *Lotion* dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion, **2'6.**

Nyal COLD SORE CREAM & LOTION

Safe Positive Cough Relief for Baby

Coughs and chest congestion in infants (from six months to five years) vanish quickly when treated with NYAL *'Decongestant' BABY* Cough Elixir. Soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, cutting away phelgm and so making breathing easier.

3 fl. ozs., **3'6;** 6 fl. oz., **5'6.**

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' BABY COUGH ELIXIR

Now you can have WHITER TEETH IN 10 DAYS

New NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before. It gives you the completely clean teeth you expect; gives you stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly activated **dental** detergent which foams instantly, **safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.**

Smooth texture, and a clean, refreshing peppermint flavour make NYAL Toothpaste the family favourite. Try it soon!

N.6.WW56

CHECK LIST of other dependable winter products

- ☐ **Nyal Chilblain Paint.** C-o-o-l-s and s-o-o-t-h-e-s the burning and itching of irritating chilblains instantly. 3/-.
- ☐ **Nyal Creophos.** A valuable "After-'Flu" and convalescent tonic. 4/6, 7/3, 8/6.
- ☐ **Nyal Quinine 'Flu. Mixture.** Wards off attacks of influenza and feverish colds. Reduces high temperatures. 4/9.
- ☐ **Nyal Figsen.** A palatable, chocolate-flavoured, efficient laxative tablet suitable for all ages. Regular or Double Strength. 2/3, 3/6.
- ☐ **Nyal White Lip Salve.** Invisible protection against windburned lips. Assists healing—protects your lips while it soothes them. 2/9.

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